THE WELCOME

BY

J. M. KIEFFER.

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THE WELCOME;

A COLLECTION OF

Songs, Hymns, Chants, Anthems and Choruses,

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL AND HOME CIRCLE,

—BY—

J. M. KIEFFER,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEARL."

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, CLEVELAND.

PREFACE.

The mission of the Sabbath School Song is to educate the children in christian faith. Its sentiment, whether true or false, will assume a place in the conscience of the child and thus become an educating power which should be carefully utilized for a high purpose.

The Song should not only be rich and flowing in its music, but every line of poetry should sparkle with choicest gems of truth. Its work lies largely in the rising generation, and it is therefore very essential that the instruction which it imparts be in consonance with the most advanced christian thought. In clarion strains, its truths should issue from our Sabbath Schools, not unlike the bugle blast in advance of a moving army.

The pupil of to-day will become the teacher of a future generation, and should receive at our hands, vital principles rather than human opinions, and living truths rather than mere fictions.

In preparing the PEARL great care was taken to avoid vague sentimentalism and the erroneous exaltation of the mere means of religious instruction. In the preparation of the WELCOME, a still higher object has been kept in view. Free use is made of the broad and liberal hymns which universalize the great Christ as the Foundation of our faith, the Bond of human brotherhood, and "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

It is our earnest desire, through the medium of Sacred Song, to lead the children to the Eternal Truth and that ultimate Feast of Salvation to which Jesus bids all, Welcome!

J. M. KIEFFER.

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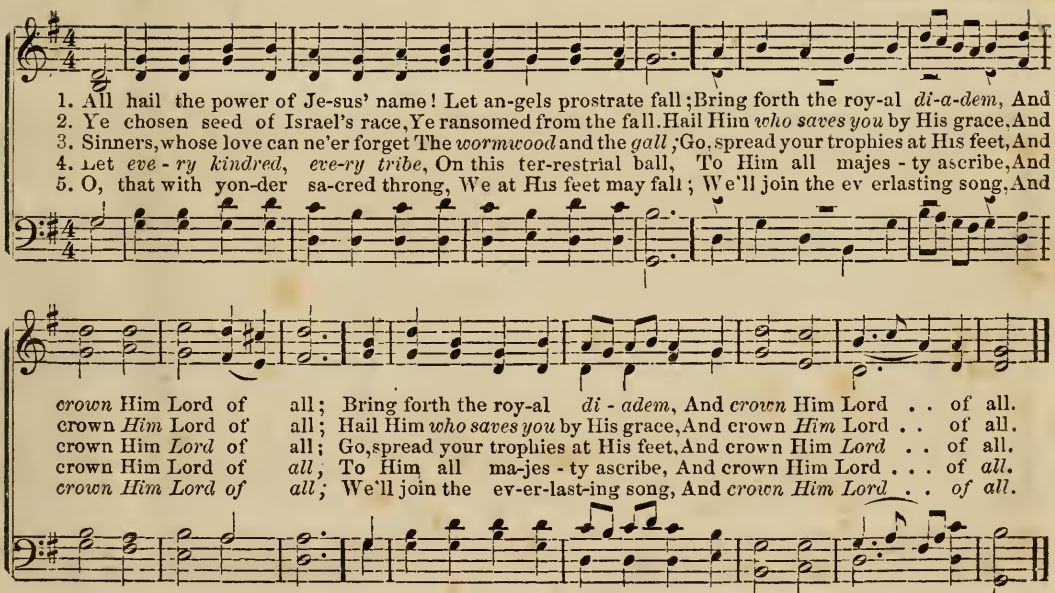
THE WELCOME.

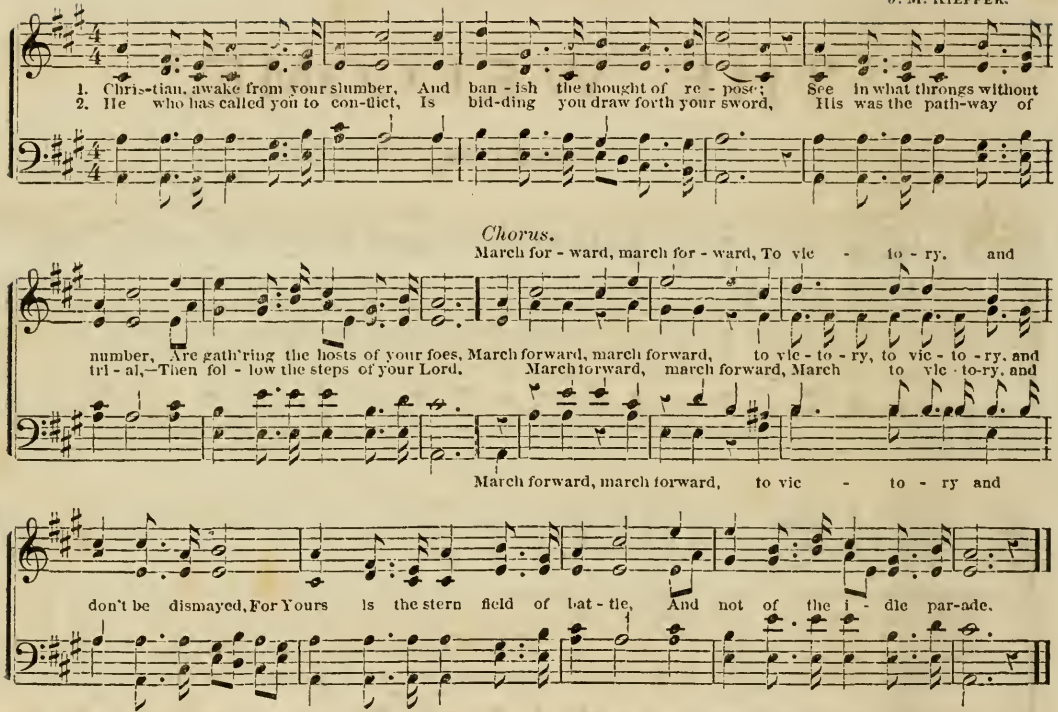
CORONATION.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



CHRISTIAN, AWAKE FROM YOUR SLUMBER.

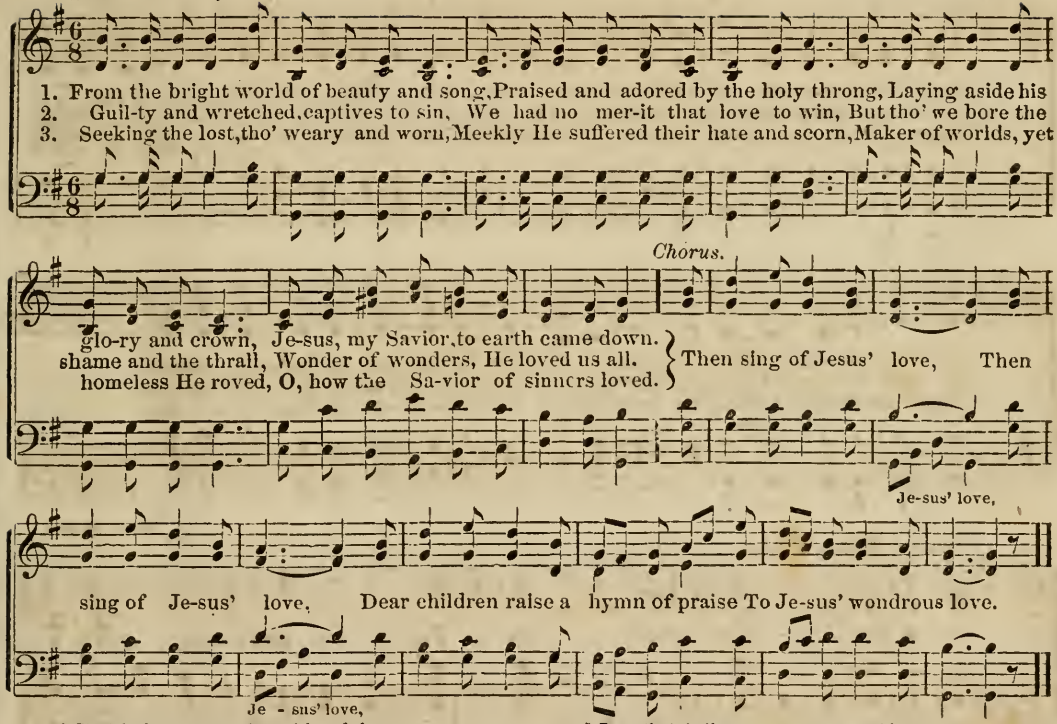
J. M. KIEFFER.



3. Fearlessly stand, though the foemen,
Should come like the waves of the flood,
Raise up the Red Cross,—your standard,
All dyed in Immanuel's blood.—CHORUS.

4. Then in the mansions of glory,
Where sorrow and strife never come,
Jesus, your Savior will crown you,
And angels will welcome you home.—CHORUS.

Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

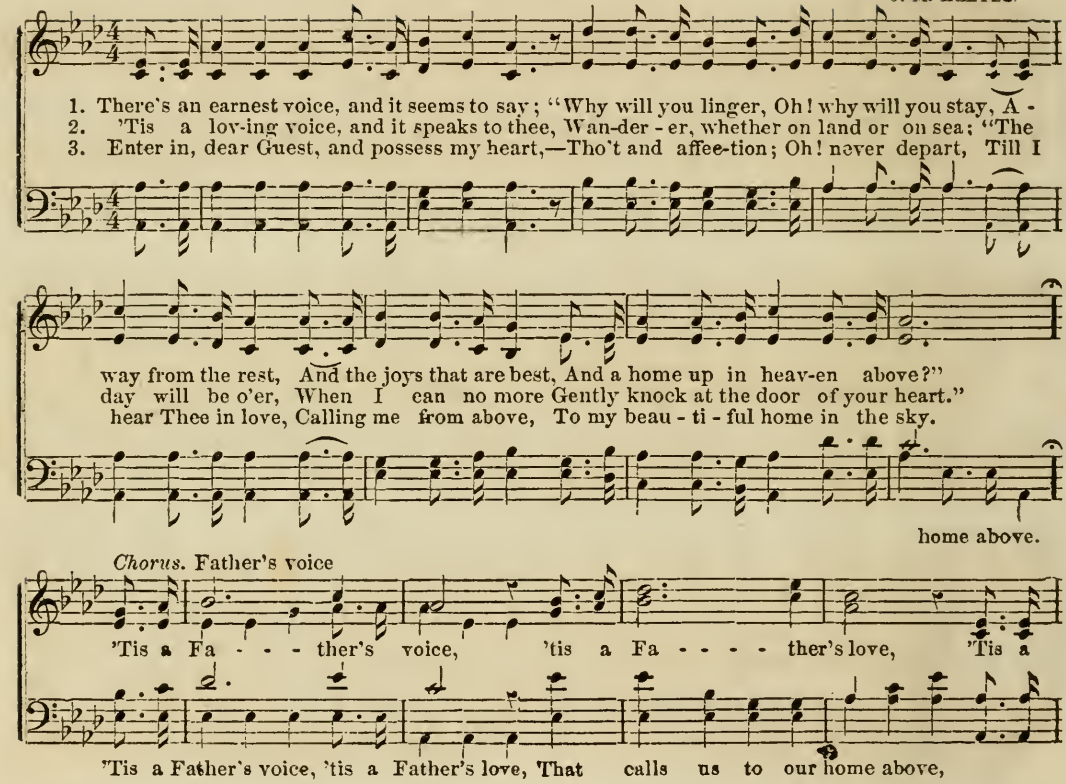


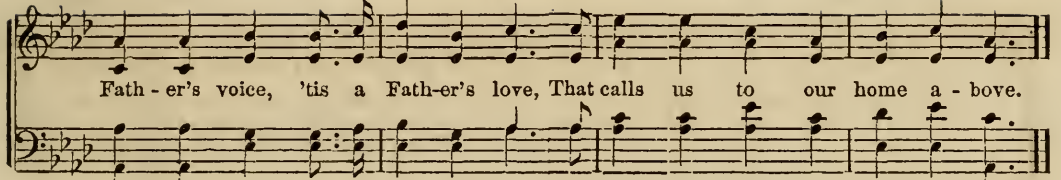
4. Stretched on a cross of anguish and shame,
Love only burned with a brighter flame,
On the dear Savior mocking they gaze,
Still for the guilty around he prays.—CHORUS.

5. Love that shall never, never grow cold,
Changeless, eternal, of worth untold;
Onward I'll press thro' sunshine and shower,
Sweetly constrained by its wond'rous power.—CHORUS.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

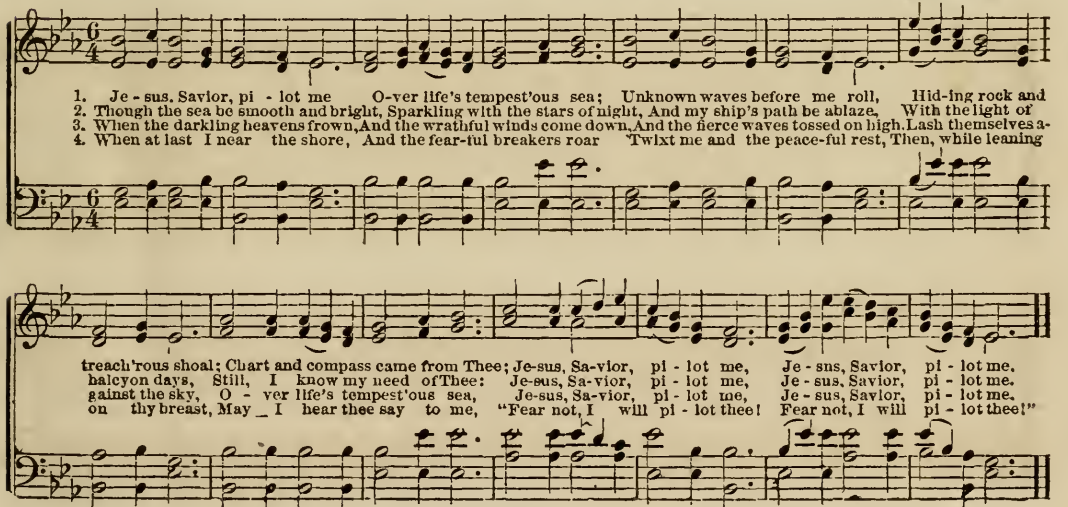
J. M. KIEFFER.





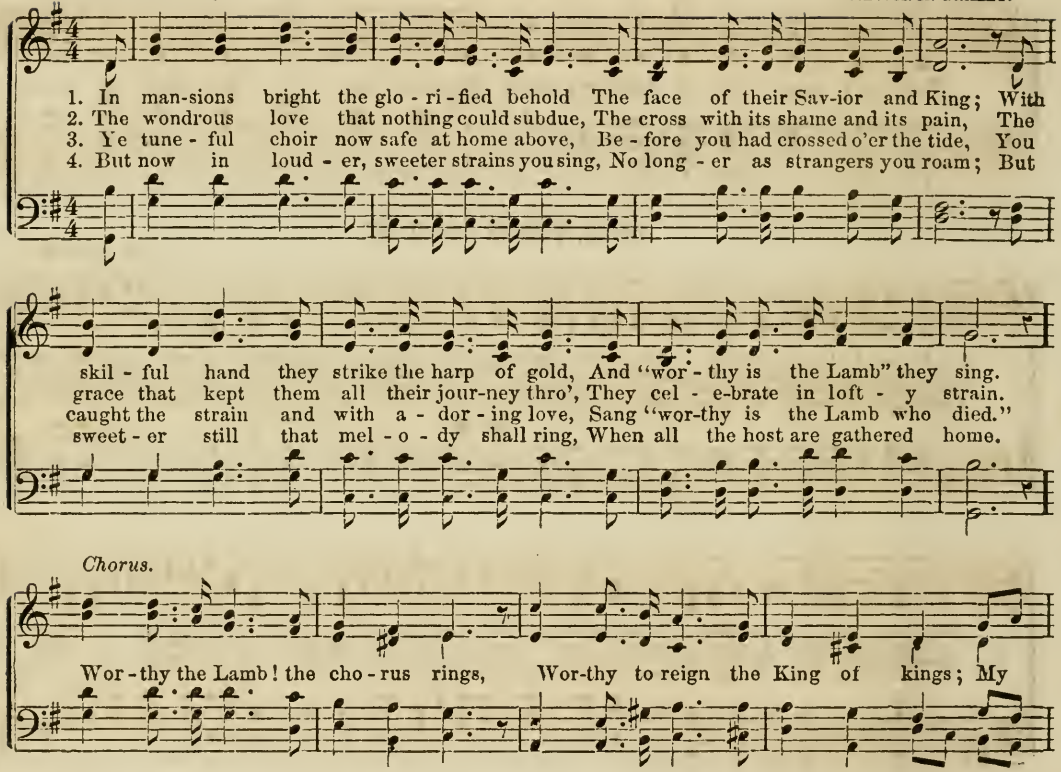
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

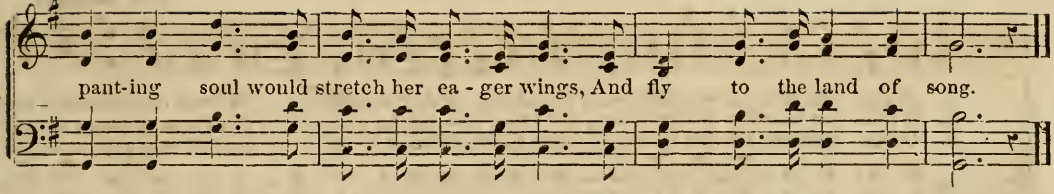
J. M. KIEFFER.



WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

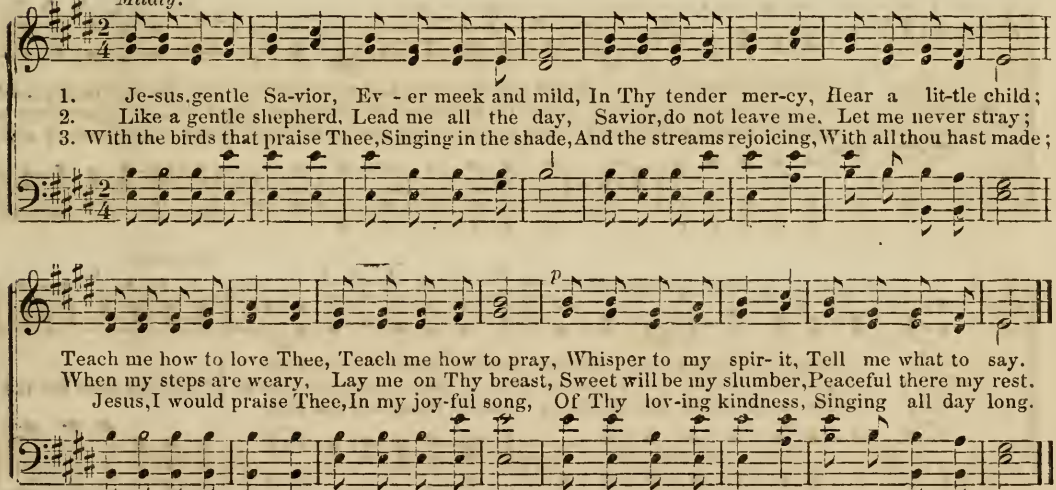




JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR.

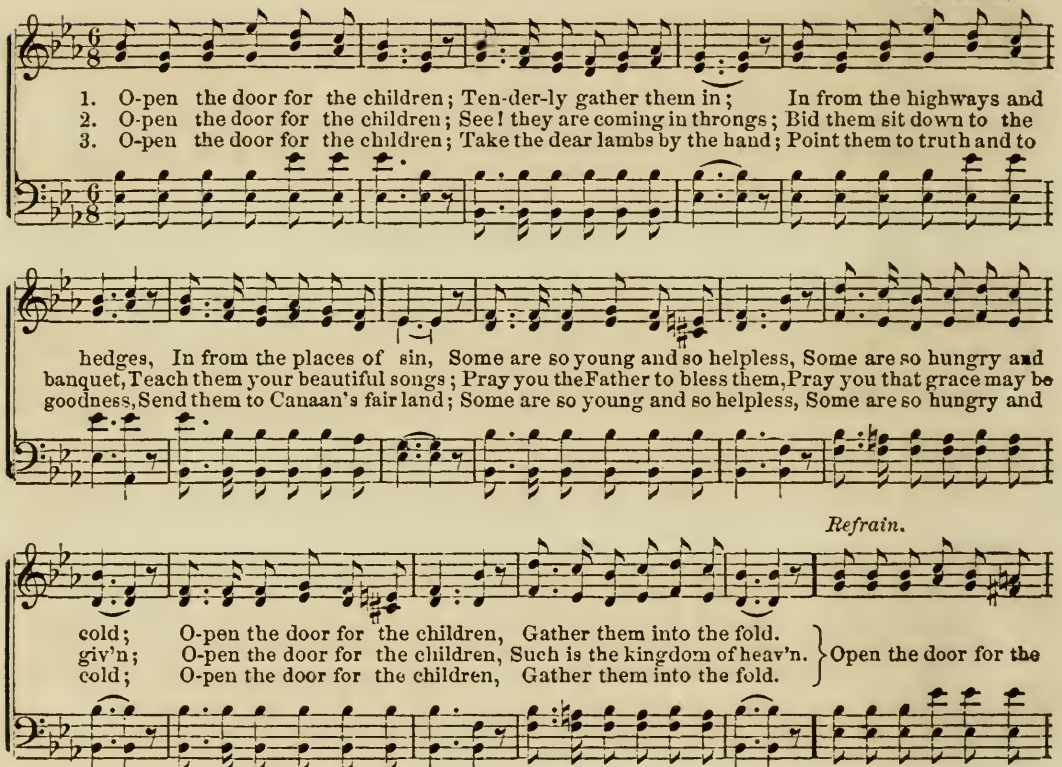
Music by WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

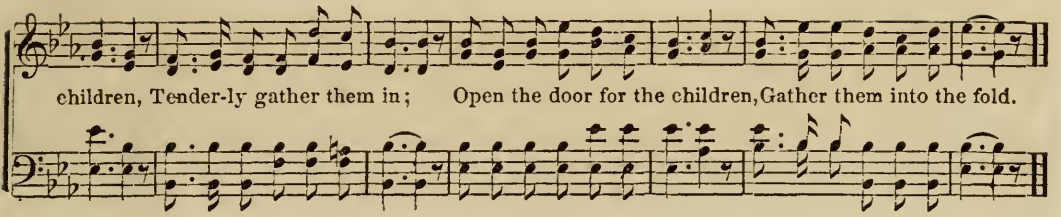
Mildly.



OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

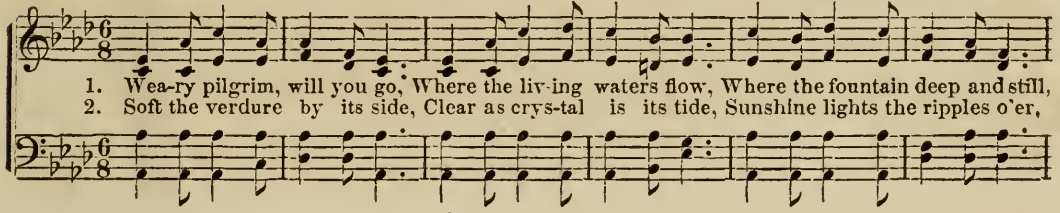
J. H. ANDERSON.

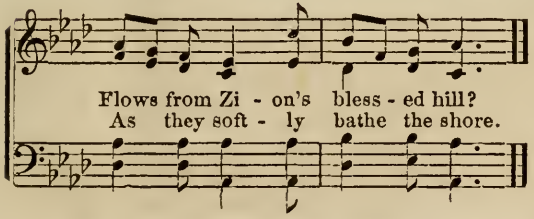




THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

IDA W. BENHAM. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.





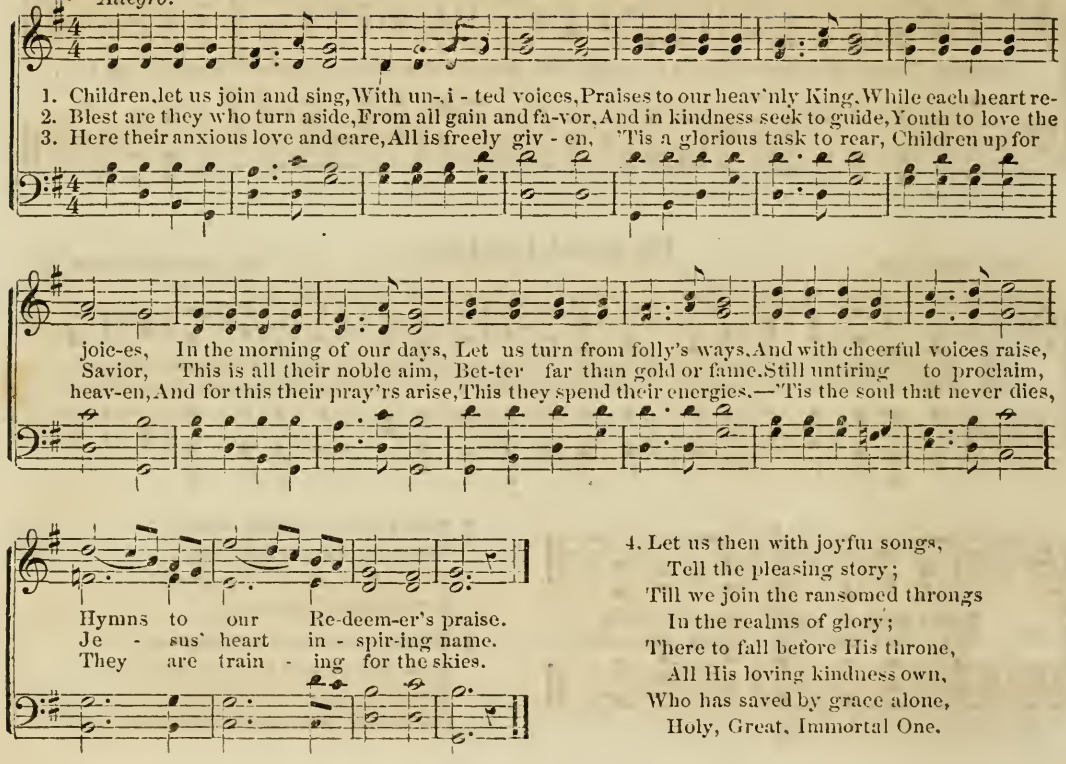
3. Weary of thy worldly strife,
Thirsting for a nobler life,
To the fountain quickly speed,
It will satisfy thy need.

4. When by care and toil opprest,
Seek that blessed fount, and rest;
Rest thee on its peaceful shore,
Drink, and thou shalt thirst no more.

CHILDREN, LET US JOIN AND SING.

MISS P. J. OWENS. Arr. by HARRY SANDERS.

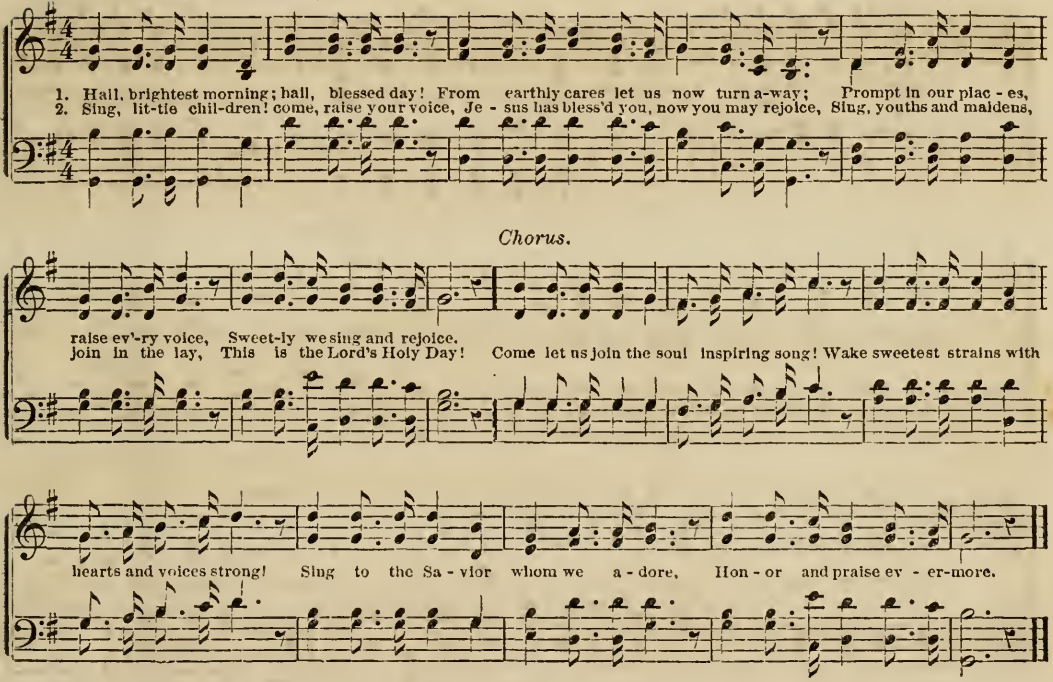
Allegro.



4. Let us then with joyful songs,
Tell the pleasing story;
Till we join the ransomed throngs
In the realms of glory;
There to fall before His throne,
All His loving kindness own,
Who has saved by grace alone,
Holy, Great, Immortal One.

HAIL, BRIGHTEST MORNING!

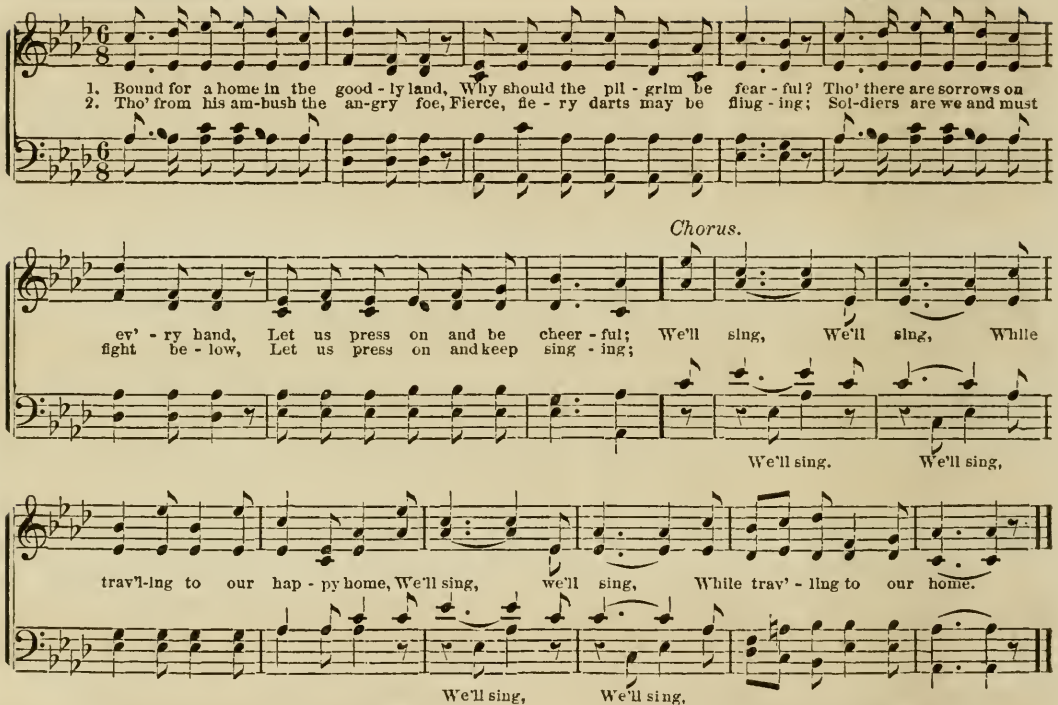
Words from THE LITTLE SOWER. Music by J. M. KIEFFER.



3. Sing, loving parents, join with us too,
In our devotions we cannot spare you;
Teach us the Way, the Truth, and the Life;
Banish all envy and strife.—CHORUS.

4. Now, with devotion, pure and sincere,
Up to the Savior our Spirits draw near;
Thank Him for mercies, graciously giv'n,
Pardon us, Father in Heav'n.—CHORUS.

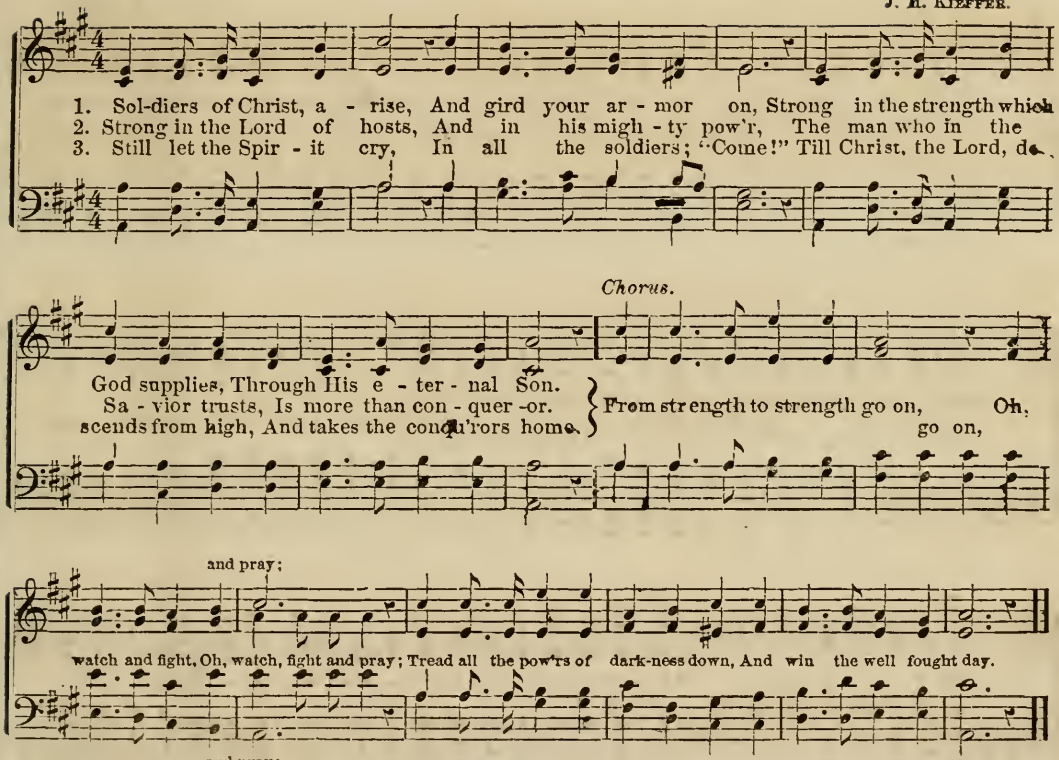
Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.



3. What tho' the cross we are called to bear,
From us the tear-drops is wringing;
Bear it we must if the crown we'd wear,
Smile thro' your tears and keep singing.—CHORUS.

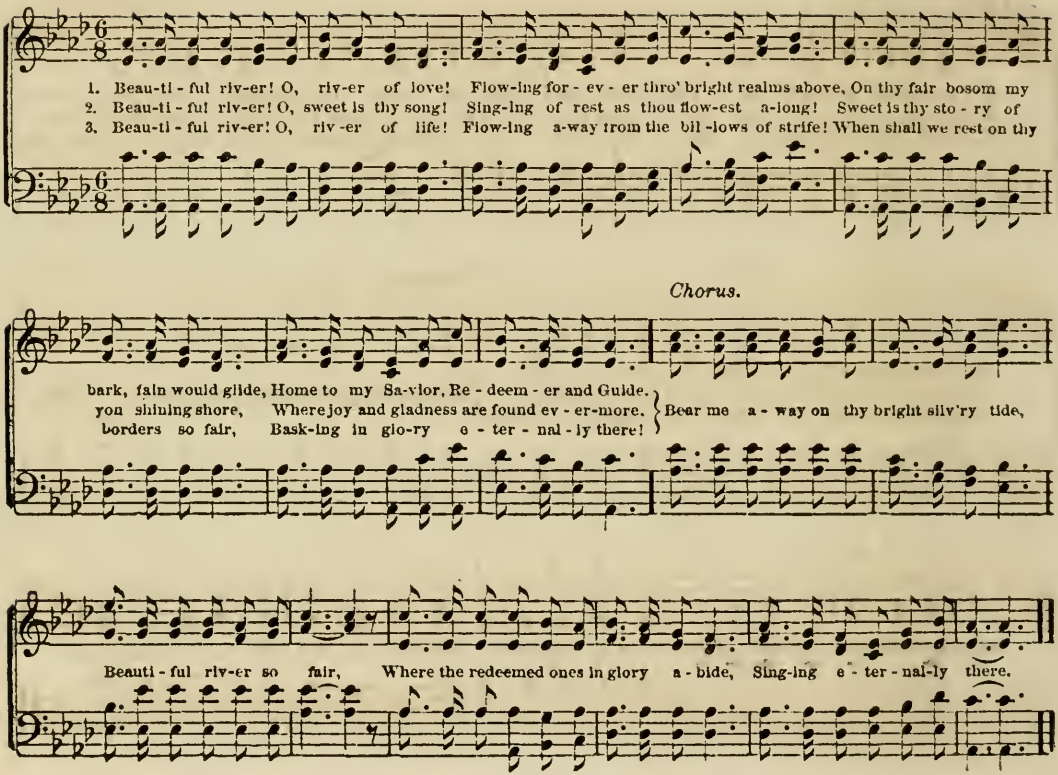
4. Jesus will shield us from ev'ry harm,
Ever to Him we'll be clinging;
Come then the sunshine, or come the storm,
We will press on, and keep singing.—CHORUS.

J. M. KIEFFER.

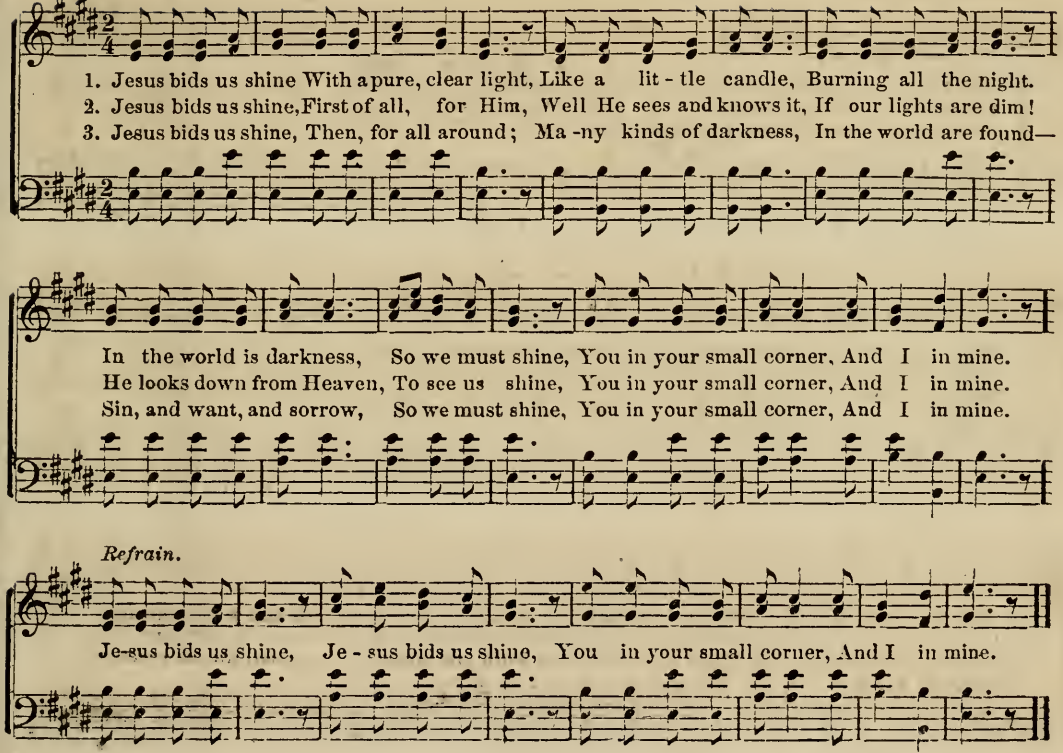

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his migh - ty pow'r, The man who in the
3. Still let the Spir - it cry, In all the soldiers; "Come!" Till Christ, the Lord, de-
Chorus.
God supplies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.
Sa - vior trusts, Is more than con - quer -or.
scends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home.
From strength to strength go on, Oh, go on,
and pray;
watch and fight, Oh, watch, fight and pray; Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well fought day.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

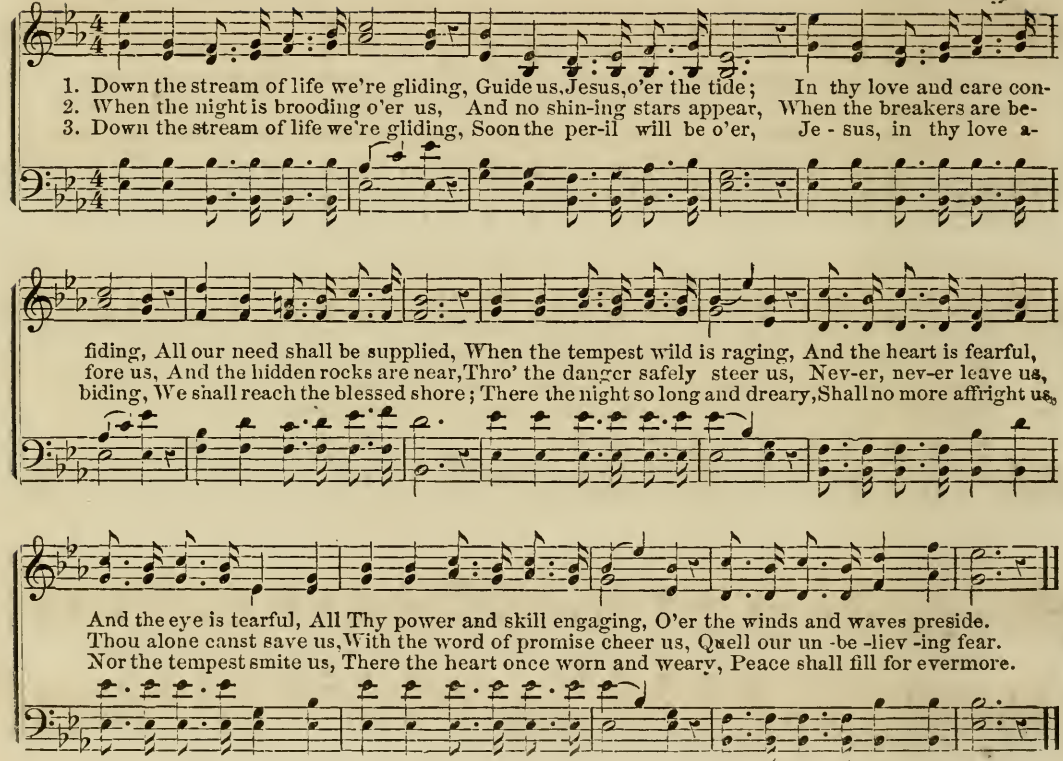


J. M. KIEFFER.

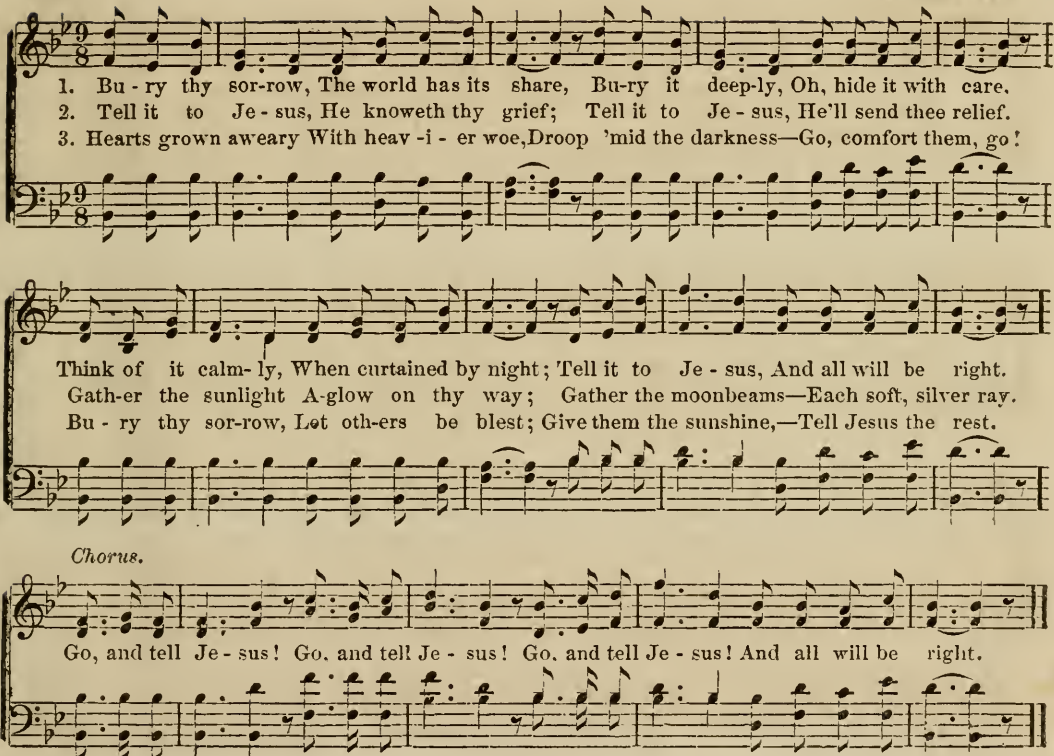

1. Jesus bids us shine With a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle candle, Burning all the night.
2. Jesus bids us shine, First of all, for Him, Well He sees and knows it, If our lights are dim!
3. Jesus bids us shine, Then, for all around; Ma -ny kinds of darkness, In the world are found—
In the world is darkness, So we must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.
He looks down from Heaven, To see us shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.
Sin, and want, and sorrow, So we must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.
Refrain.
Je-sus bids us shine, Je - sus bids us shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.

GLIDING DOWN THE STREAM.

Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

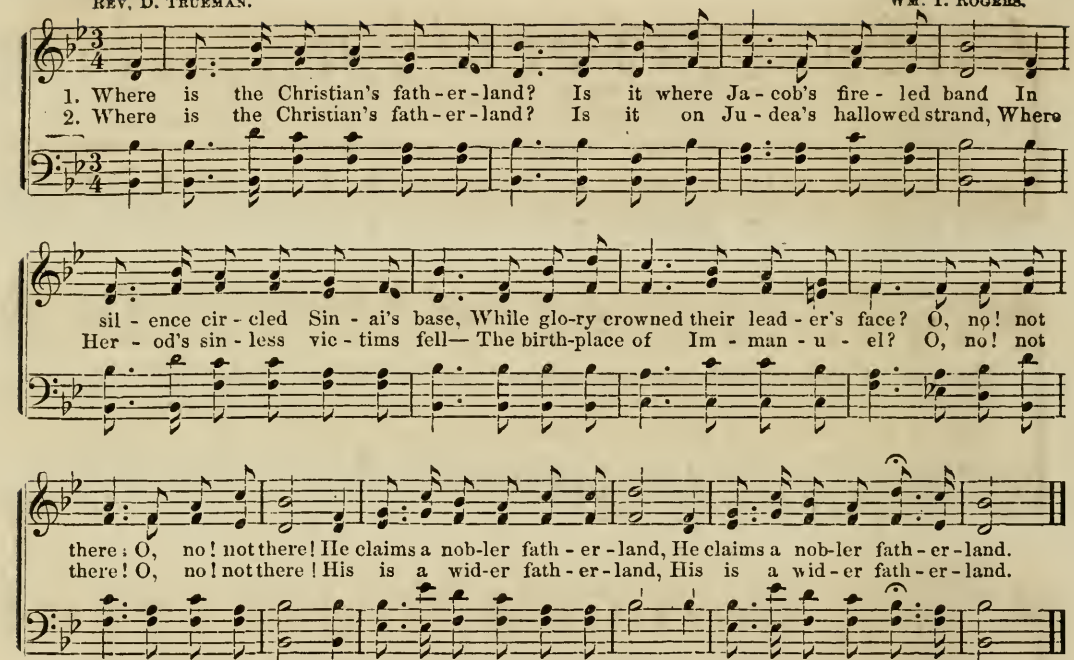


J. M. KIEFFER.


1. Bu - ry thy sor-row, The world has its share, Bu-ry it deep-ly, Oh, hide it with care.
2. Tell it to Je - sus, He knoweth thy grief; Tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee relief.
3. Hearts grown aweary With heav - i - er woe, Droop 'mid the darkness—Go, comfort them, go!
Think of it calm- ly, When curtained by night; Tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
Gath-er the sunlight A-glow on thy way; Gather the moonbeams—Each soft, silver ray.
Bu - ry thy sor-row, Let oth-ers be blest; Give them the sunshine,—Tell Jesus the rest.
Chorus.
Go, and tell Je - sus! Go, and tell Je - sus! Go, and tell Je - sus! And all will be right.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHER-LAND.

REV. D. TRUEMAN. WM. T. ROGERS.



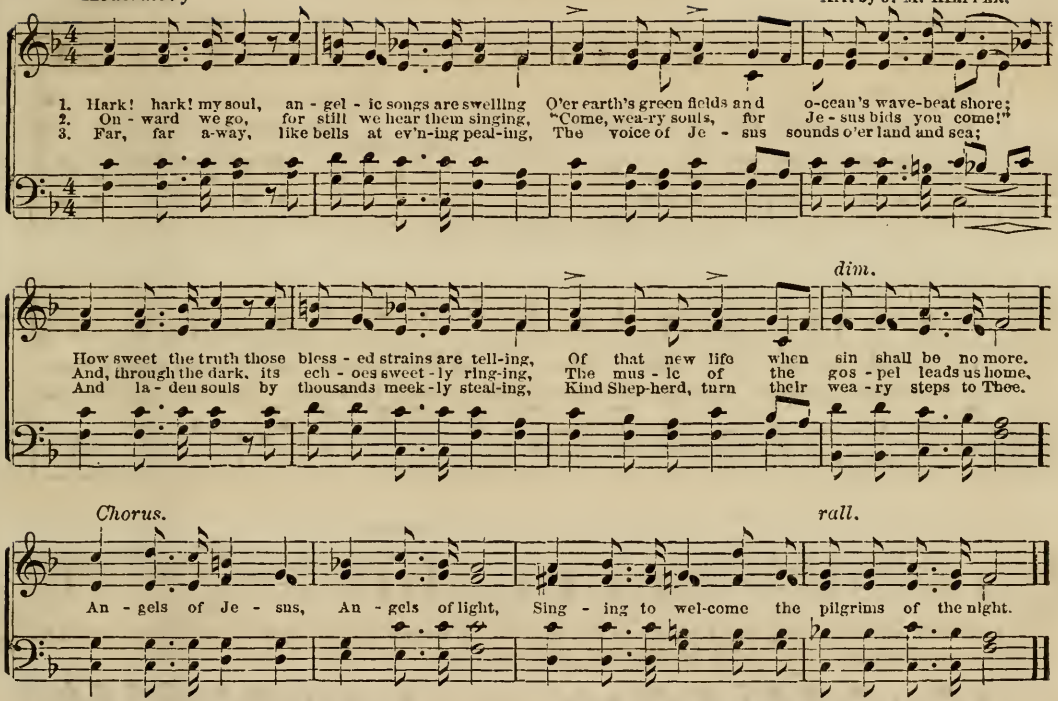
3. Where is the Christian's father-land?
Is it by Afric's breezes fanned?
Is it around the northern pole,
Or where Genesareth's waters roll?
O, no! not there! O, no! not there!
Still nobler is his father-land,
Still nobler is his father-land.

4. Where is the Christian's fatherland?
Does East or West the name demand?
Where Luther stood the threatening shock?
Or is it e'en old Plymouth rock?
O, no! not there! O, no! not there!
His is a better father-land,
His is a better father-land.

5. High is the Christian's father-land,
Where happy saints and angels stand,
There Jesus waits to crown each heir,
And friends and kindred, too, are there.
O, Lord, reach forth thy helping hand,
And lift us to our Father-Land,
And lift us to our Father-Land.

Moderato. f

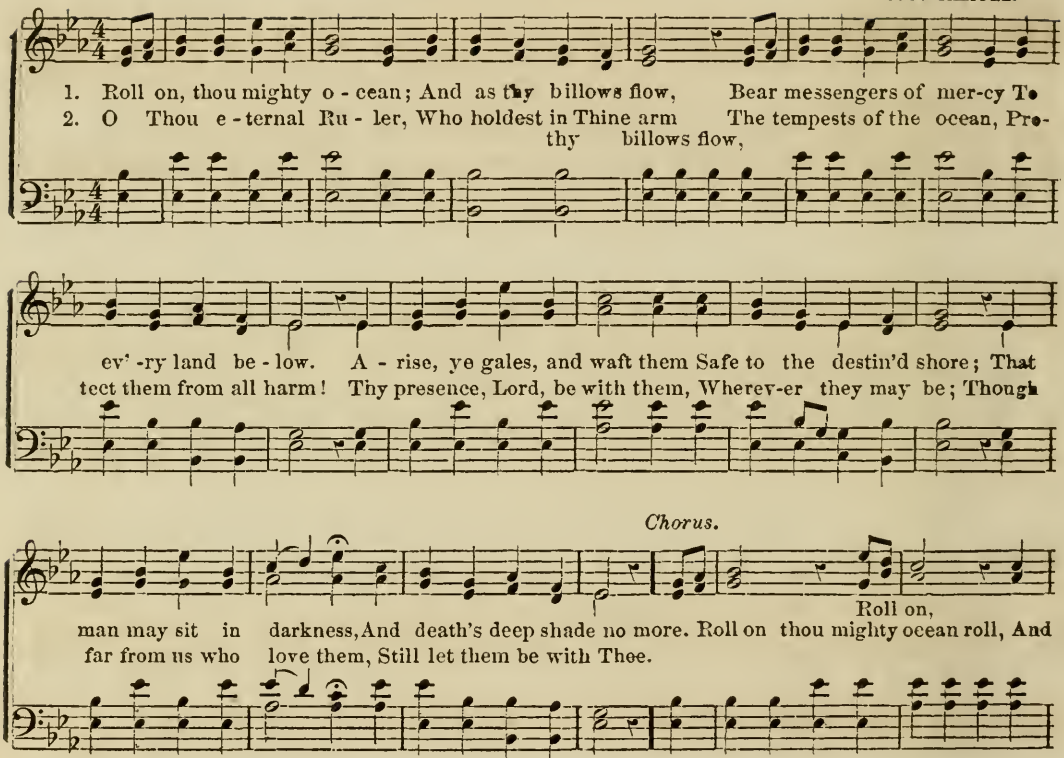
Arr. by J. M. KIEFFER.

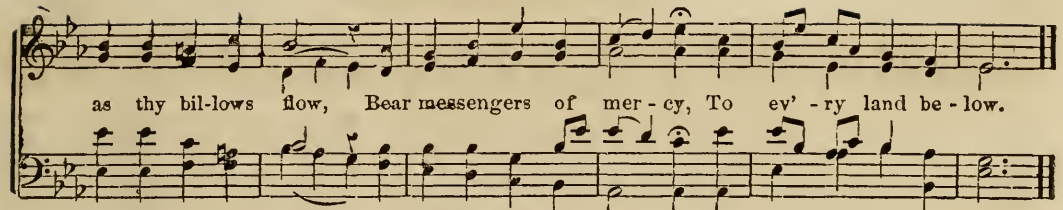


4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary.
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.—CHORUS.

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
'Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHORUS.

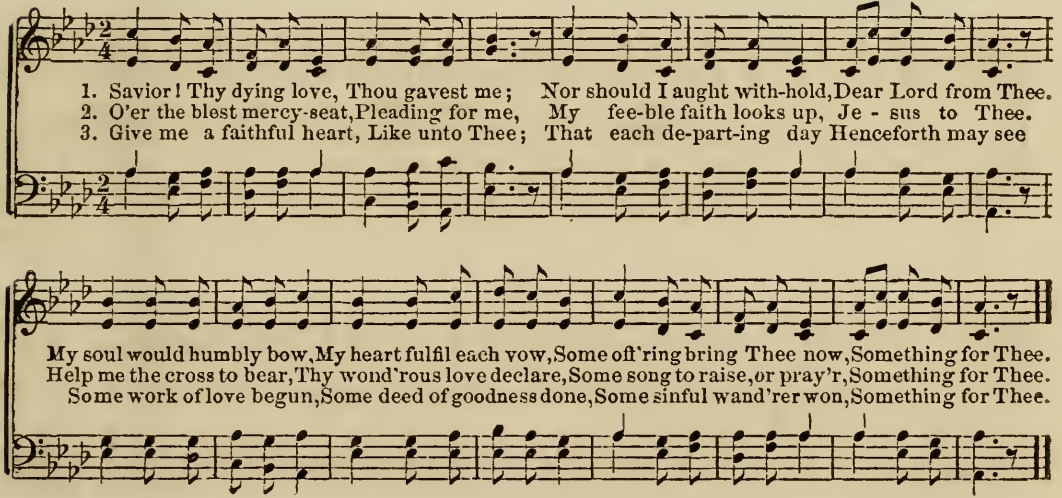
J. M. KIEFFER.


1. Roll on, thou mighty o - cean; And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mer-cy To
2. O Thou e - ternal Ru - ler, Who holdest in Thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Pro-
thy billows flow,
ev' -ry land be - low. A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destin'd shore; That
tect them from all harm! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wherev-er they may be; Though
Chorus.
Roll on,
man may sit in darkness, And death's deep shade no more. Roll on thou mighty ocean roll, And
far from us who love them, Still let them be with Thee.



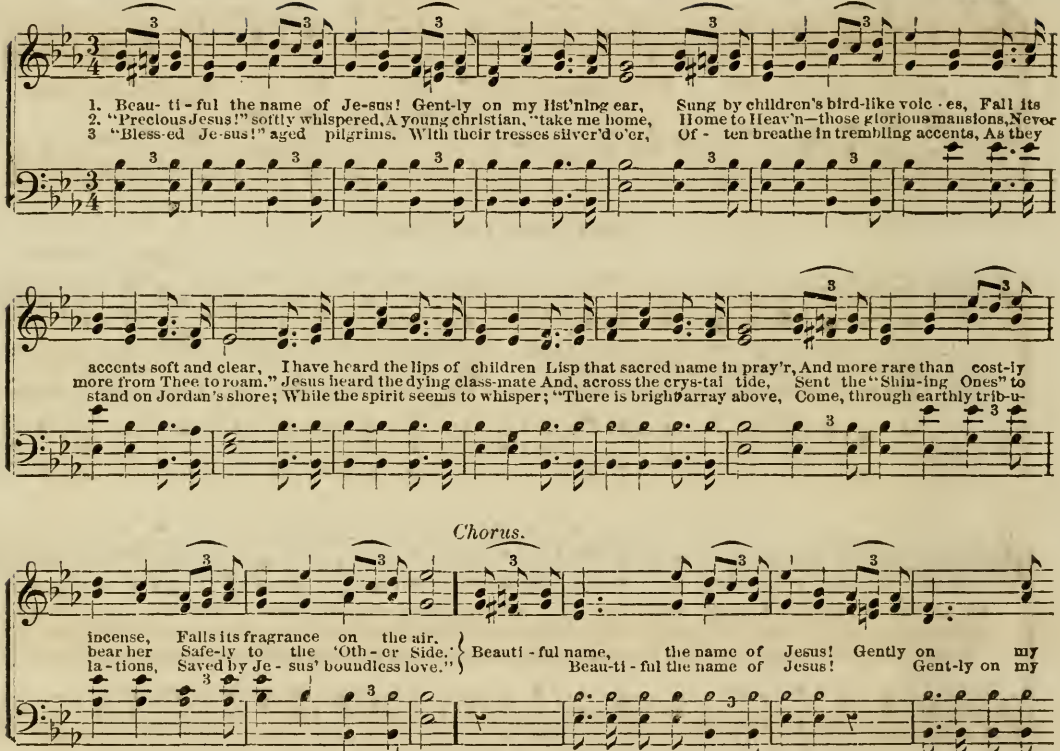
SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

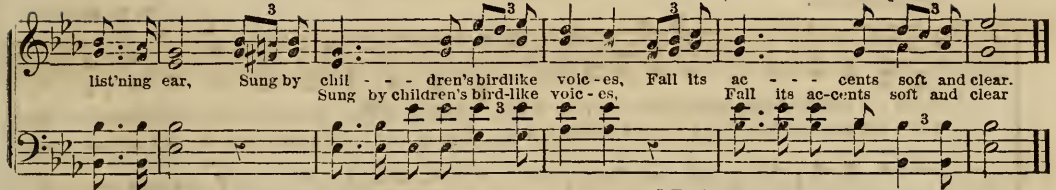
FRANK M. DAVIS.



THE NAME OF JESUS.

Words by E. L. (May be sung as Duet and Chorus.) Music by J. H. ANDERSON.



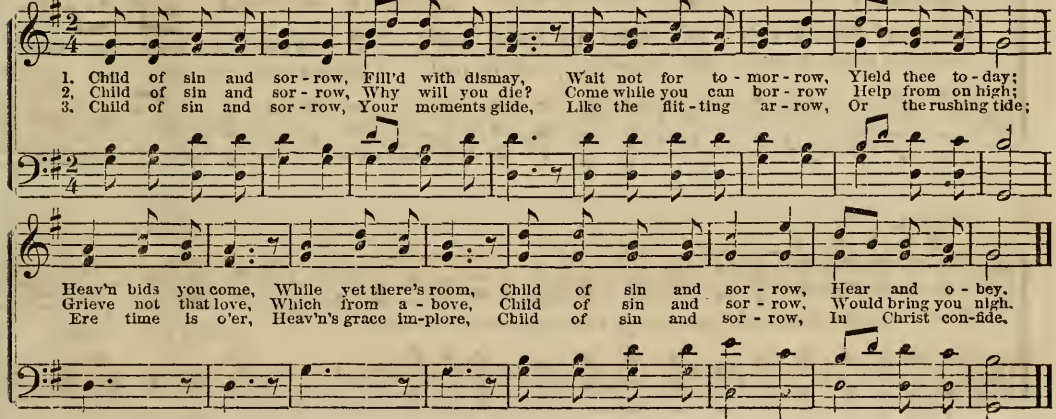


4. To the holy name of Jesus,
O'er the plains of Bethlehem,
Multitudes of angels chanted;
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
When the wise men had assembled,
Guided by a wond'rous star,
Bringing presents, rare and costly,
From the eastern land afar.—CHORUS.

5. To the matchless name of Jesus,
Ev'ry realm at length shall bow
Idol temples be demolished,
Nations pay their sacred vow;
And the breeze that fans the ocean,
Then shall waft His sacred name,
And a myriad of voices,
Send the echo back again.—CHORUS.

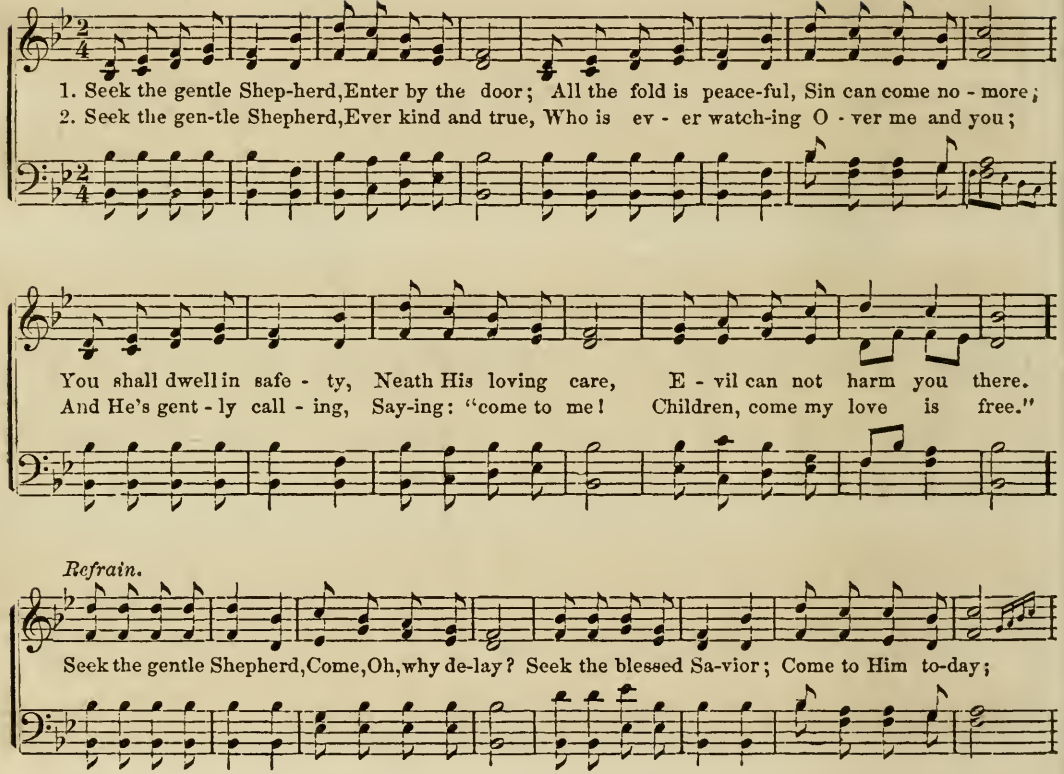
HEAVEN BIDS YOU COME.

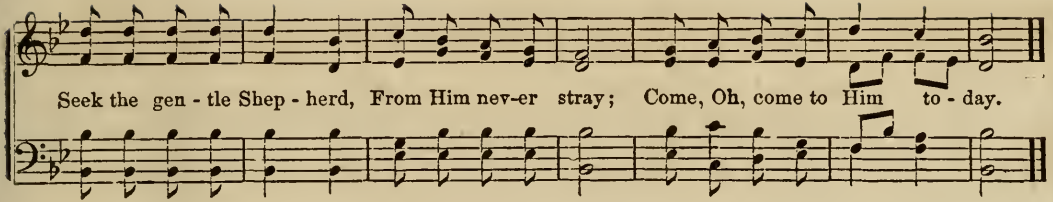
J. M. KIEFFER.



SEEK THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

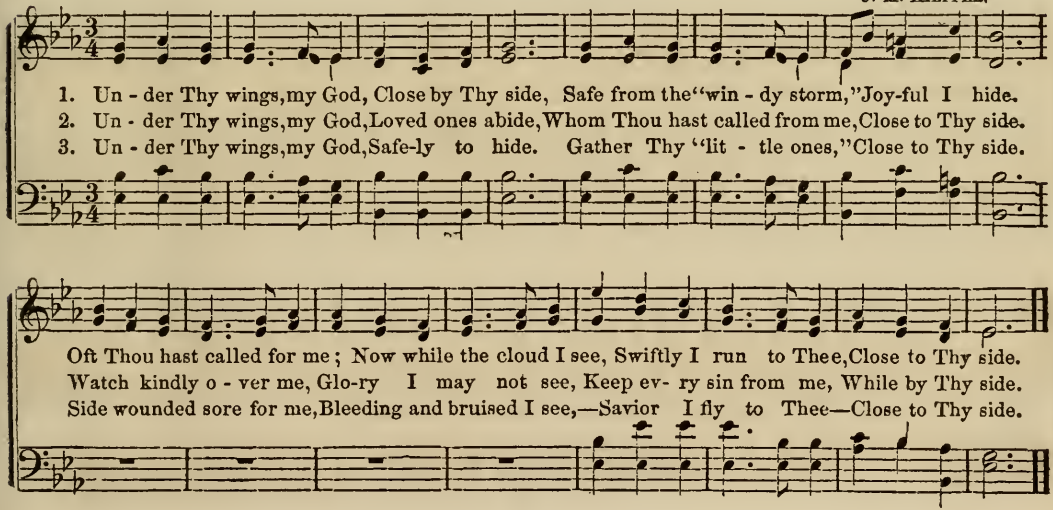
KITTIE OSBORNE. W. W. BENTLEY.





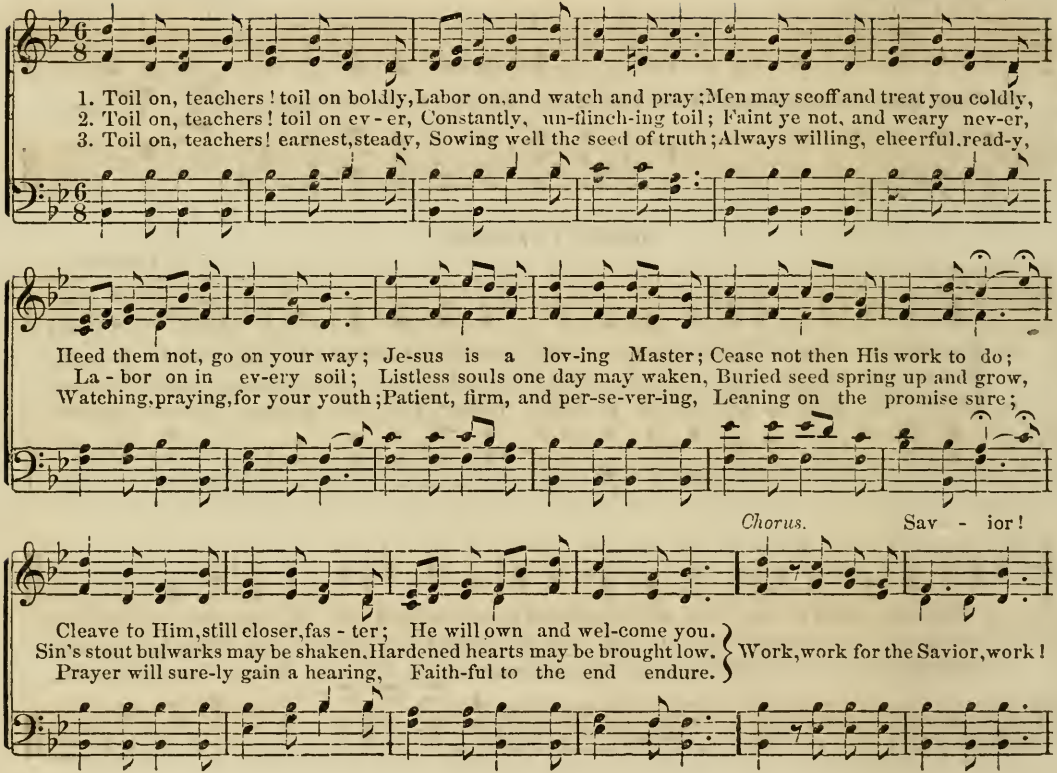
UNDER THY WINGS.

J. M. KIEFFER.

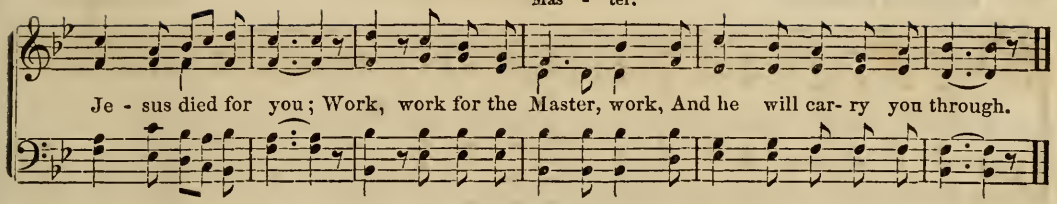


TOIL ON, TEACHERS.

HARVEY CAMP.

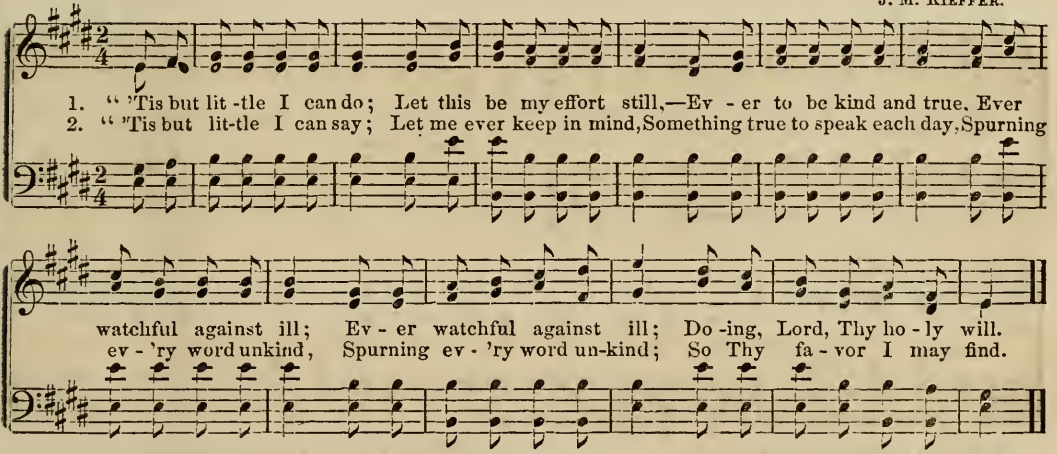


Mas - ter.



IF LITTLE, RIGHT.

J. M. KIEFFER.



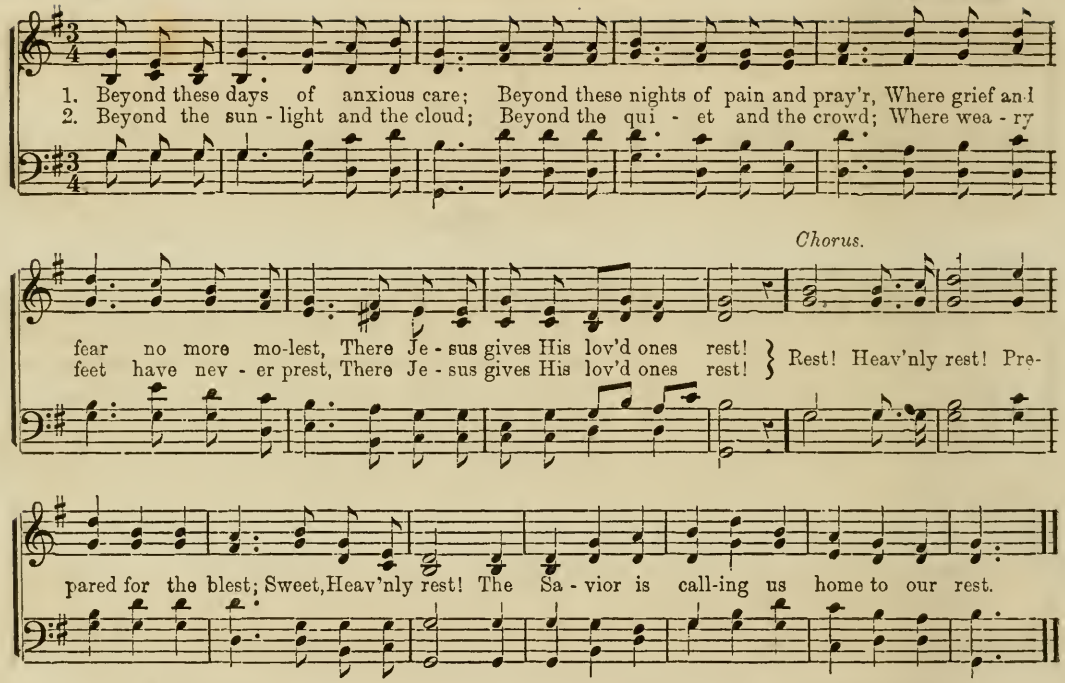
3. " 'Tis not long I have to stay;
Health and life will soon be gone;
I've no time to throw away;
Sin and trifling I must shun;
Life's grave duties must be done.

4. " In this busy world of ours
Good and evil are abroad;
To restrain all evil powers,
To urge forward right and good,
Equal service is to God.

5. " Count not things as small or great;
Rather count as right or wrong;
On the right side throw your weight,
Feeble be your blows or strong,
Be your service brief or long.",

REST.

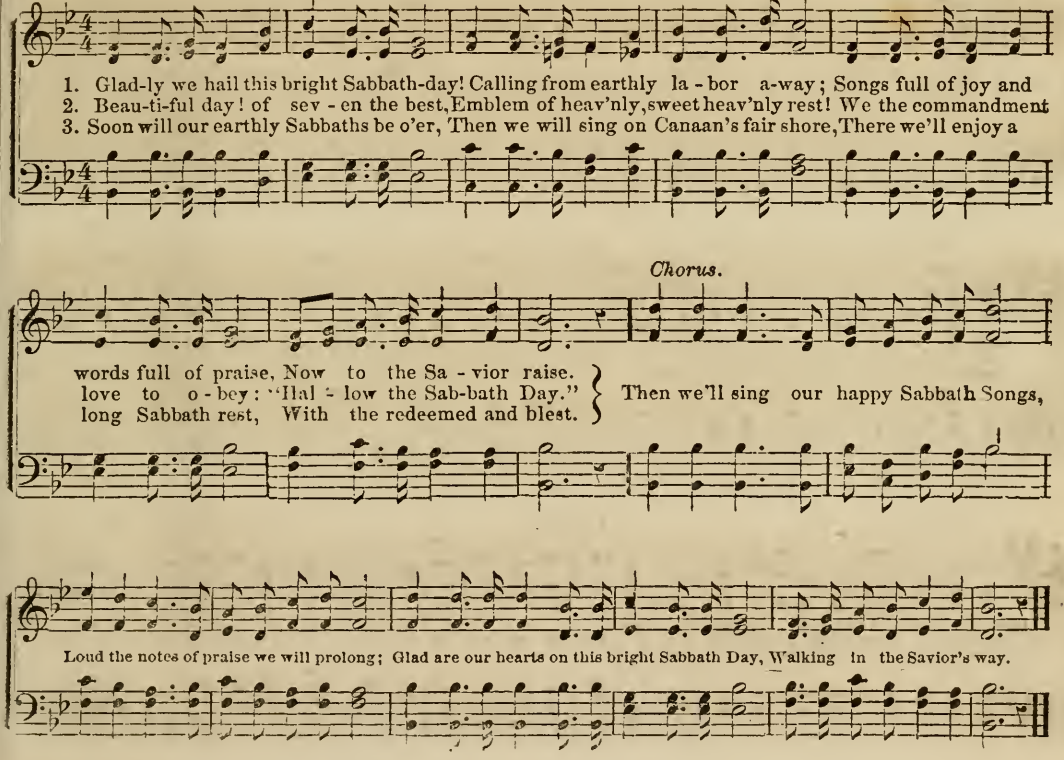
MRS. MARY C. GURLEY. J. M. KIEFFER.



3. Beyond the earnest aims we seek;
Beyond the parting words we speak;
Where friends greet friends in union blest.
There Jesus gives His lov'd ones rest.—*Chorus.*

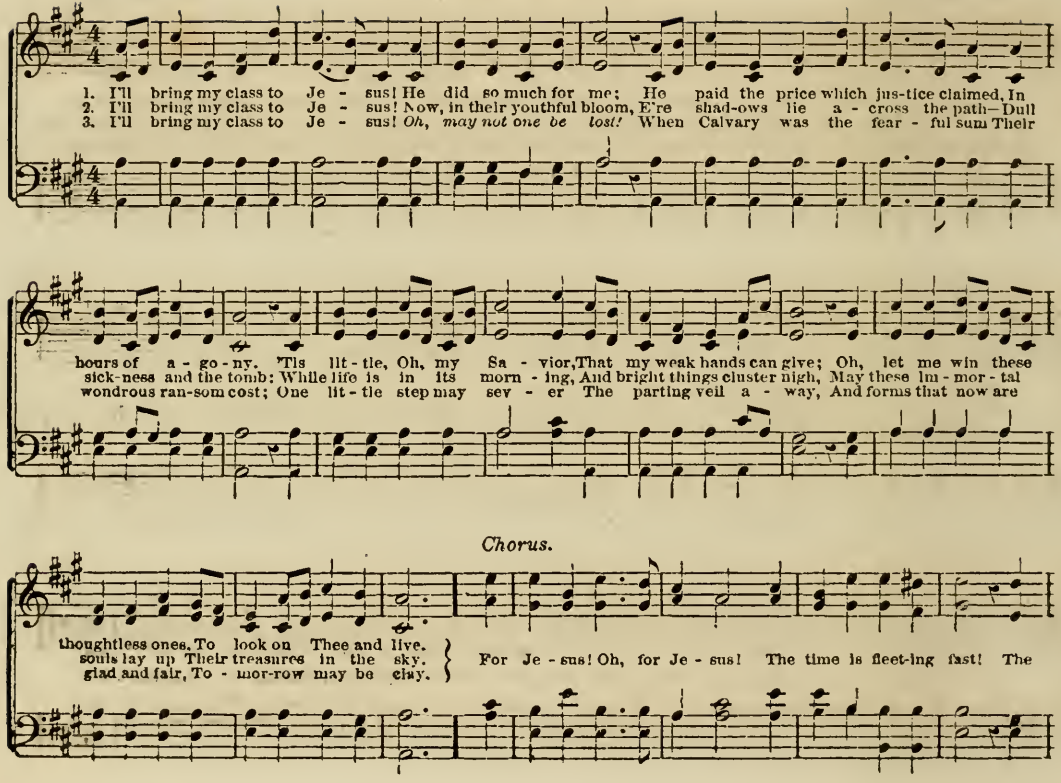
4. Beyond the grave's untroubled sleep,
O'er which His angels vigils keep;
Where songs of praise his love attest,
There Jesus gives His lov'd ones rest.—*Chorus.*

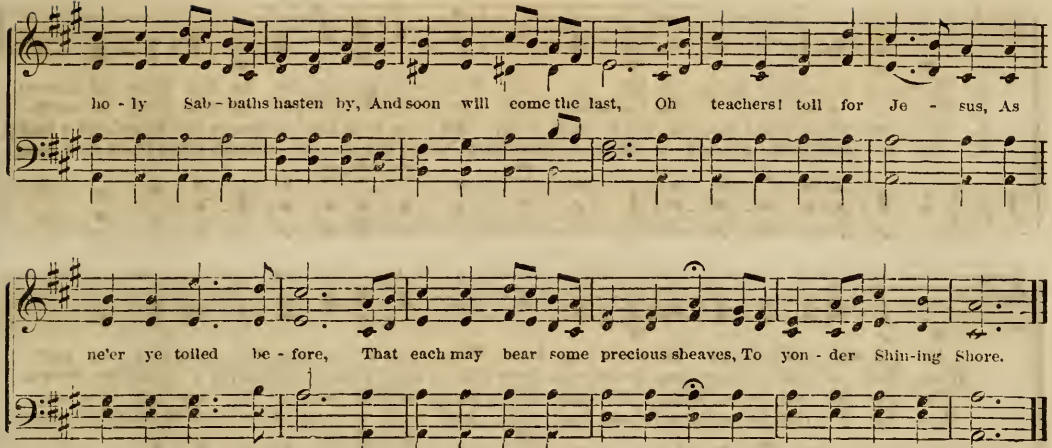
FRANK DAVIS


1. Glad-ly we hail this bright Sabbath-day! Calling from earthly la - bor a-way; Songs full of joy and
2. Beau-ti-ful day! of sev - en the best, Emblem of heav'nly, sweet heav'nly rest! We the commandment
3. Soon will our earthly Sabbaths be o'er, Then we will sing on Canaan's fair shore, There we'll enjoy a
Chorus.
words full of praise, Now to the Sa - vior raise.
love to o - bey: "Hal - low the Sab-bath Day."
long Sabbath rest, With the redeemed and blest.
Then we'll sing our happy Sabbath Songs,
Loud the notes of praise we will prolong; Glad are our hearts on this bright Sabbath Day, Walking in the Savior's way.

MY CLASS FOR JESUS!

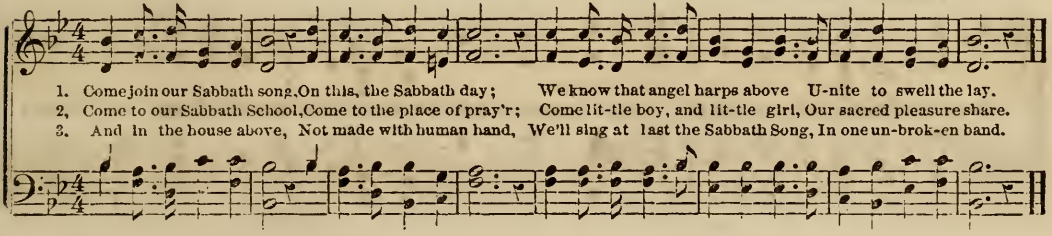
J. H. ANDERSON.





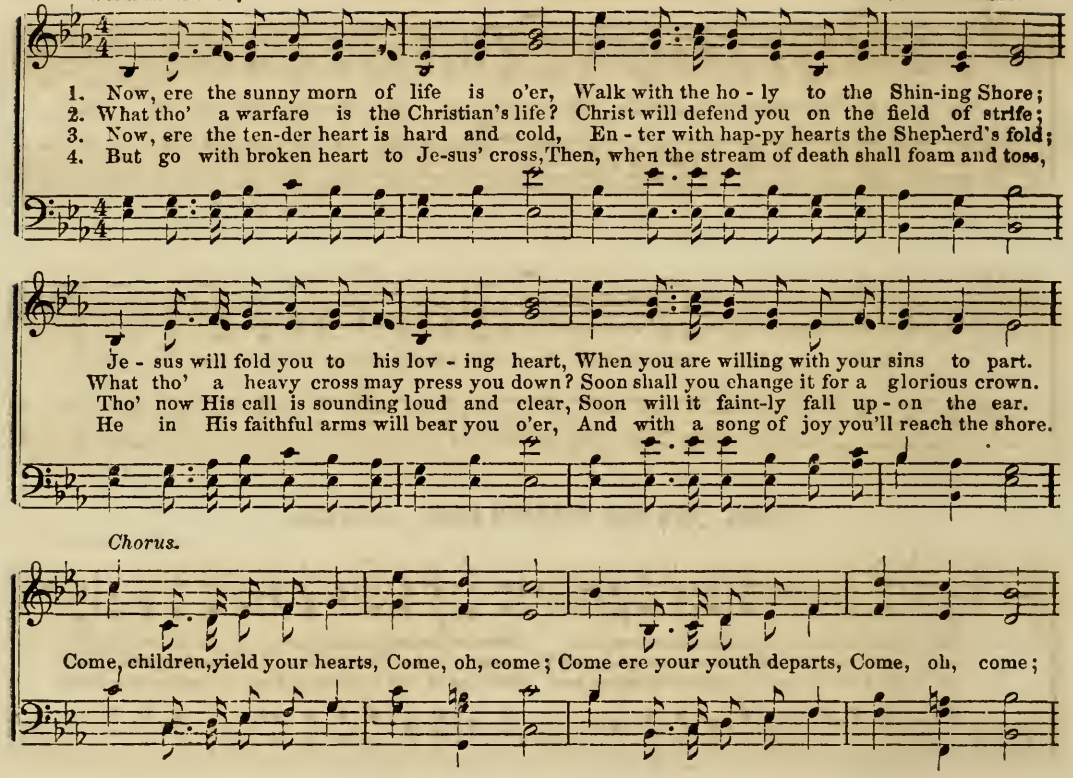
COME, JOIN OUR SABBATH SONG.—Infant Class.

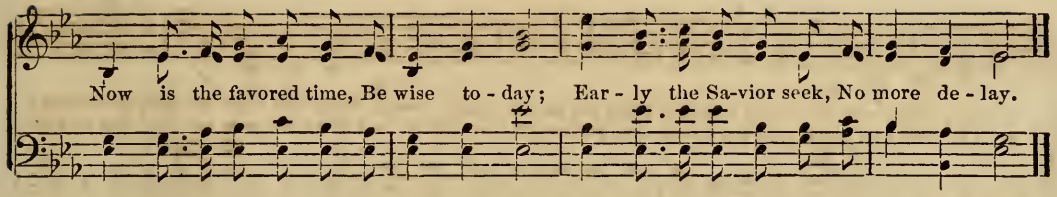
J. M. KIEFFER.



NOW IS THE FAVORED TIME.

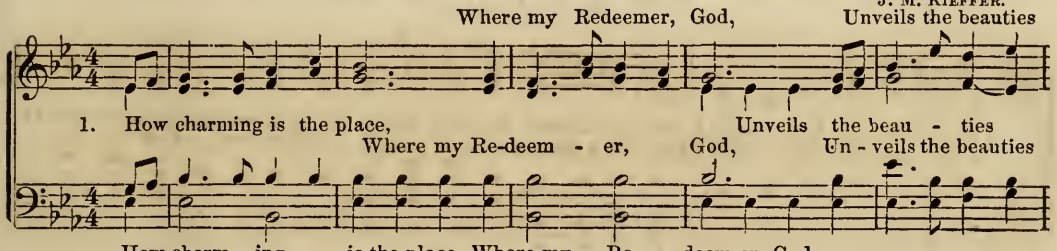
Words and music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

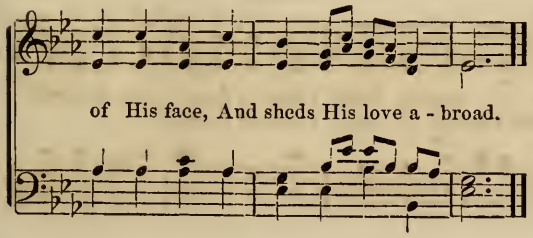




HOW CHARMING IS THE PLACE.

J. M. KIEFFER.

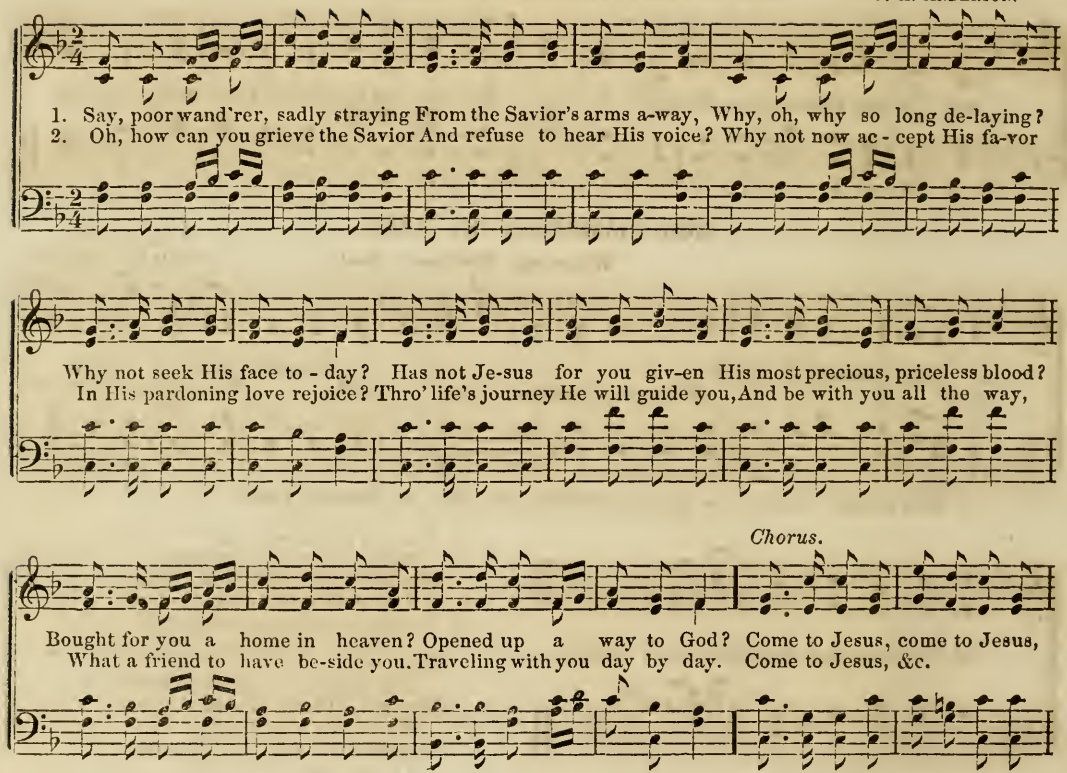


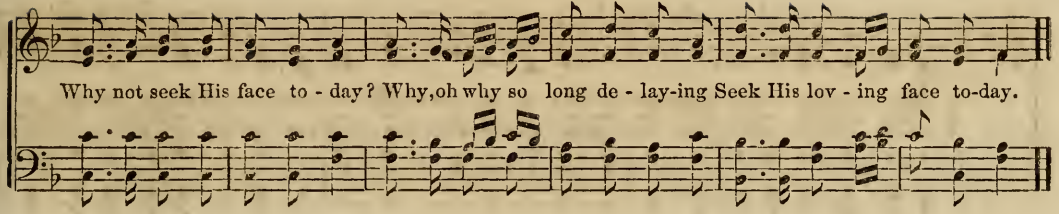


2. Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
3. To Him their prayers and cries,
All humble souls present;
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.
4. Give me, O Lord, a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

COME TO JESUS.

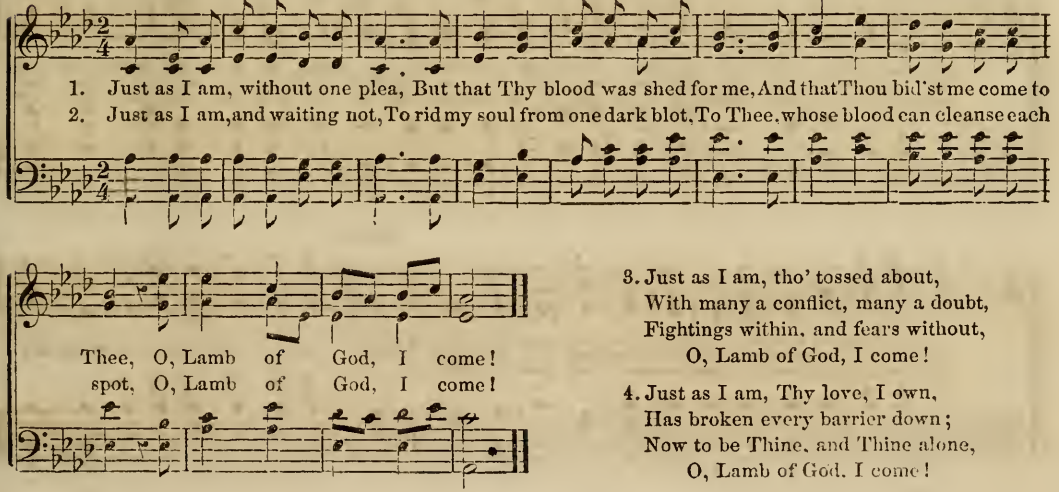
J. H. ANDERSON.





JUST AS I AM.

J. M. KIEFFER.

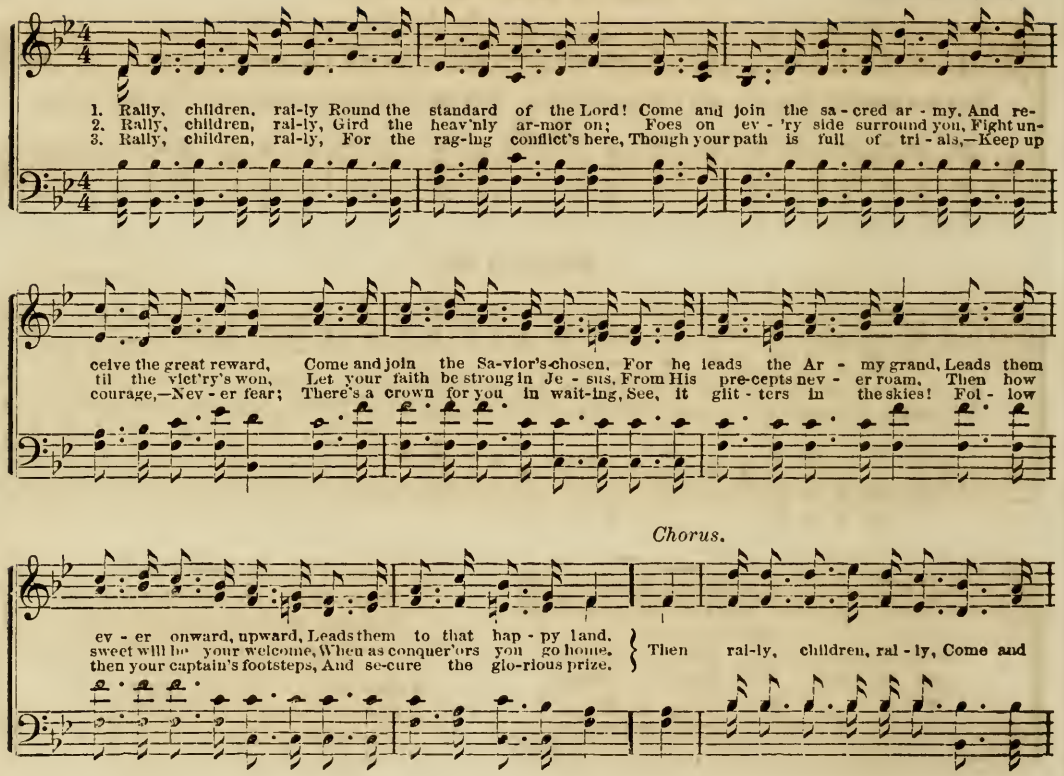


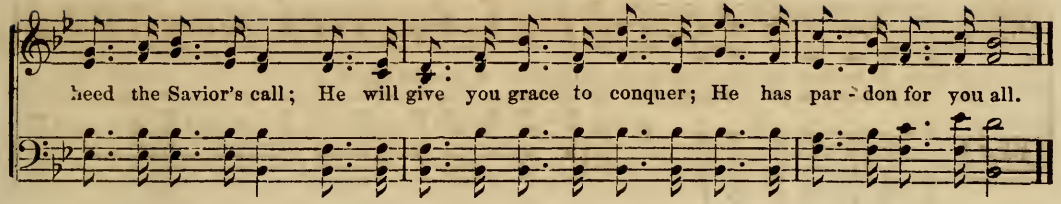
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

CHILDREN'S RALLYING SONG.

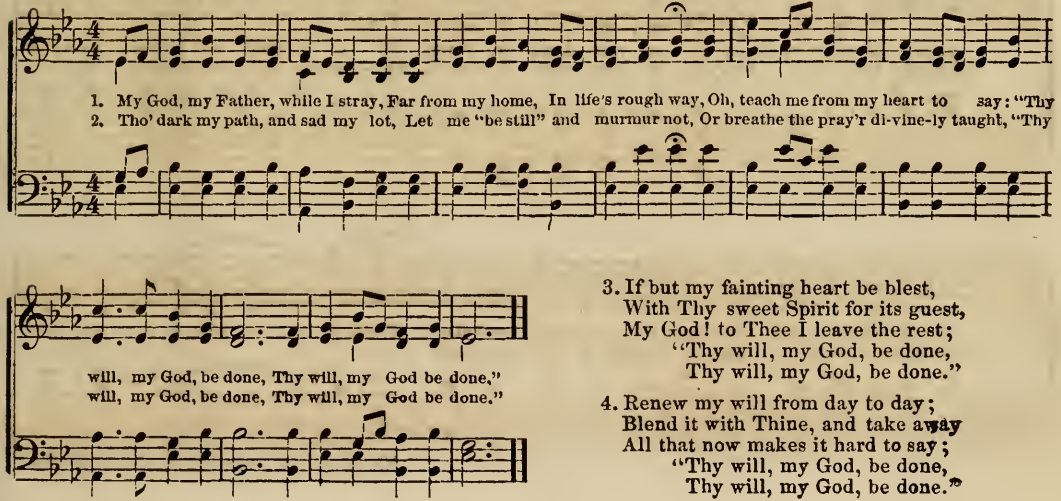
FRANK M. DAVIS.





THY WILL BE DONE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. J. M. KIEFFER.

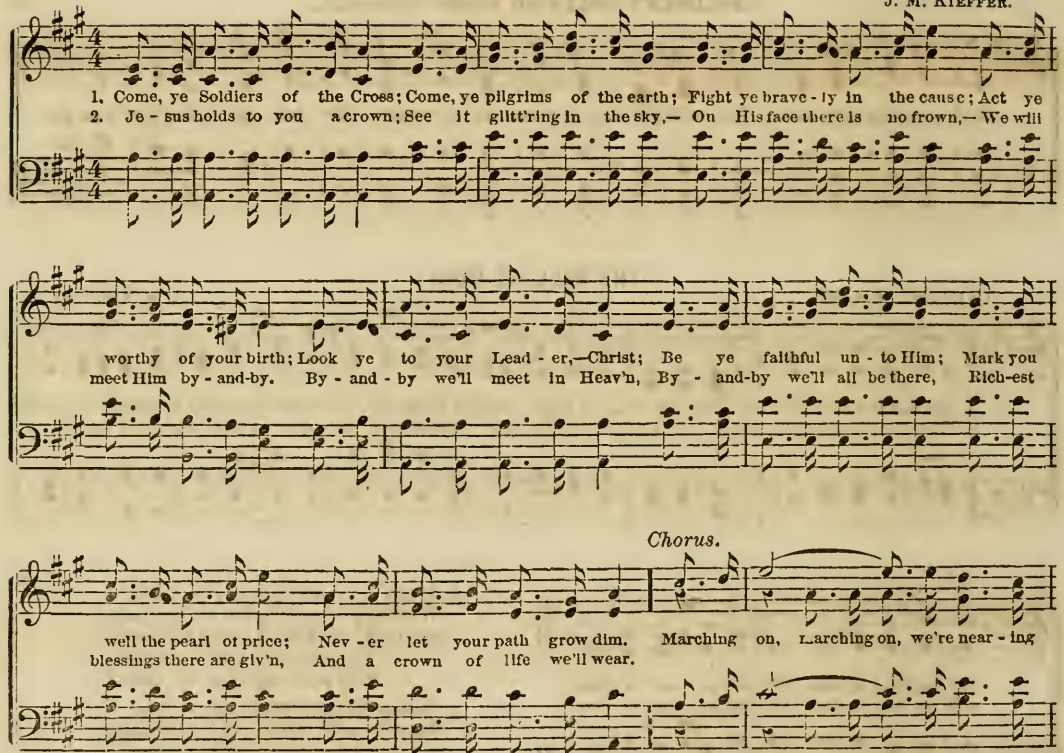


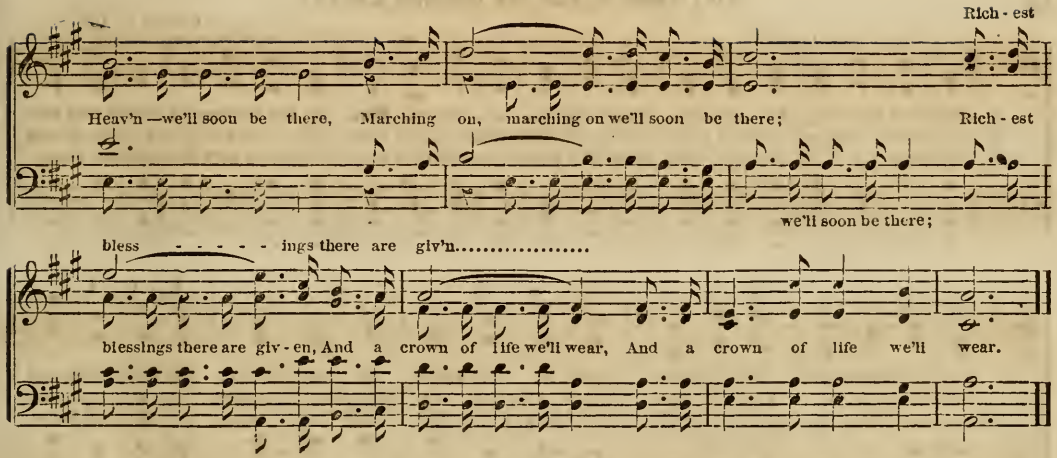
3. If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will, my God, be done,
Thy will, my God, be done."

4. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say;
"Thy will, my God, be done,
Thy will, my God, be done."

MARCHING ON.

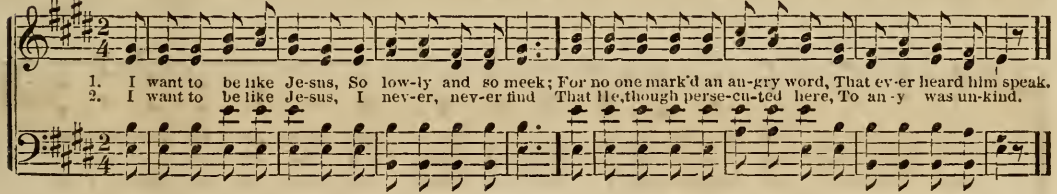
J. M. KIEFFER.





LIKE JESUS.

J. M. KIEFFER.

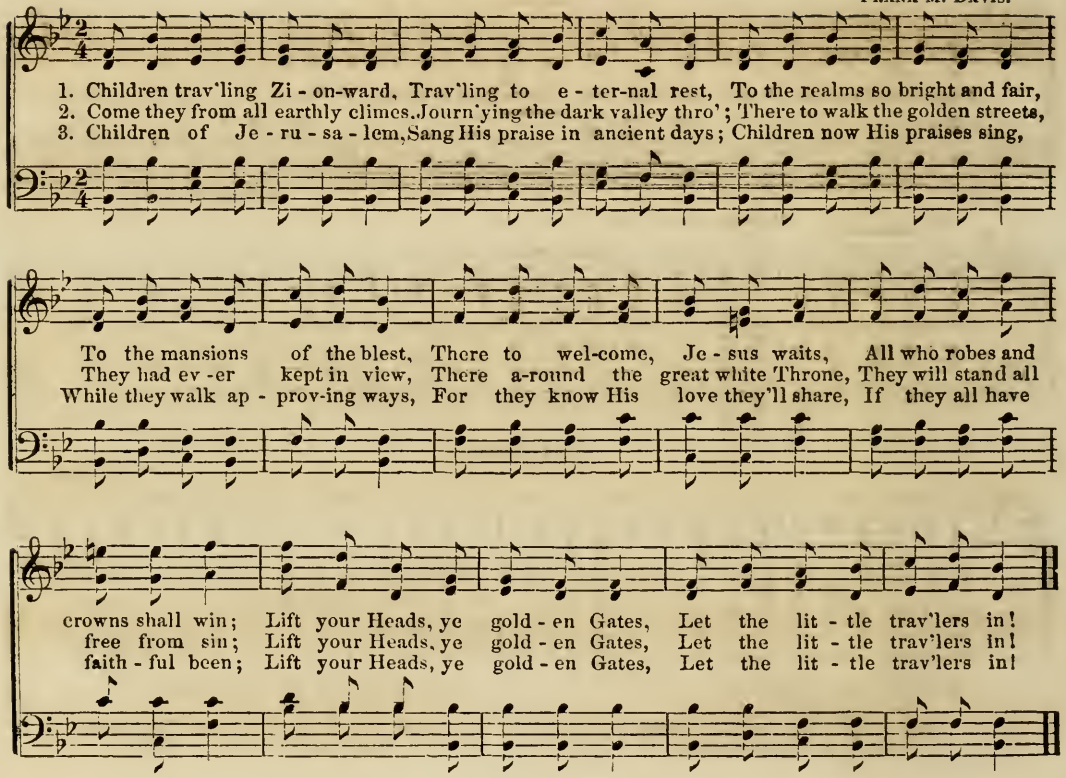


3. I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in pray'r;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

4. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,—
As any one may see;
O, gentle Savior, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

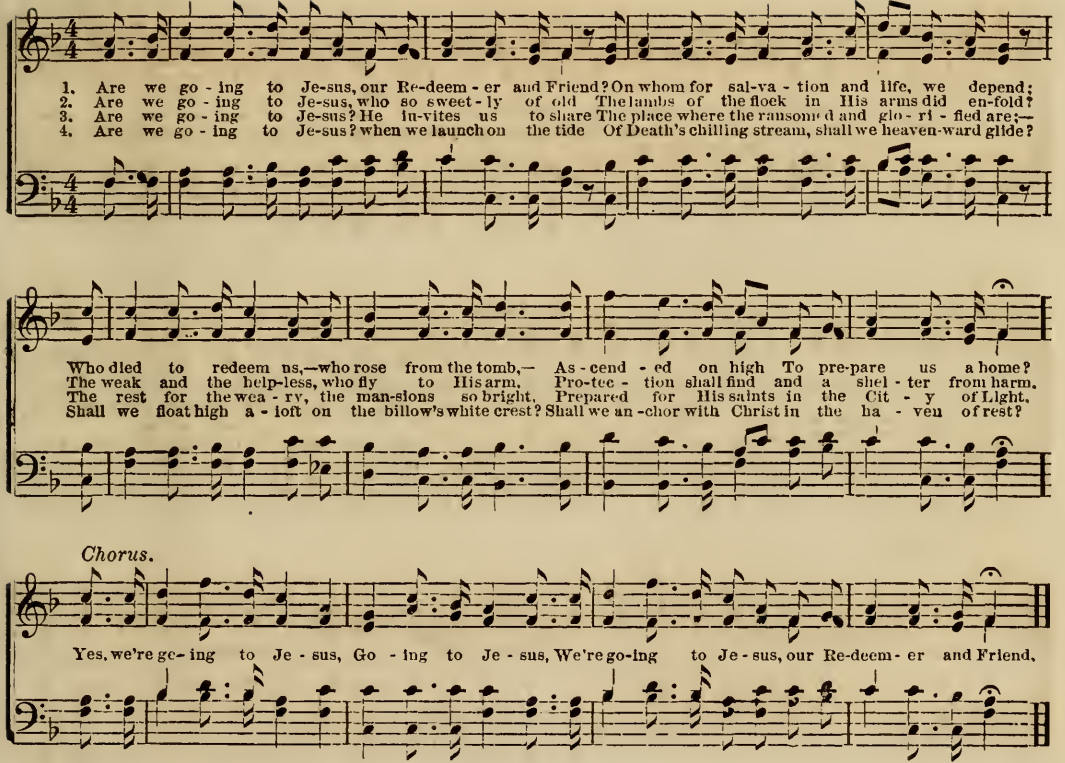
LIFT YOUR HEADS, YE GOLDEN GATES!

FRANK M. DAVIS.



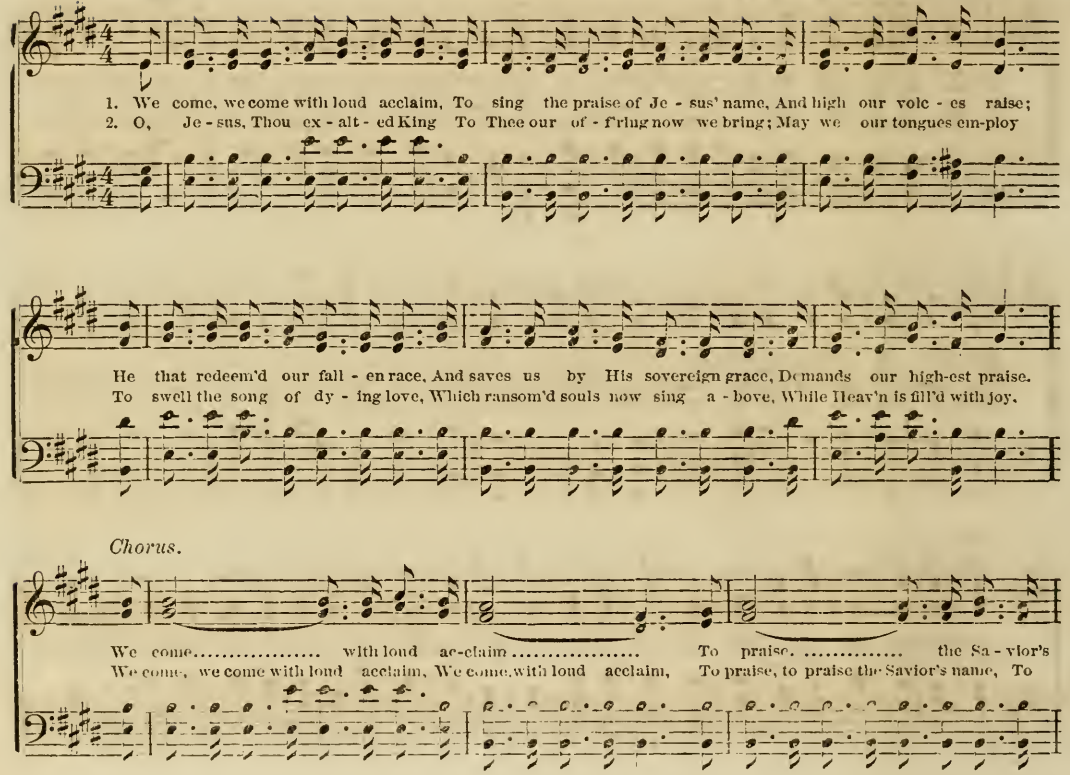
ARE WE GOING TO JESUS?

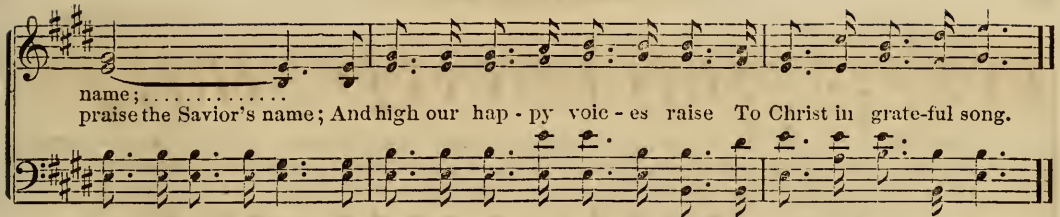
S. V. R. FORD. J. H. ANDERSON.



WE COME, WITH LOUD ACCLAIM.

J. M. KIEFFER.



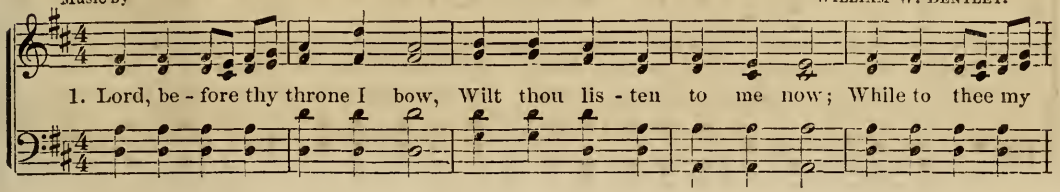


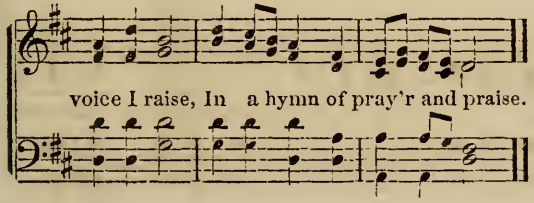
3. Thou blessed Lamb that once wast slain,
Who bore the cross, endured the pain,
And died on Calvary's hill;
We hail Thee as the risen Lord,
Who came according to Thy word,
To do Thy Father's will.—CHORUS.

4. Then shout aloud, in joyful strains,
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,
High on His throne above;
And may the heavenly choirs on high
Send back the echo in reply,
To this, our song of love.—CHORUS.

MORNING HYMN.

Music by WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



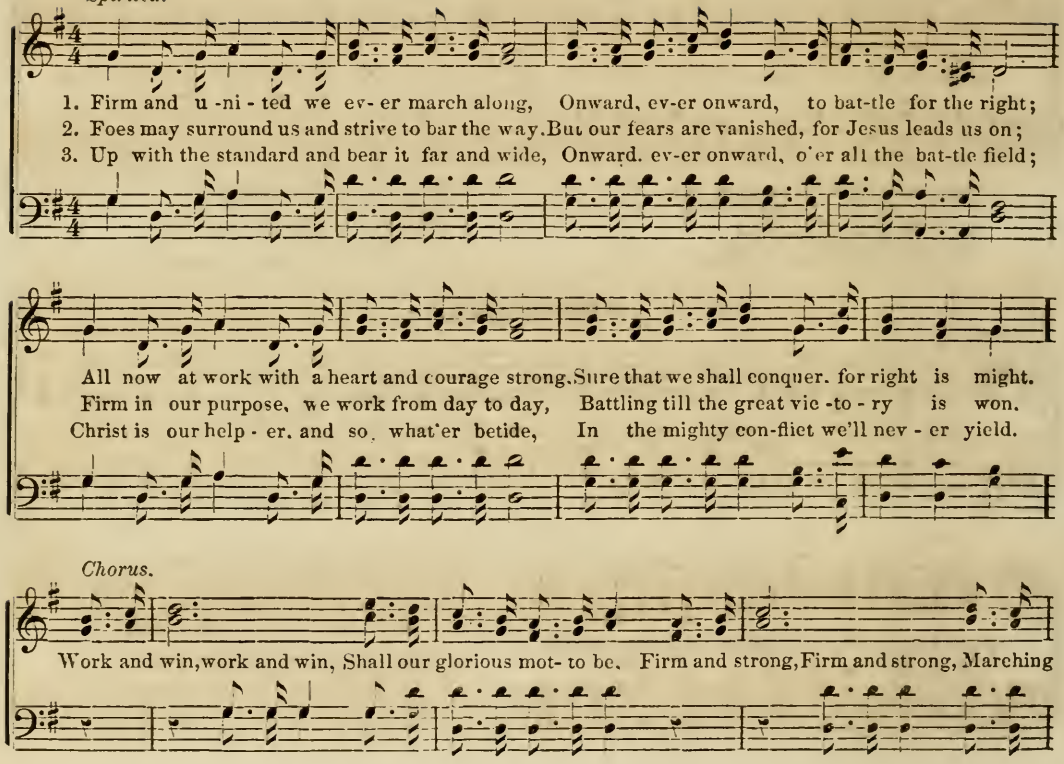


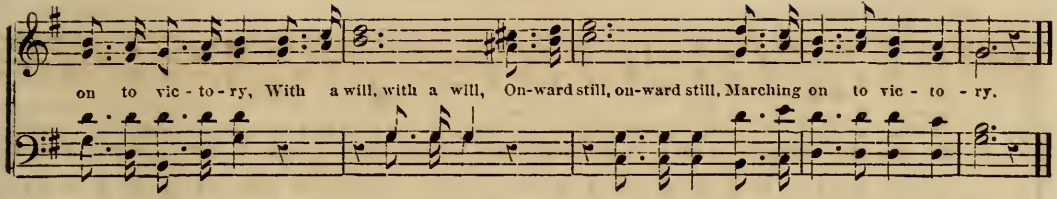
2. Make me truly, wholly thine,
Cleanse this sinful heart of mine;
All my wicked deeds forgive,
May I serve thee while I live.

3. And when I am called to die,
Let my home be in the sky,
There to join my voice in song,
To the praise of Christ thy Son.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

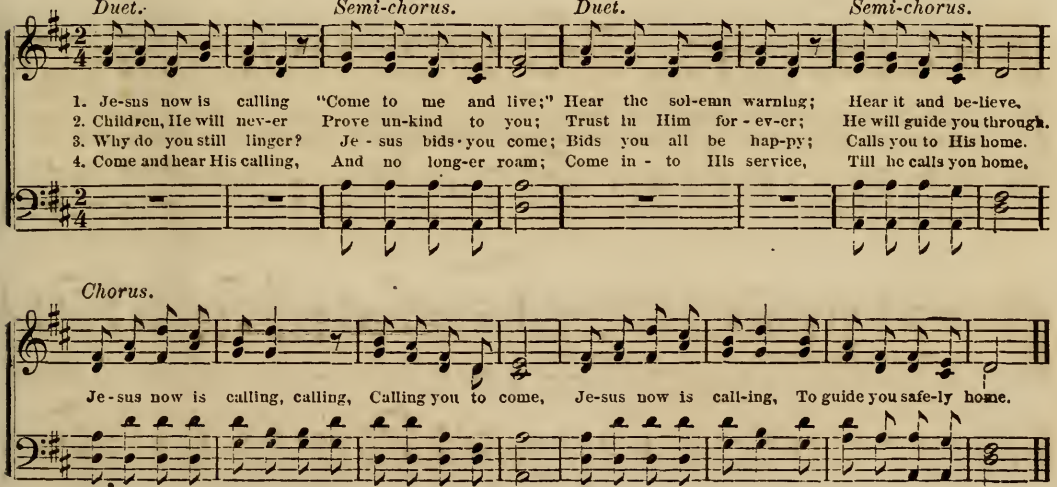
Spirited.





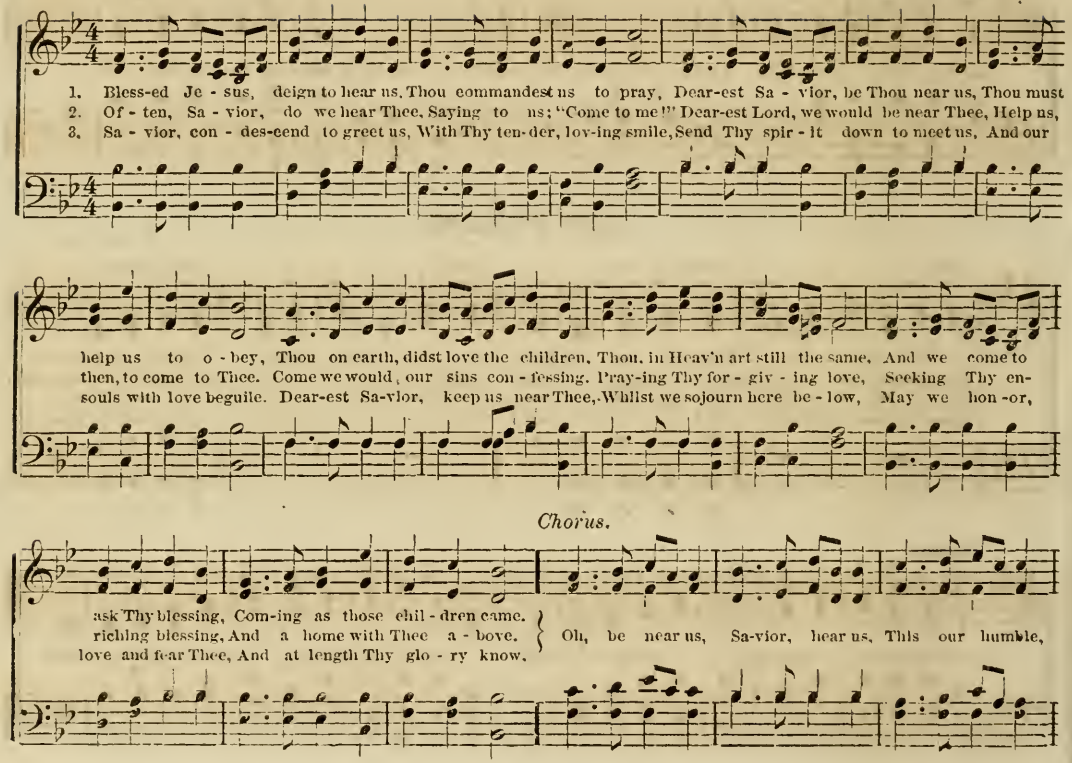
JESUS IS CALLING.

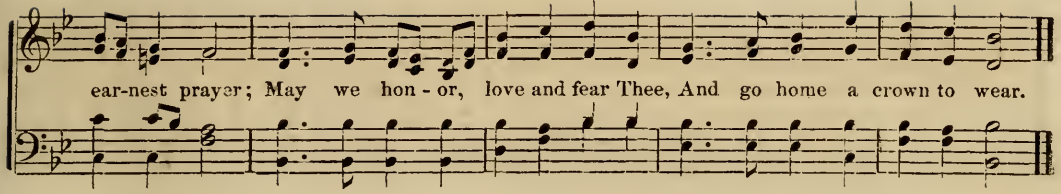
J. M. KIEFFER.



CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

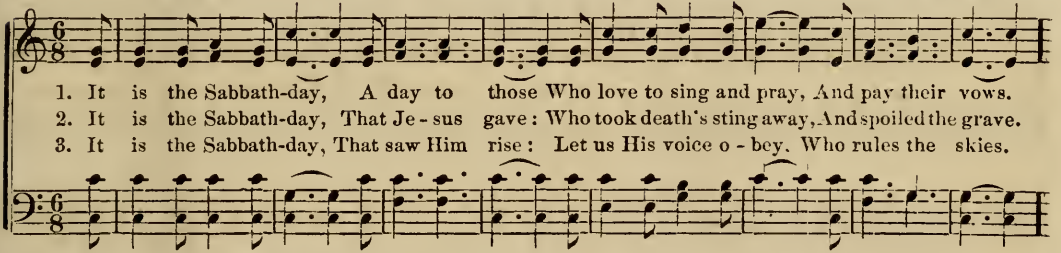
REV. D S. ANDERSON. J. H. ANDERSON.



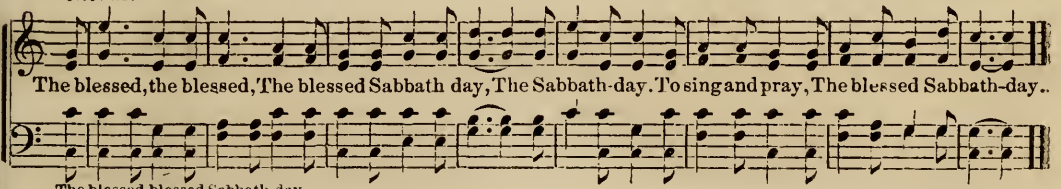


SABBATH-DAY.

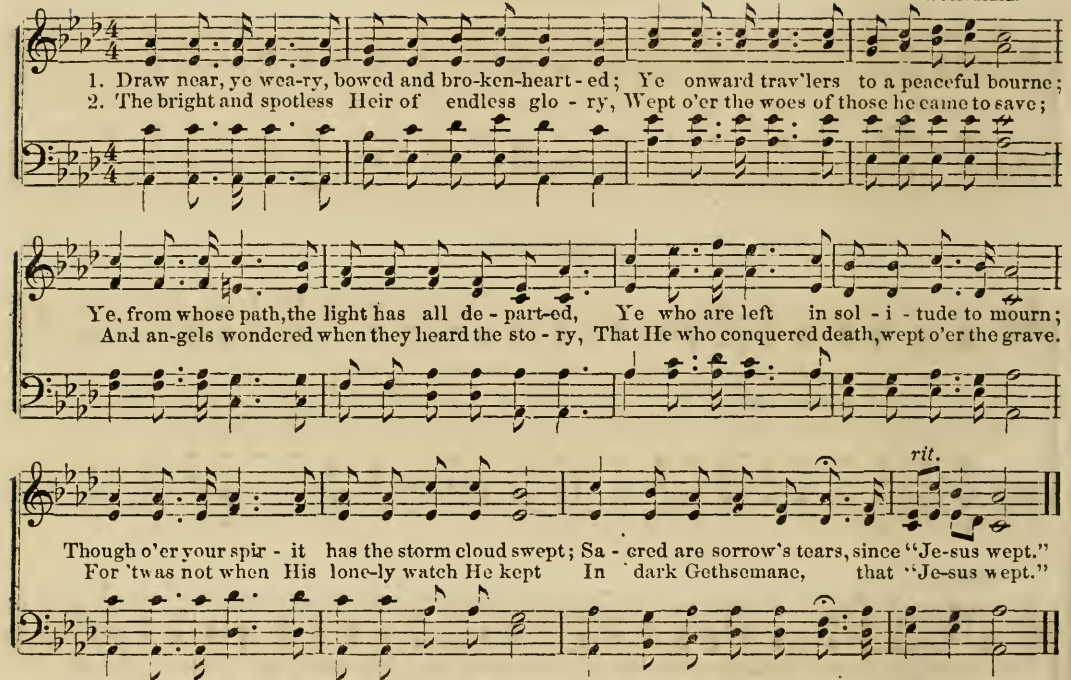
J. M. KIEFFER.



Chorus.



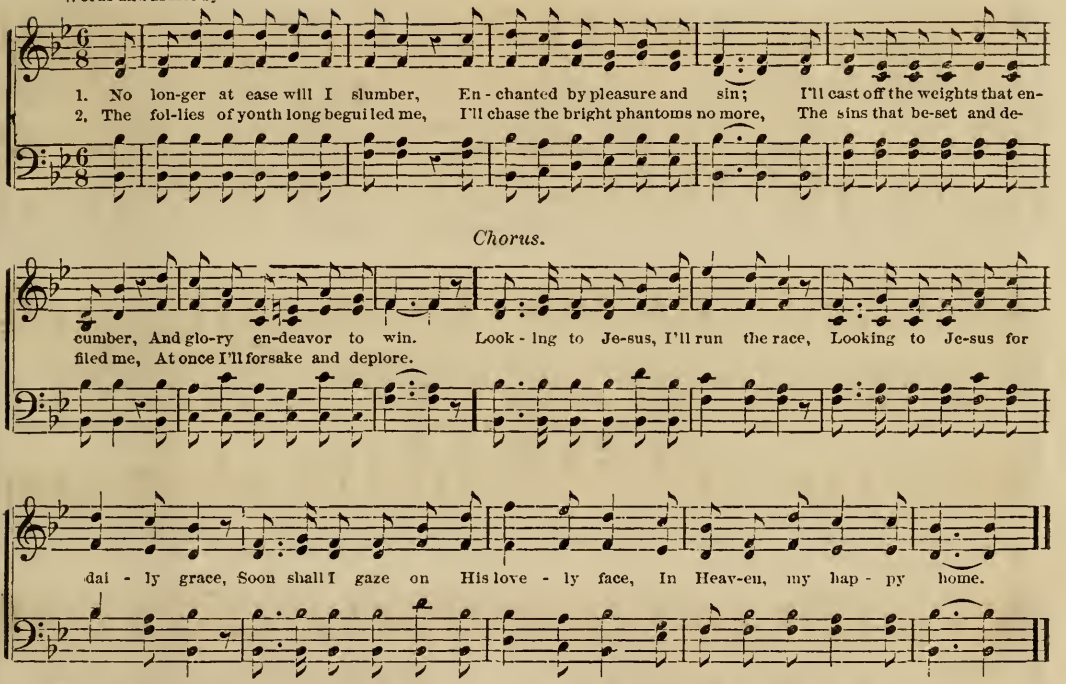
MRS. ST. LEON LOUD. W. H. KELL.



3. But with the friends He loved, whose hopes had perished,
The Savior stood, while through His bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,
And from His eyes the burning tear-drops gushed.
And, bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of soul, dear "Jesus wept."

4. Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death has broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye;
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He has spoken,
"He that believes on me, shall never die."
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept.
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

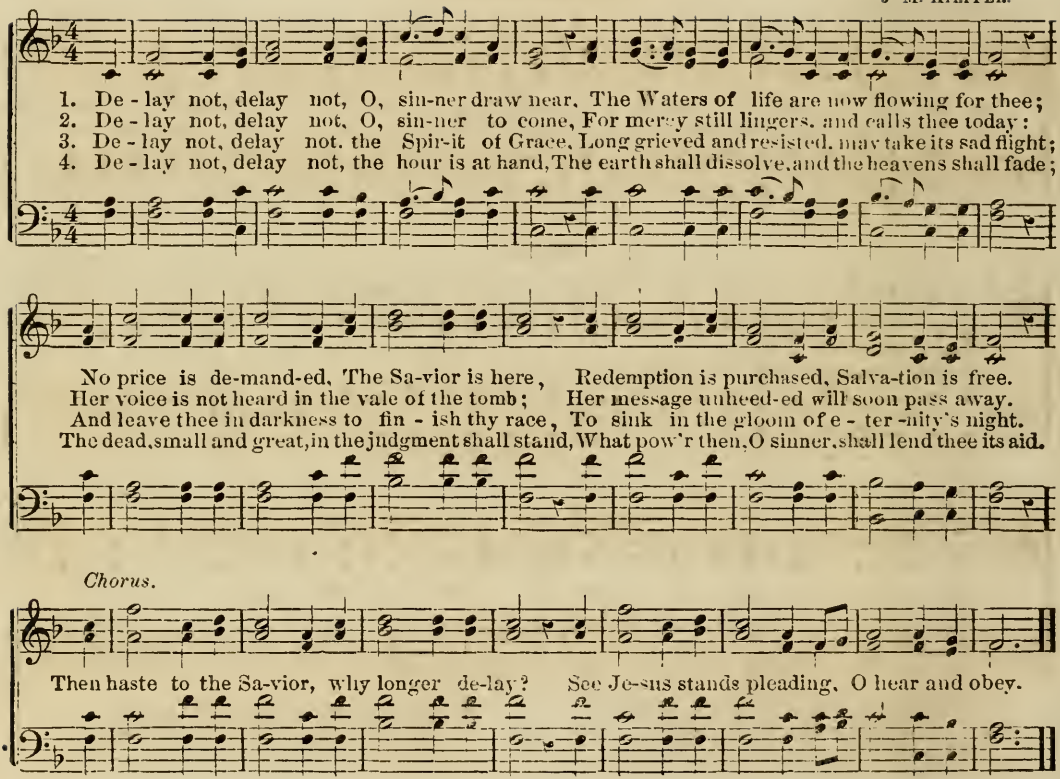


3. The tempter may labor to charm me,
And sweetly the syren may sing;
But what can ensnare or alarm me,
While firmly to Jesus I cling?—CHORUS.

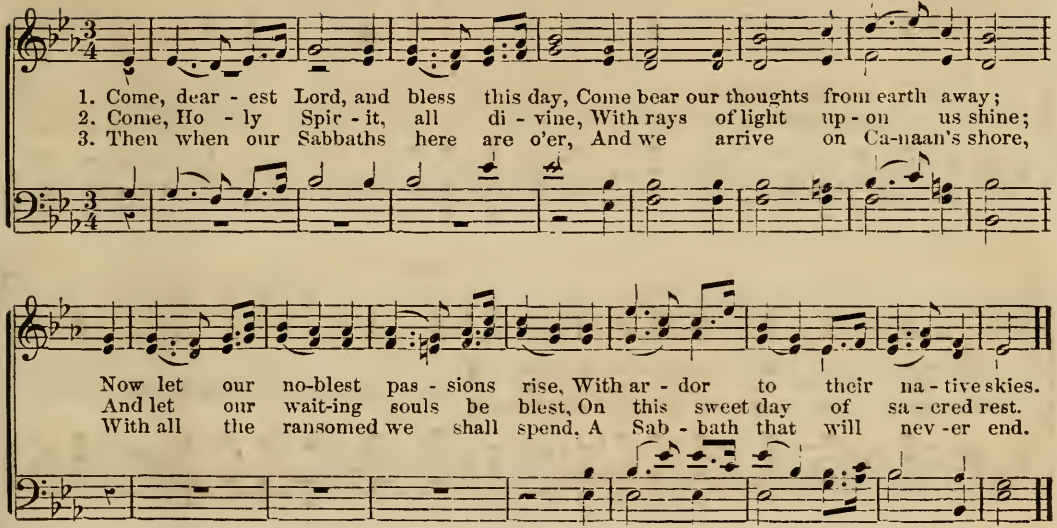
4. Thus, looking to Jesus, I'll never
Be moved by the sneer or the frown;
And when I have passed o'er the river
I'll wear in His Kingdom a crown.—CHORUS.

DELAY NOT.

J. M. KIEFFER.



J. H. ANDERSON.



HEAVENLY TEACHER.

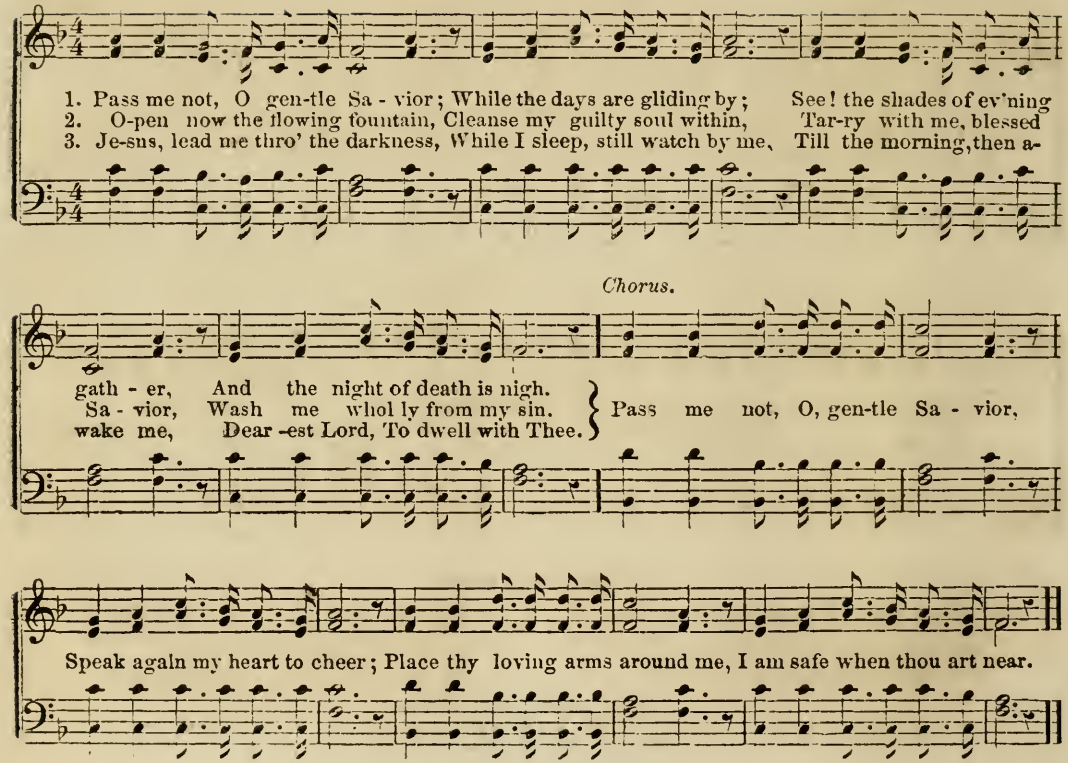
1. Come, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, Come
Convey Thine own instructions home;
While men Thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.

2. Whene'er I read or hear Thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford,
To me Thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

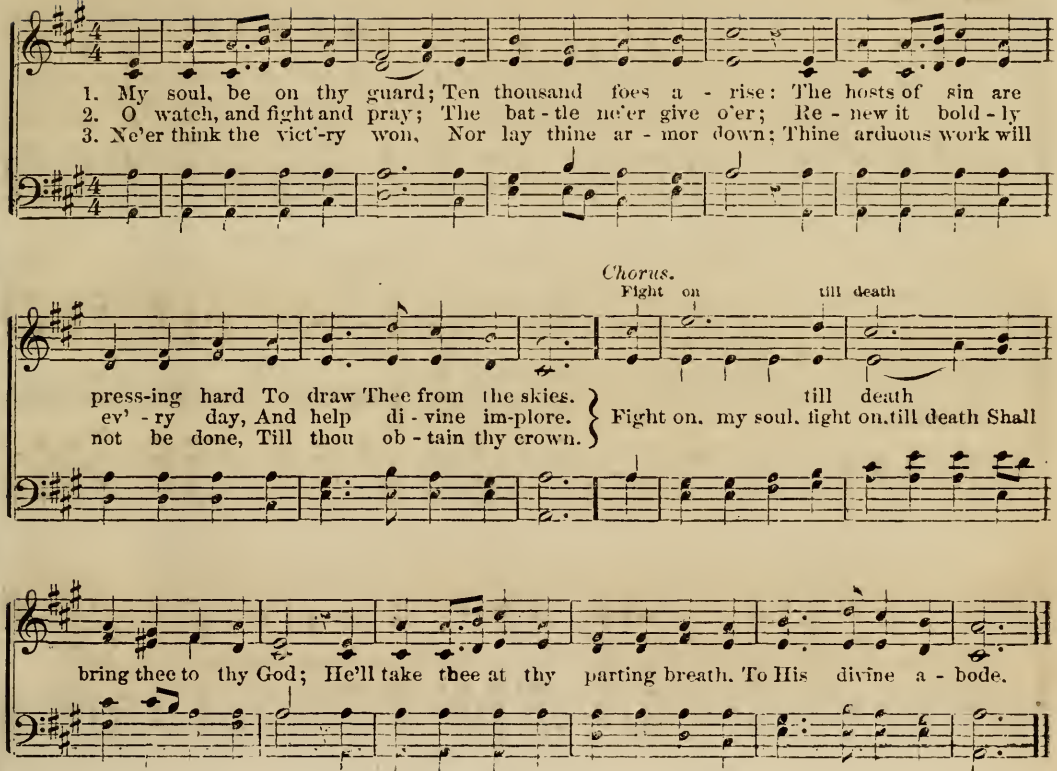
3. Call me, O call me to Thy feet,
And there transported may I sit;
With joy Thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR.

W. W. BENTLEY.

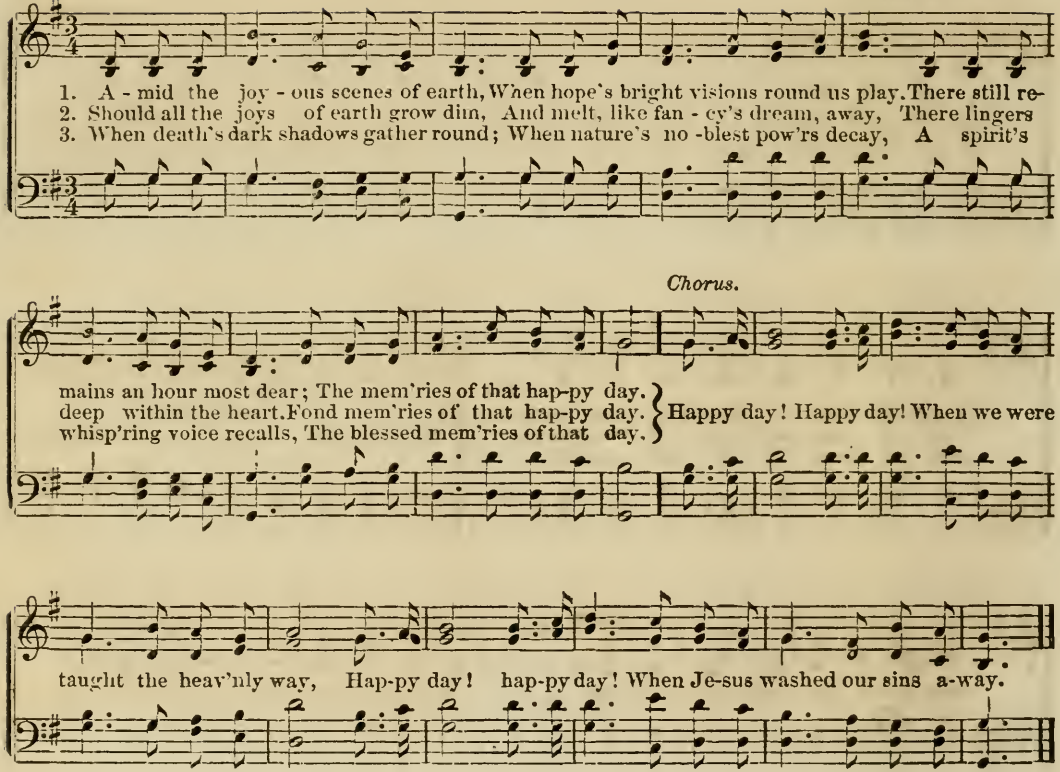


J. M. KIEFFER.

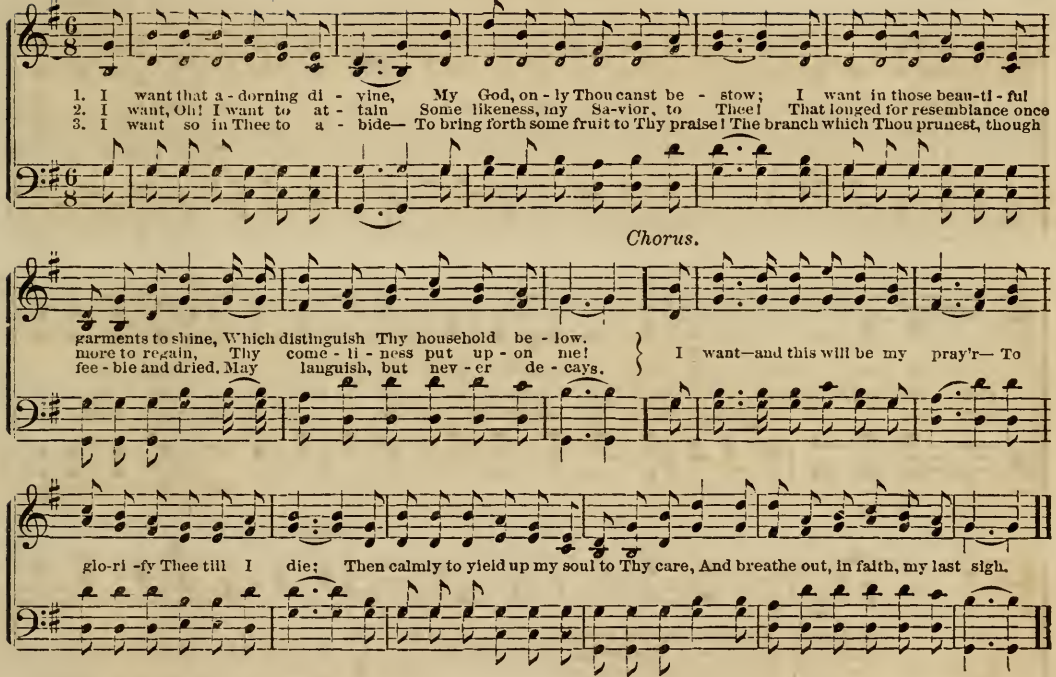

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise: The hosts of sin are
2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly
3. Ne'er think the vict'-ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thine arduous work will
Chorus.
Fight on till death
press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
till death
Fight on, my soul, fight on, till death Shall
bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy parting breath, To His divine a - bode.

HAPPY DAY!

FRANK M. DAVIS.



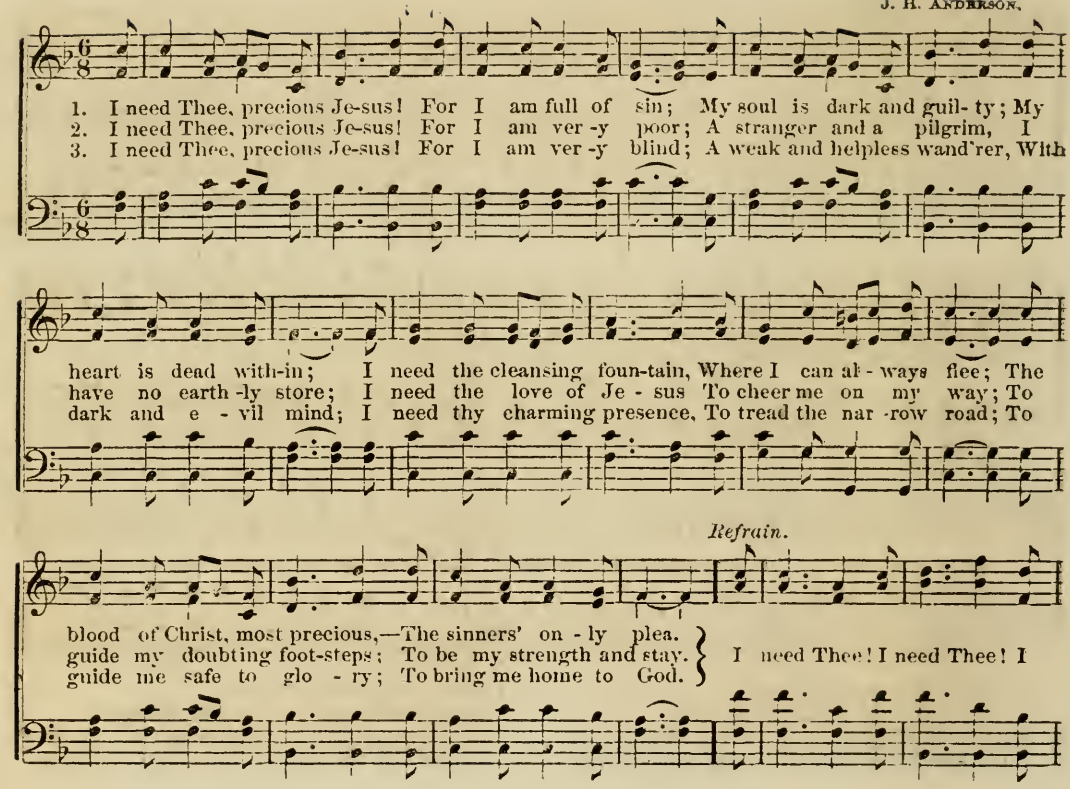
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. J. M. KIEFFER.

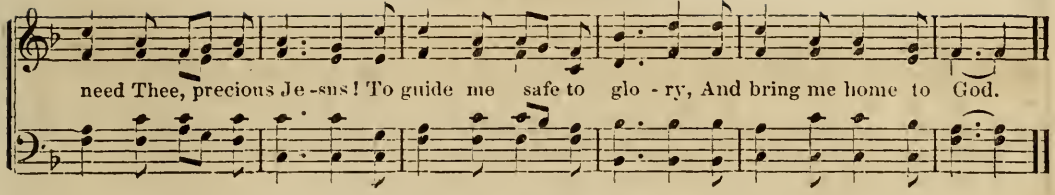


4. I want by my aspect serene,
My actions and words to declare,—
My treasure is placed in a country unseen,
My heart and affections are there.—CHORUS.

5. I want as a traveler to haste,
Straight onward, nor pause on my way,—
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance, to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.—CHORUS.

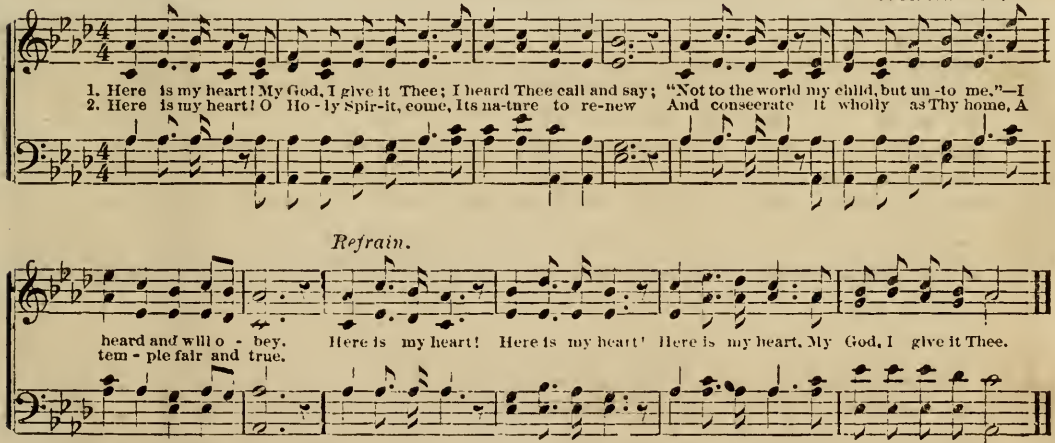
J. H. ANDERSON.


1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guil- ty; My
2. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am ver -y poor; A stranger and a pilgrim, I
3. I need Thee, precious Je-sus! For I am ver -y blind; A weak and helpless wand'rer, With
heart is dead with-in; I need the cleansing foun-tain, Where I can al- ways flee; The
have no earth -ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way; To
dark and e - vil mind; I need thy charming presence, To tread the nar -row road; To
Refrain.
blood of Christ, most precious,—The sinners' on - ly plea.
guide my doubting foot-steps; To be my strength and stay.
guide me safe to glo - ry; To bring me home to God.
I need Thee! I need Thee! I



THE CHILD'S BEST OFFERING.

J. M. KIEFFER.

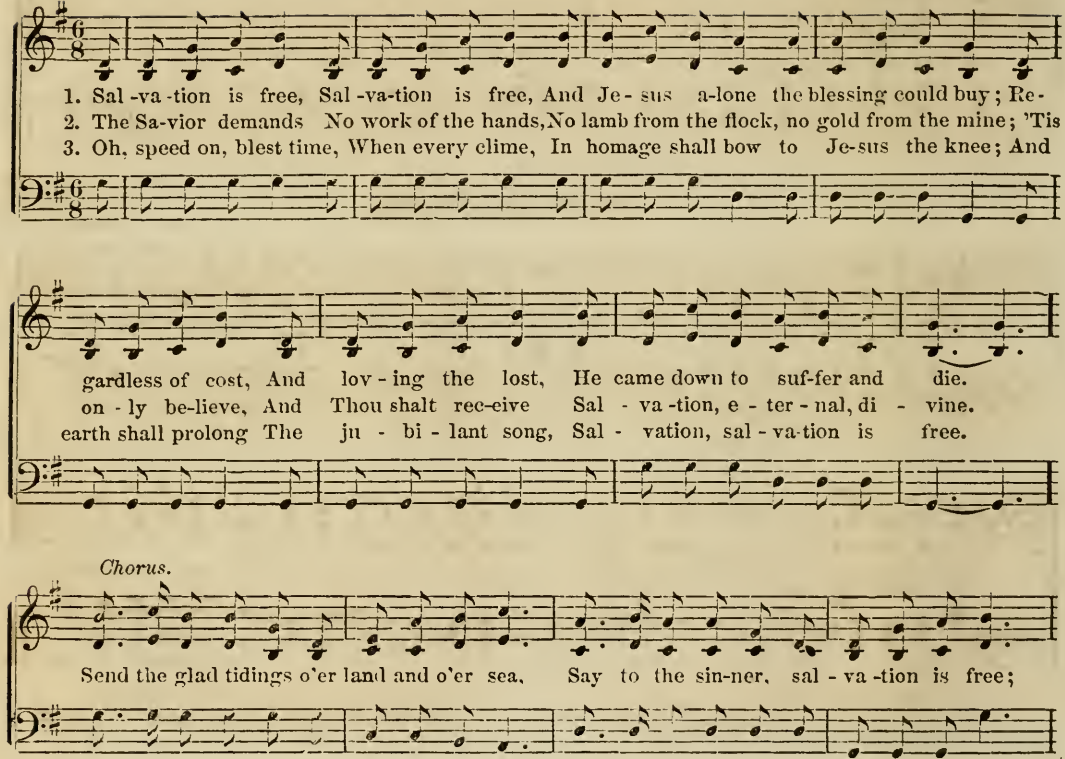


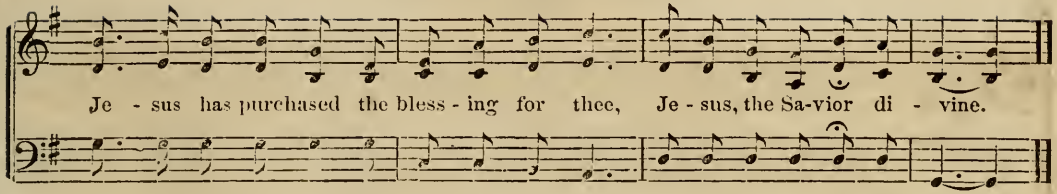
3. Here is my heart! It trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne.
Give it the shining robes Thy servants wear,
Of righteousness, Thine own.—REFRAIN.

4. Here is my heart! O Friend of friends, be near,
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory.—REFRAIN.

SALVATION IS FREE.

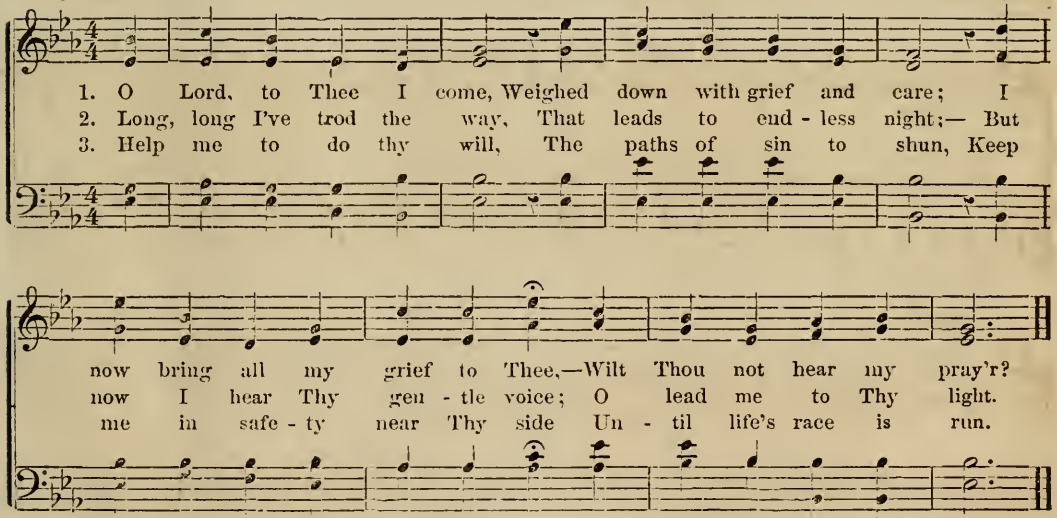
FRED. GRALEY.





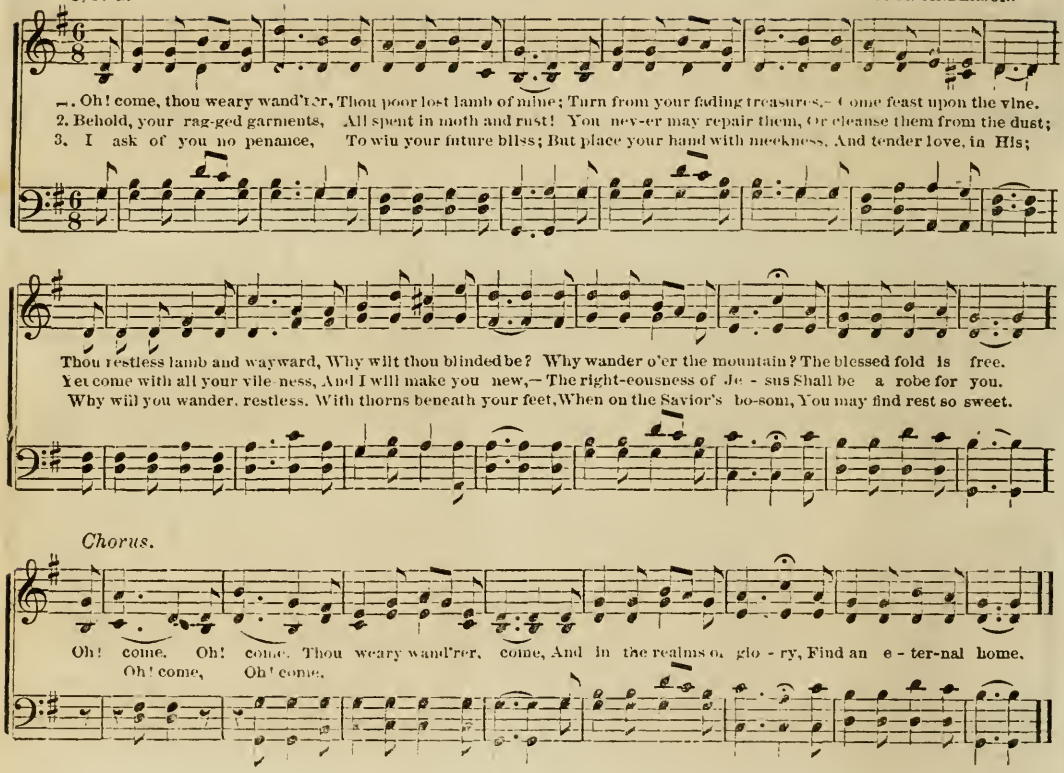
TO THEE I COME.

Miss Flora Brown. W. W. Bentley.

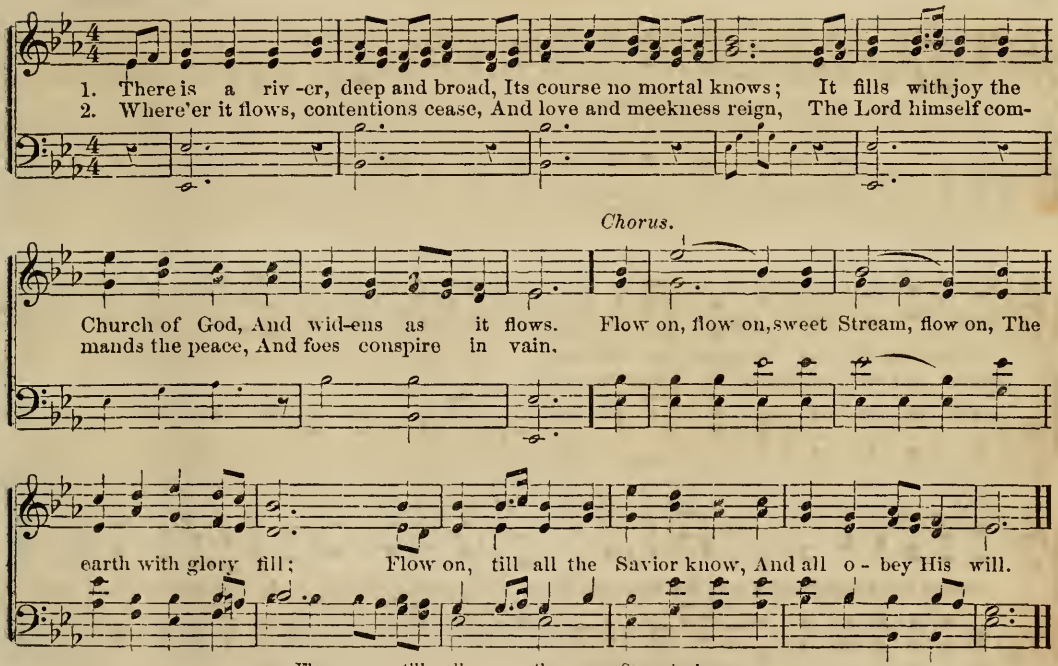


COME.

C. J. G. J. H. ANDERSON.



WILLIAM HUBN. J. M. KIEFFER.

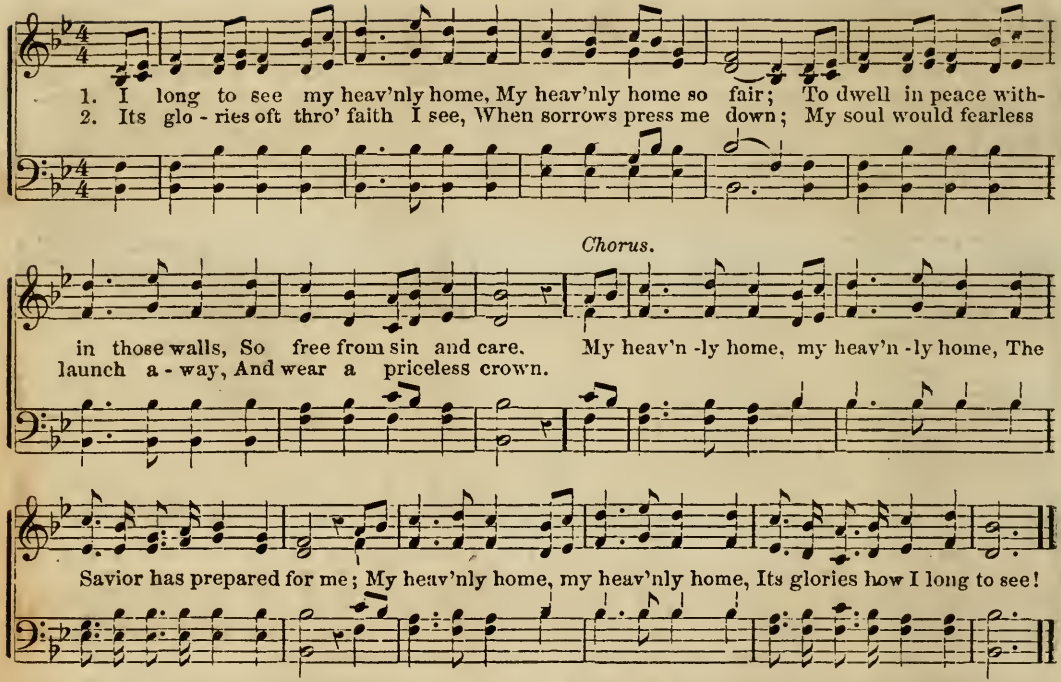


3. Along its shore, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.—CHORUS.

4. To it distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,—
They drink and never die.—CHORUS.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

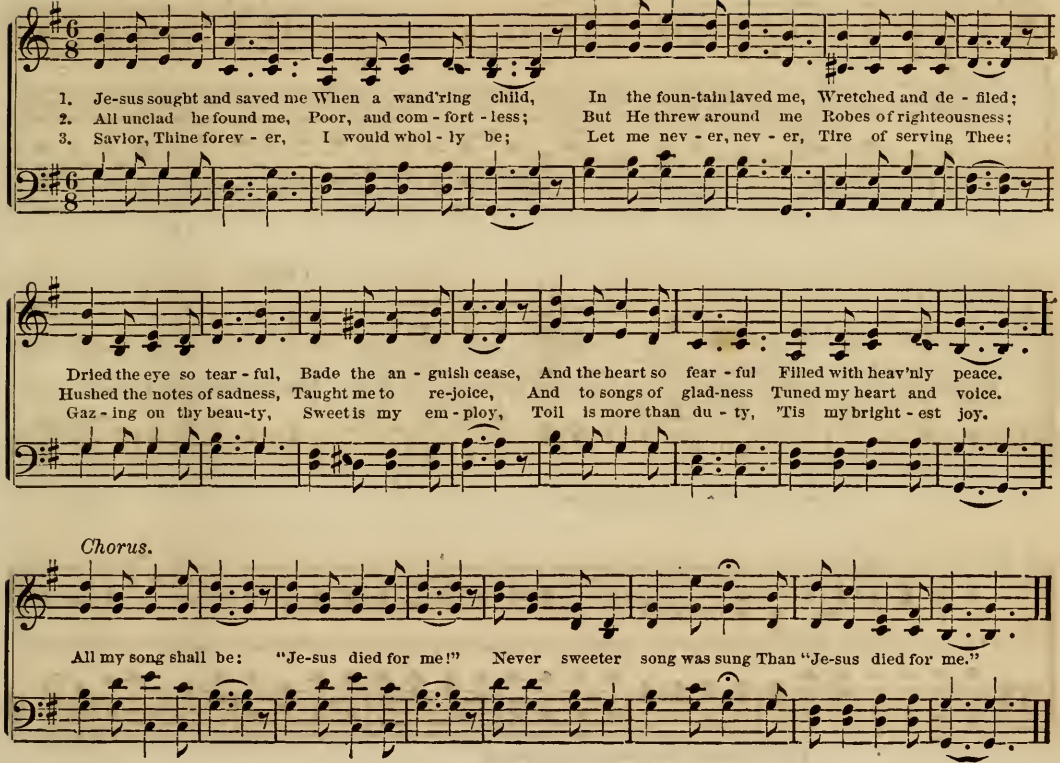


3. My Savior waits me in that home
He has prepared for me;—
For all the kindness He has shown,
How grateful should i be!—CHORUS.

4. His name I'll bless throughout my days,
For all His mercies shown;
And when I reach my Heav'nly home,
I'll praise Him round the Throne.—CHORUS.

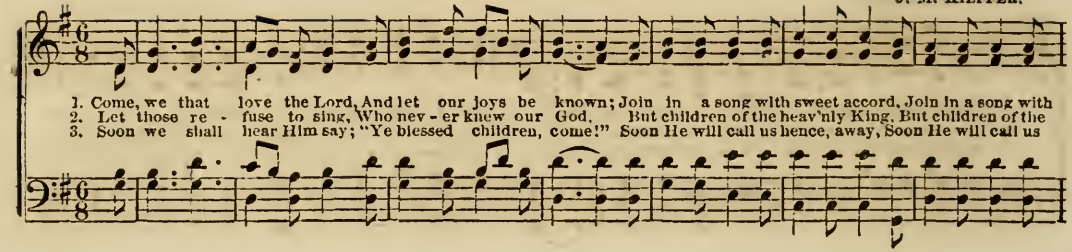
JESUS DIED FOR ME.

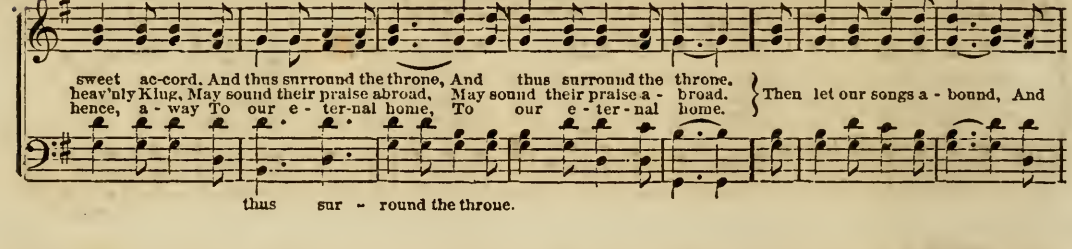
Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

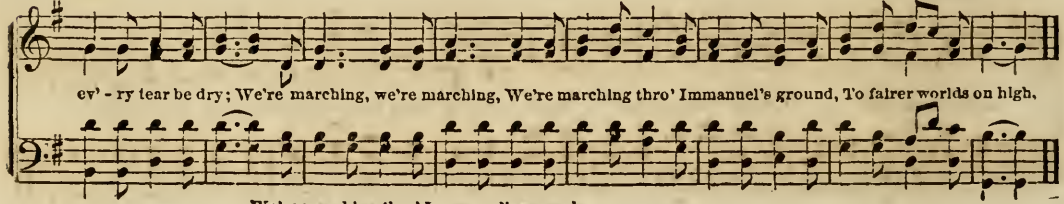


THEN LET OUR SONGS ABOUND.

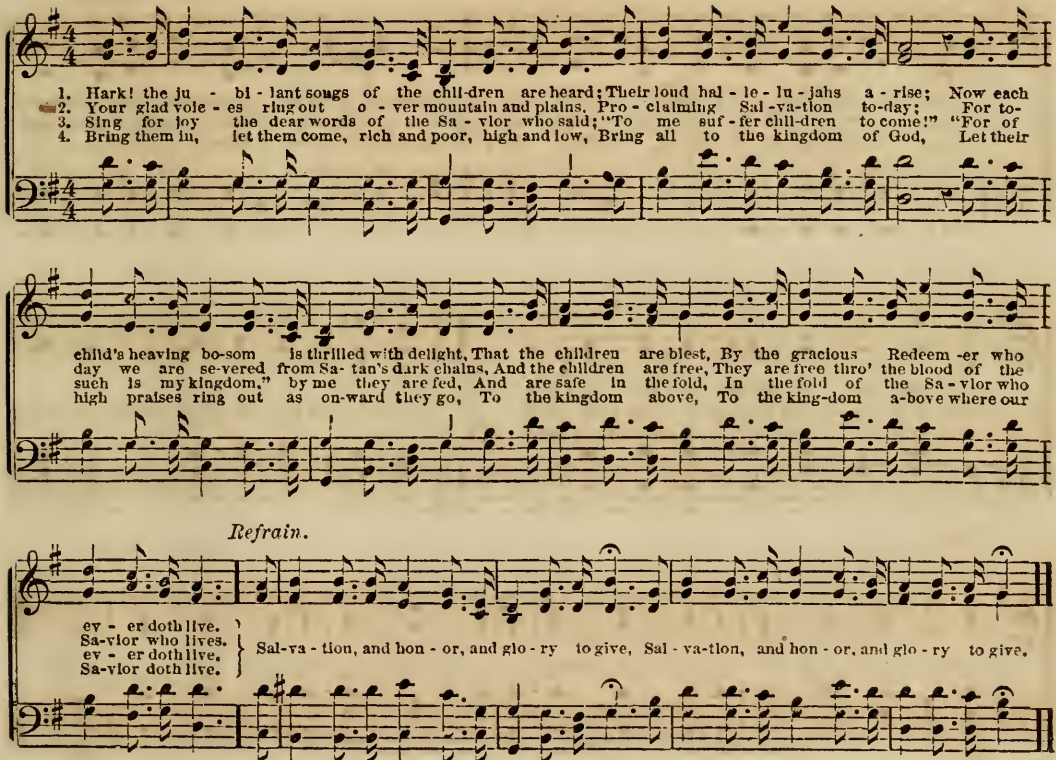
J. M. KIEFFER.





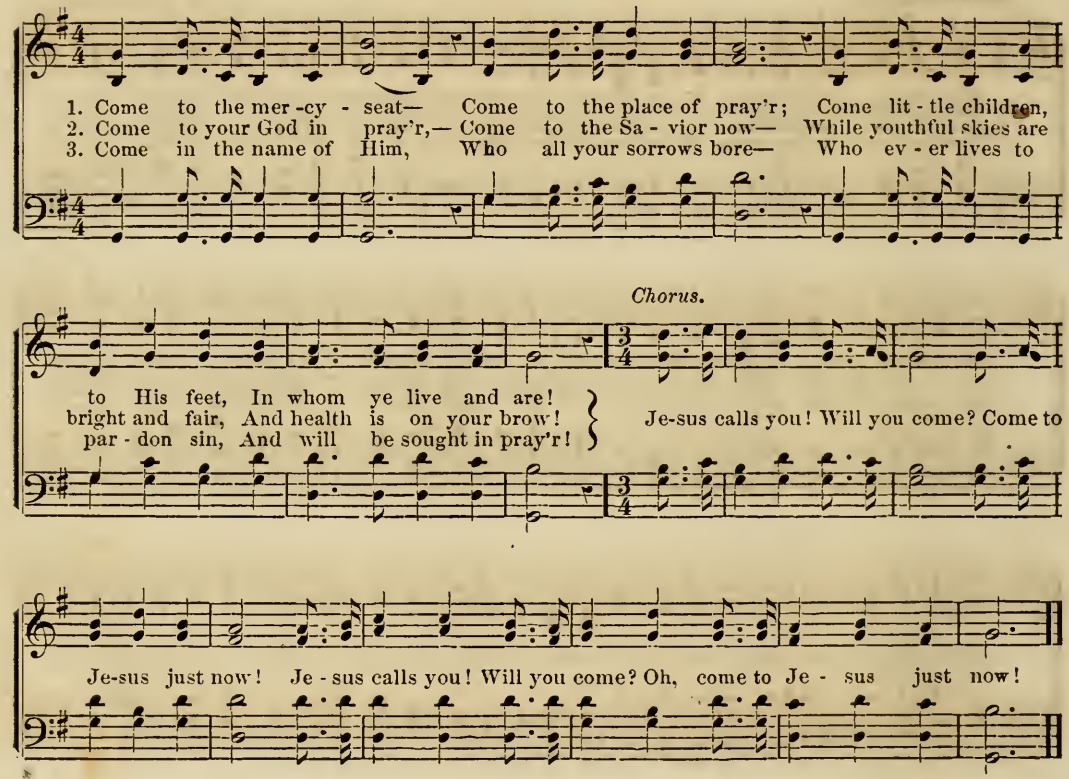


REV. J. H. BROWN. DR. A. T. HAMILTON.

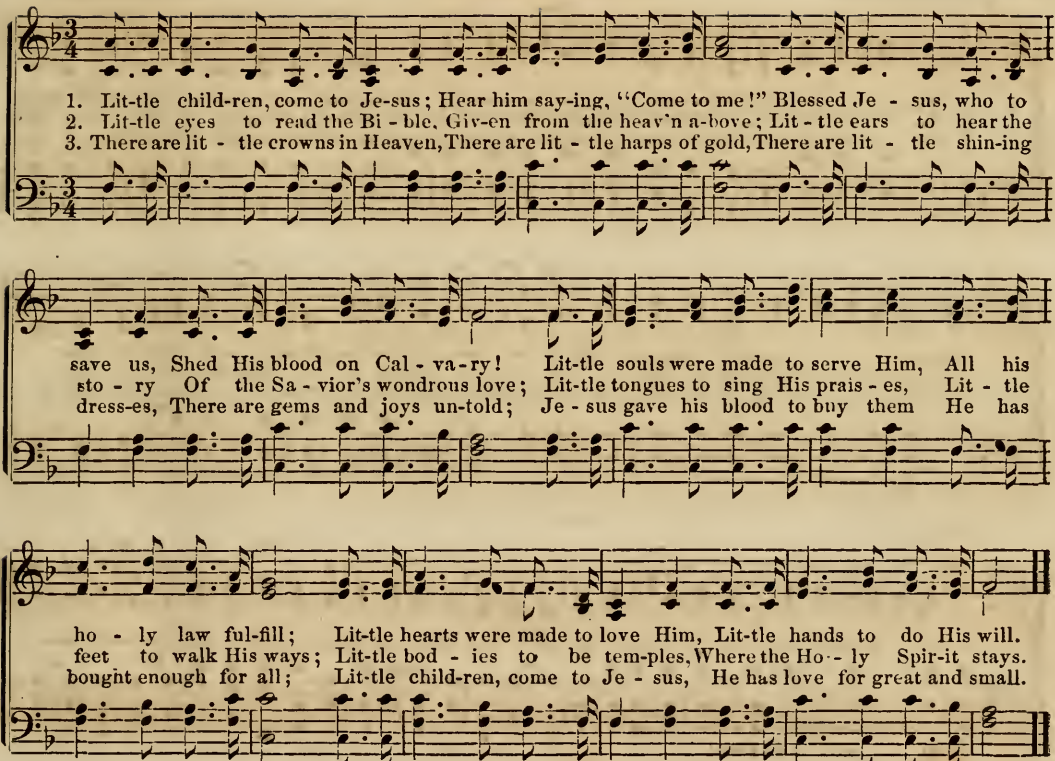


JESUS CALLS YOU.

J. M. KIEFFER.

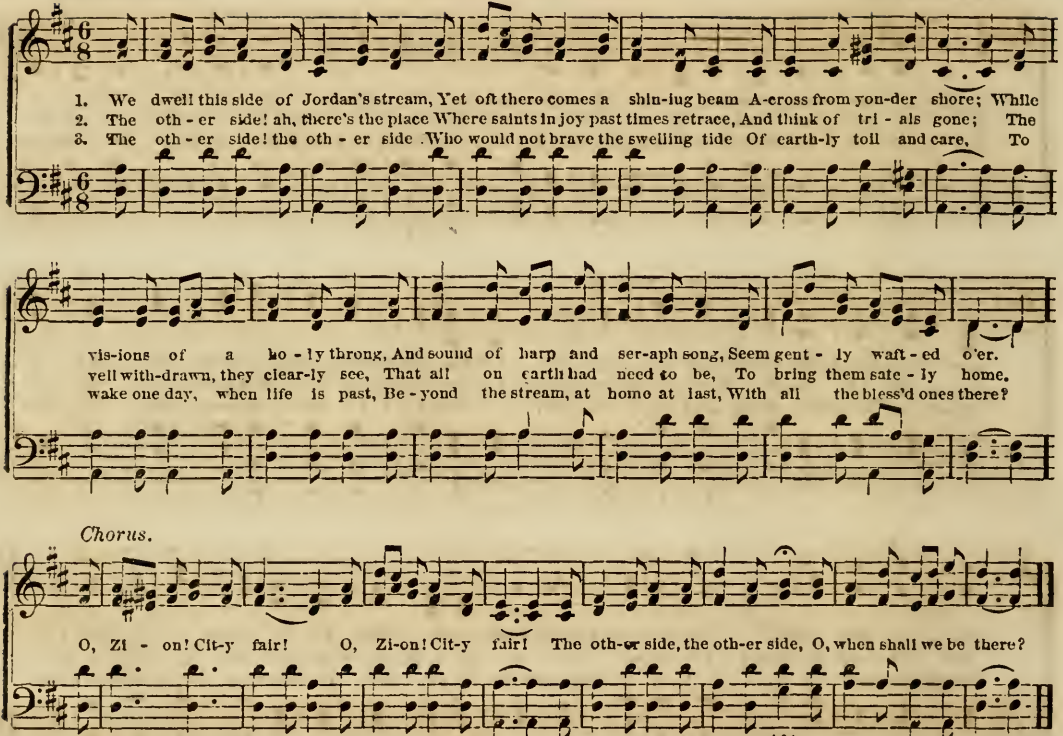


J. H. ANDERSON.


1. Lit-tle child-ren, come to Je-sus; Hear him say-ing, "Come to me!" Blessed Je - sus, who to
2. Lit-tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv-en from the heav'n a-bove; Lit - tle ears to hear the
3. There are lit - tle crowns in Heaven, There are lit - tle harps of gold, There are lit - tle shin-ing
save us, Shed His blood on Cal - va-ry! Lit-tle souls were made to serve Him, All his
sto - ry Of the Sa - vior's wondrous love; Lit-tle tongues to sing His prais - es, Lit - tle
dress-es, There are gems and joys un-told; Je - sus gave his blood to buy them He has
ho - ly law ful-fill; Lit-tle hearts were made to love Him, Lit-tle hands to do His will.
feet to walk His ways; Lit-tle bod - ies to be tem-ples, Where the Ho - ly Spir-it stays.
bought enough for all; Lit-tle child-ren, come to Je - sus, He has love for great and small.

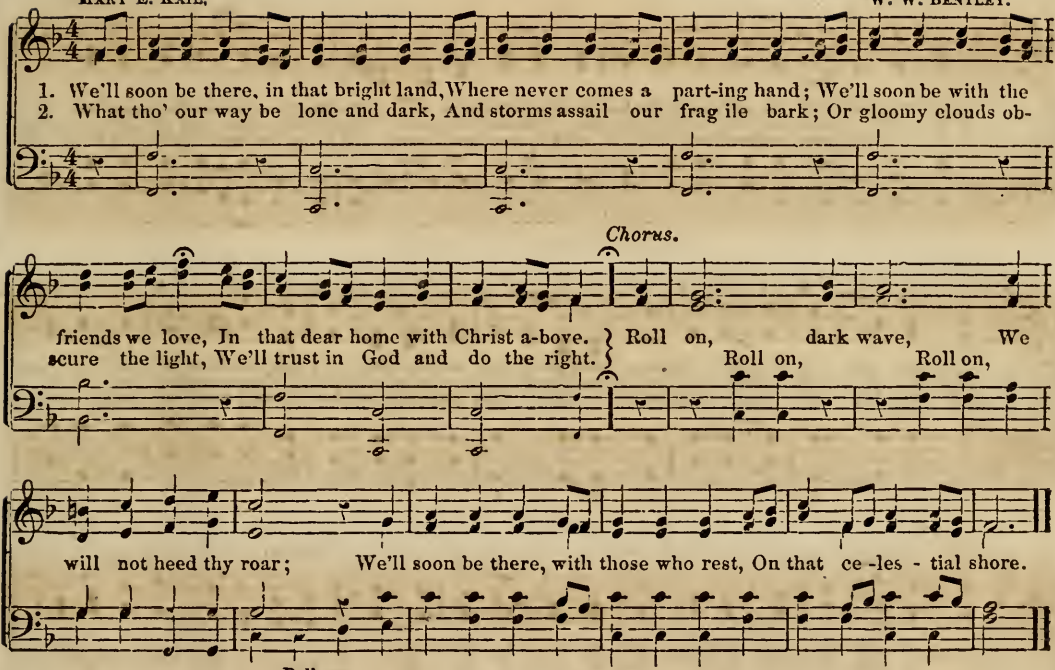
THE OTHER SIDE.

S. L. CUTHBERT. J. M. KIEFFER.



WE'LL SOON BE THERE.

MARY E. KAIL. W. W. BENTLEY.

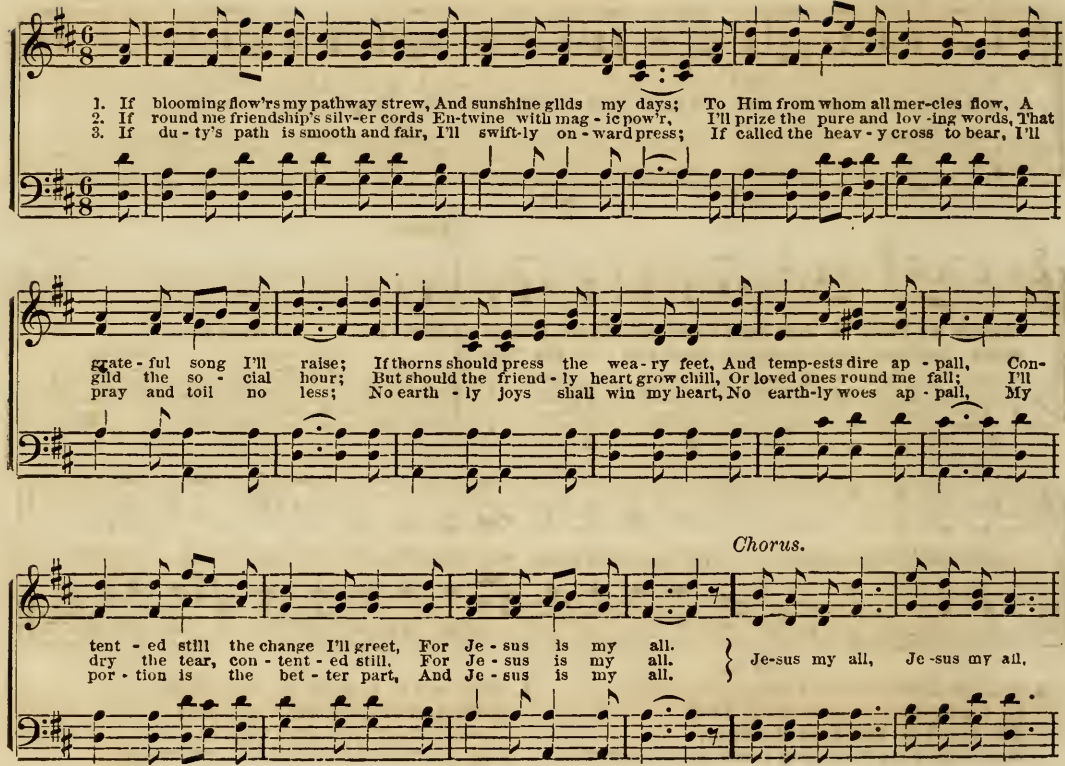


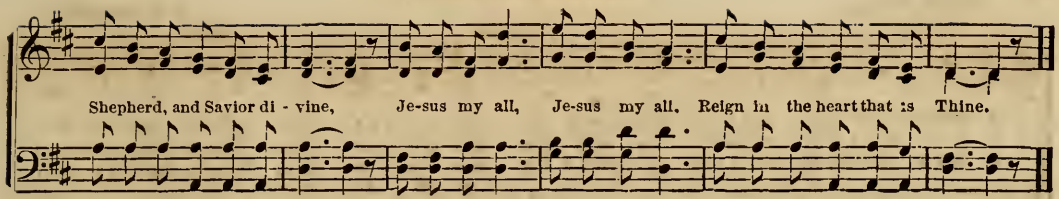
3. Though earthly dreams may prove untrue,
Or fruitless seems each work we do;
The bread we cast upon the wave,
May some poor wand'ring sinner save.—CHORUS.

4. 'Twill not be long till we shall stand,
With angels in that heavenly land;
Then evermore our song shall be,
King Jesus died to set us free.—CHORUS.

JESUS IS MY ALL.

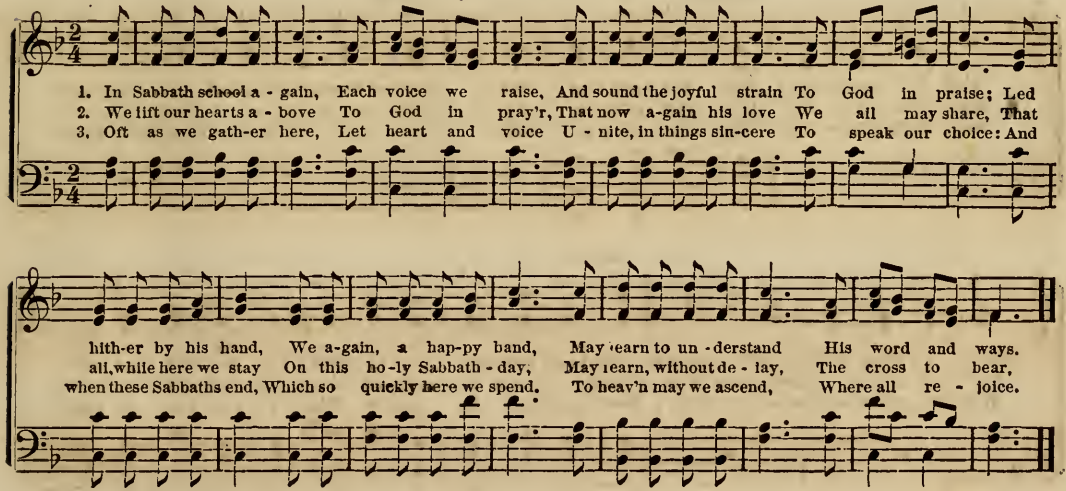
Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.





AGAIN IN SABBATH SCHOOL.

J. M. KIEFFER.



ON THE OTHER SIDE.

REV. J. S. BOYD. J. H. ANDERSON,

Solo. *Chorus.* *Solo.*

1. Where shall we end our sor - row? On the oth - er side. Where be - gin the
2. Where flows the crys - tal riv - er? On the oth - er side. Where do christians
3. Where's Christ our loved ones bring-ing? On the oth - er side. Where shall we soon

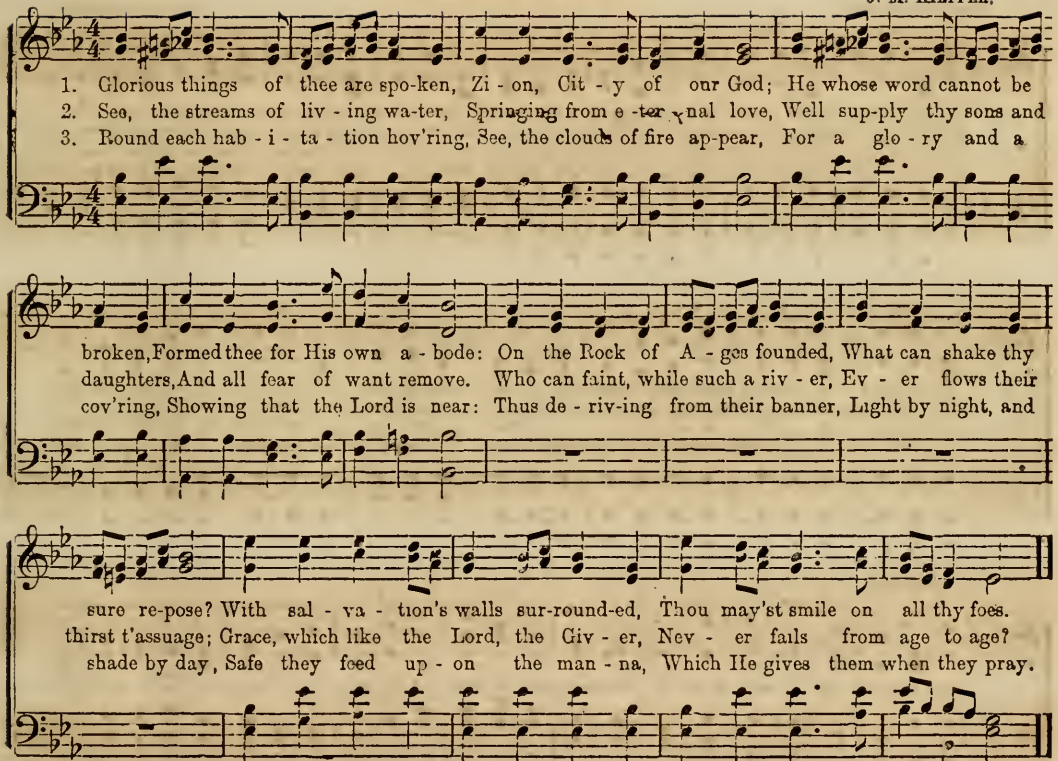
Chorus. *Duet.*

glad to - mor - row? On the oth - er side; There the sweet voiced an - gels sing;
reign for - ev - er? On the oth - er side; Nev - er night or death ap - pears
hear them sing - ing? On the oth - er side; Oh! we'll join them, charming sight!

Chorus.

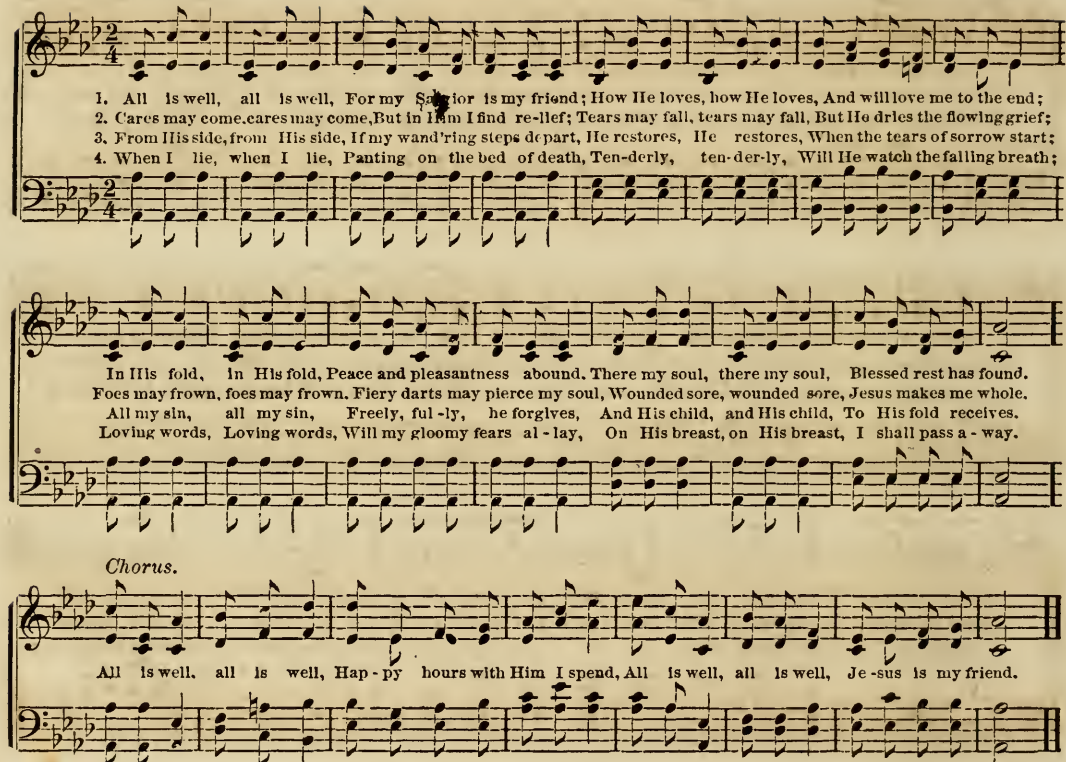
Saints, on harp strike loud the strings; Gladdest mu - sic ev - er rings; On the oth - er side.
Banished gloom - y doubts and fears; God shall wipe a - way all tears, On the oth - er side.
Waving palms and wear-ing white; Serv-ing God in purer light, On the oth - er side.

J. M. KIRFFER.

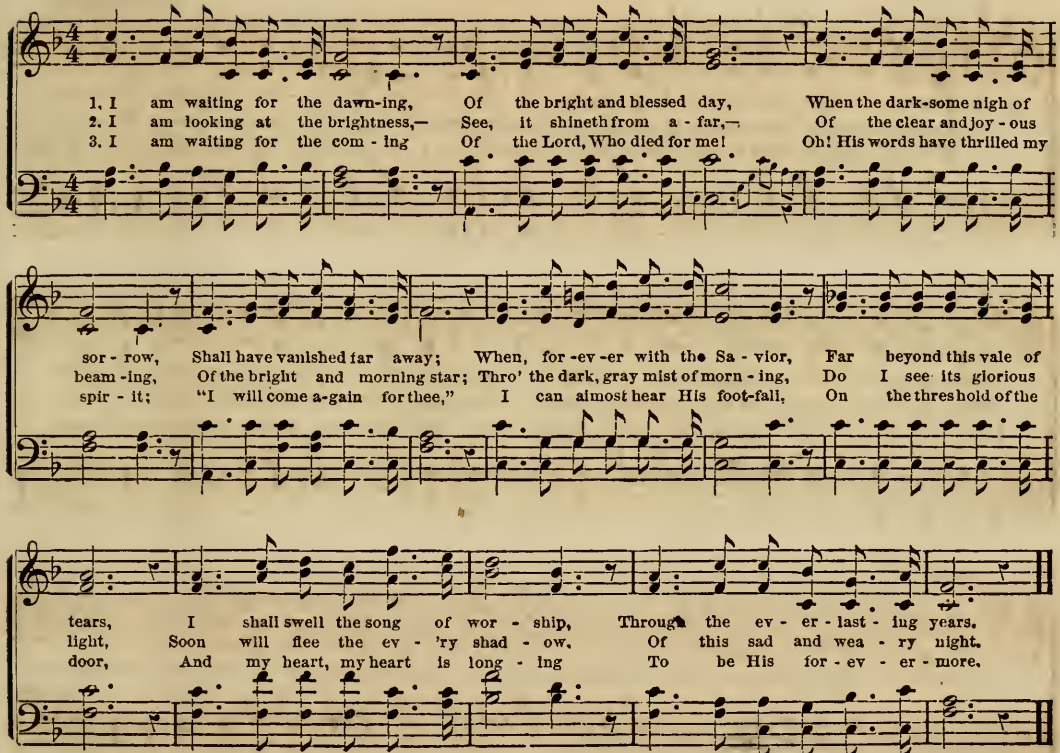

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, Cit - y of our God; He whose word cannot be
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ter, Springing from e -ter -nal love, Well sup-ply thy sons and
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See, the clouds of fire ap-pear, For a glo - ry and a
broken, Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy
daughters, And all fear of want remove. Who can faint, while such a riv - er, Ev - er flows their
cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near: Thus de - riv-ing from their banner, Light by night, and
sure re-pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.
thirst t'assuage; Grace, which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray.

ALL IS WELL.

Words and music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

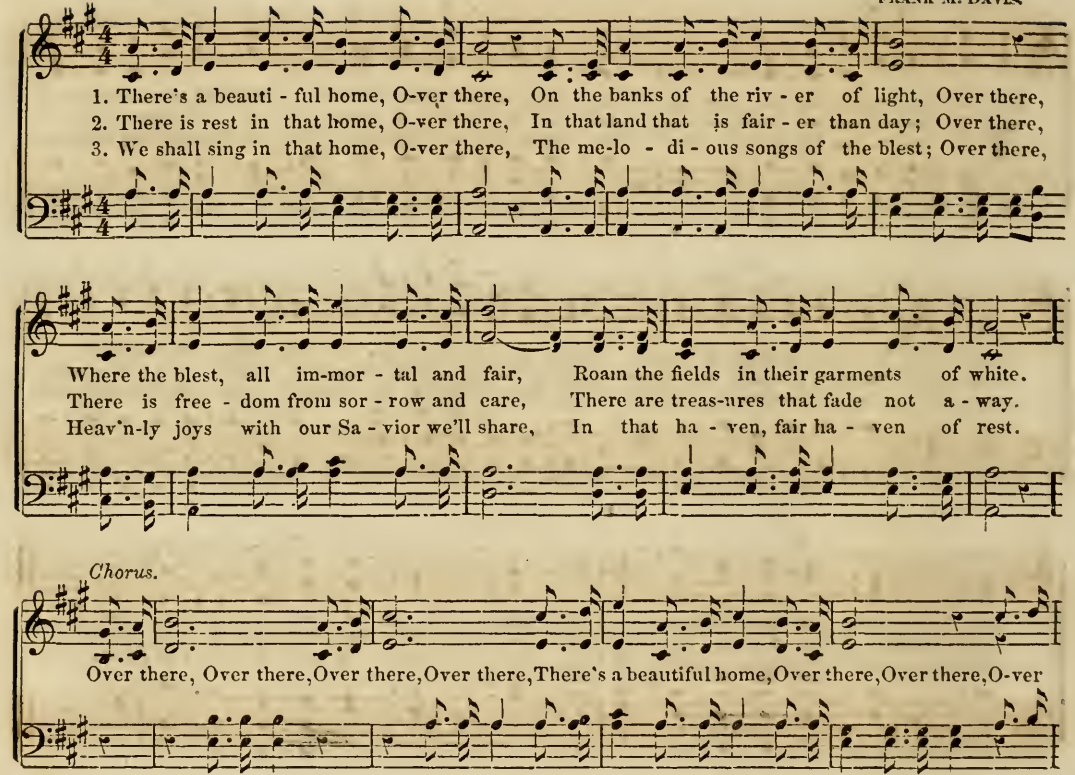


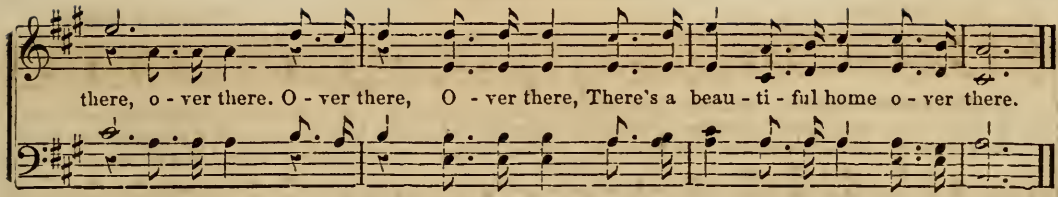
J. M. KIEFFER.


1. I am waiting for the dawn-ing, Of the bright and blessed day, When the dark-some nigh of
2. I am looking at the brightness,— See, it shineth from a - far,— Of the clear and joy - ous
3. I am waiting for the com - ing Of the Lord, Who died for me! Oh! His words have thrilled my
sor - row, Shall have vanished far away; When, for-ev-er with the Sa - vior, Far beyond this vale of
beam-ing, Of the bright and morning star; Thro' the dark, gray mist of morn - ing, Do I see its glorious
spir - it; "I will come a-gain for thee," I can almost hear His foot-fall, On the threshold of the
tears, I shall swell the song of wor - ship, Through the ev - er - last - ing years.
light, Soon will flee the ev - 'ry shad - ow, Of this sad and wea - ry night.
door, And my heart, my heart is long - ing To be His for - ev - er - more.

OVER THERE.

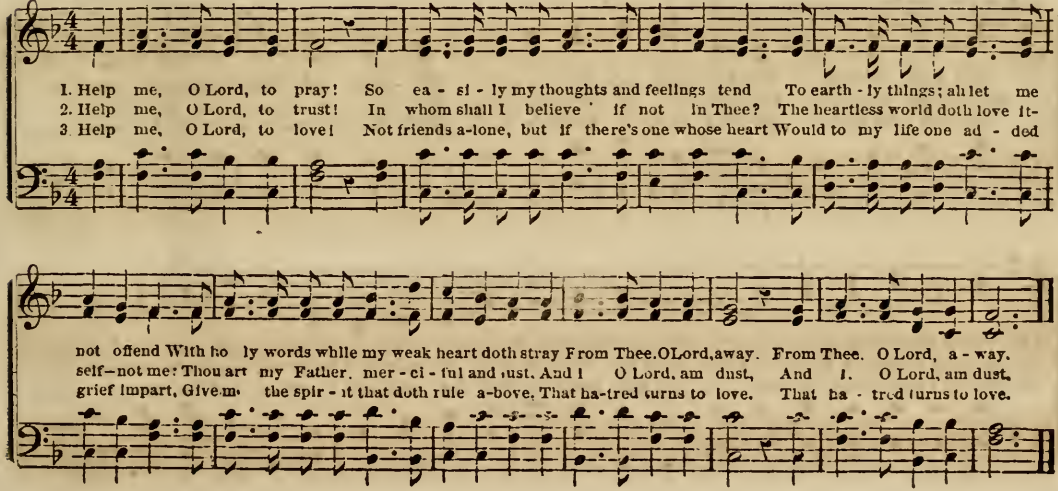
FRANK M. DAVIS.



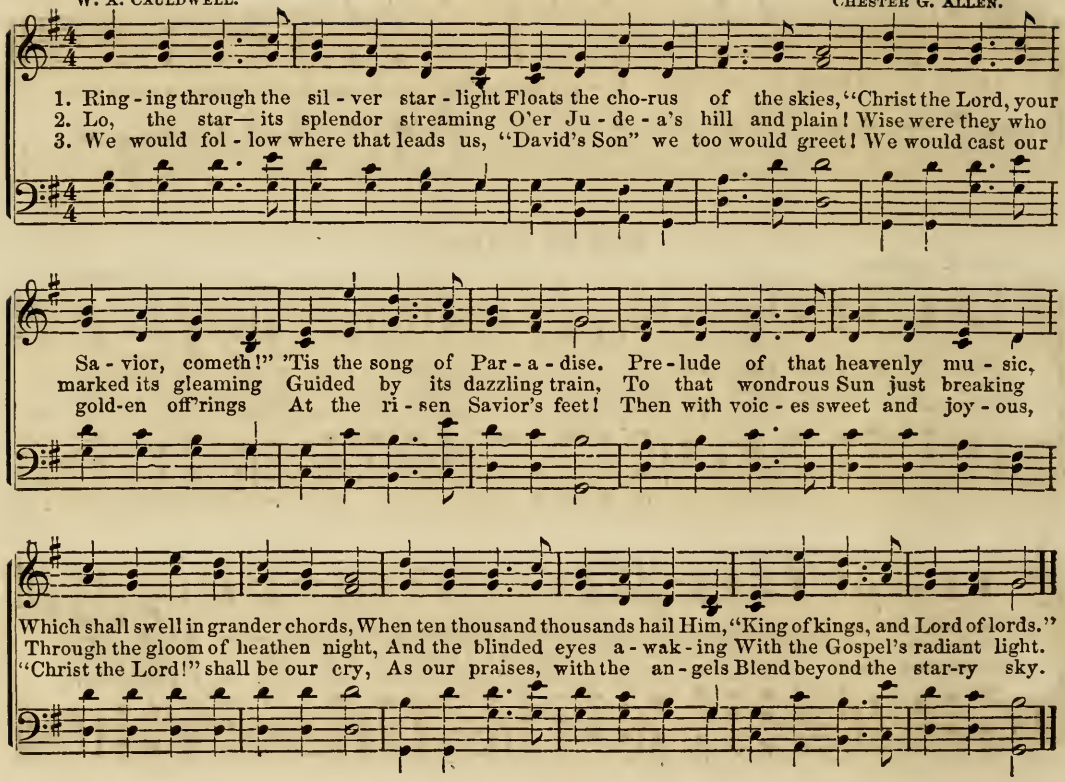


HELP ME, O, LORD.

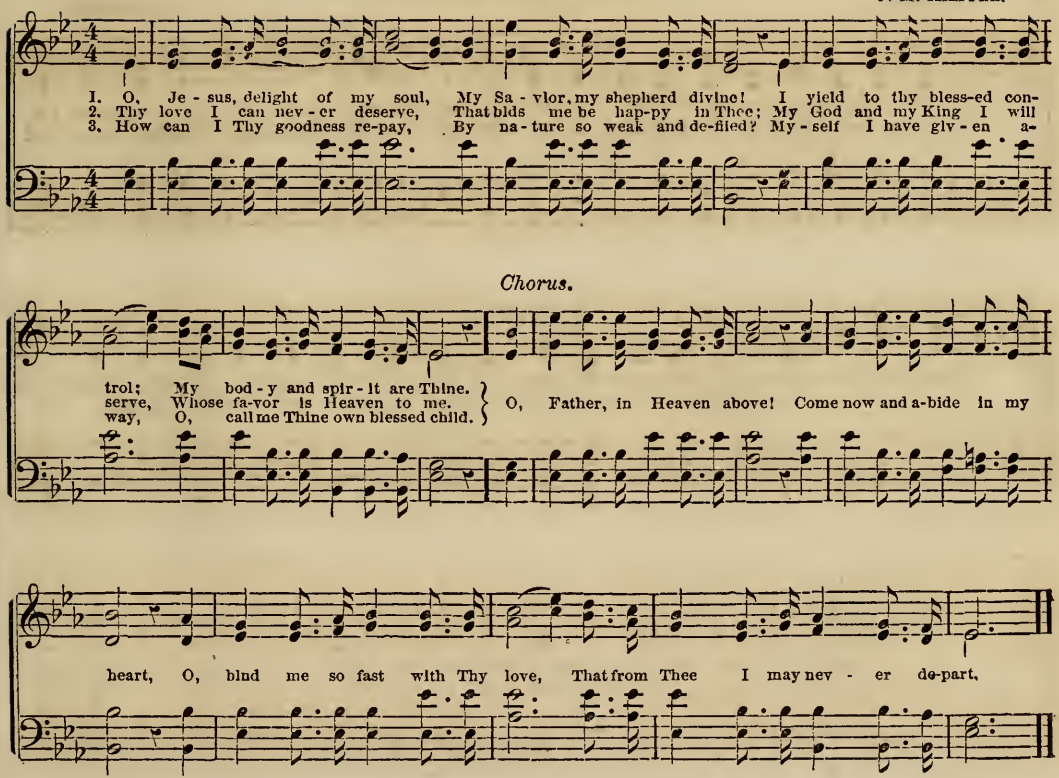
MRS. H. GARDNER. W. T. ROGERS.



W. A. CAULDWELL. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

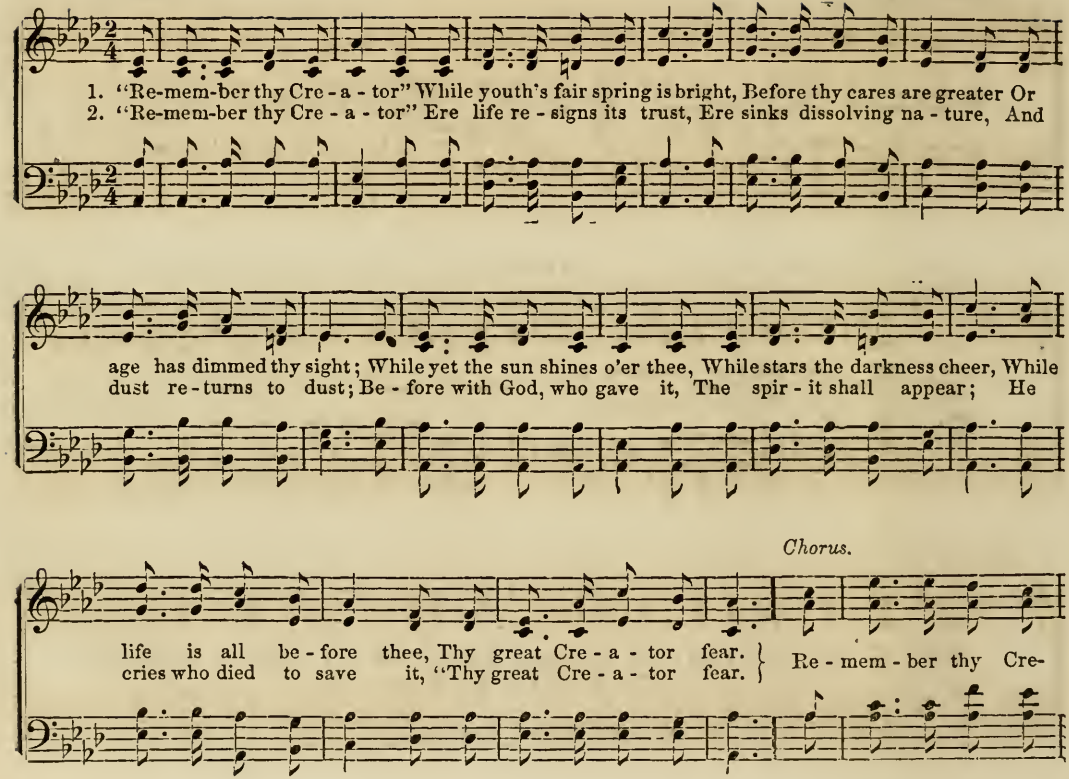


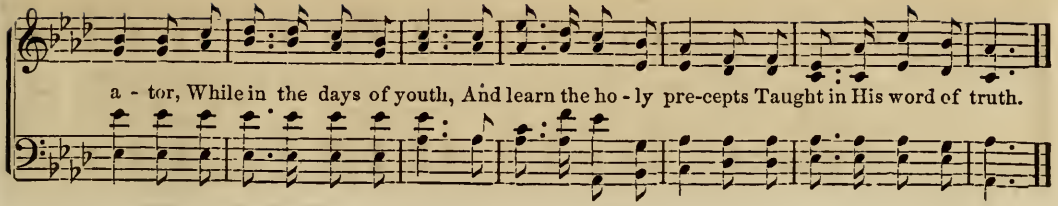
J. M. KIEFFER.


1. O, Je - sus, delight of my soul, My Sa - vior, my shepherd divine! I yield to thy bless-ed con-
2. Thy love I can nev - er deserve, That blds me be hap-py in Thee; My God and my King I will
3. How can I Thy goodness re-pay, By na-ture so weak and de-filed? My - self I have giv - en a-
Chorus.
trol; My bod - y and spir - it are Thine.
serve, Whose fa-vor is Heaven to me.
way, O, call me Thine own blessed child.
O, Father, in Heaven above! Come now and a-bide in my
heart, O, blnd me so fast with Thy love, That from Thee I may nev - er de-part,

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

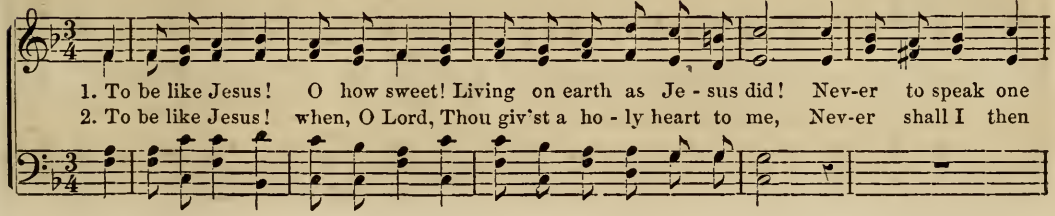
S. F. SMITH. WM. T. ROGERS.

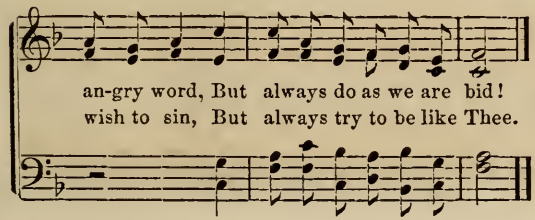




TO BE LIKE JESUS!

W. T. ROGERS.



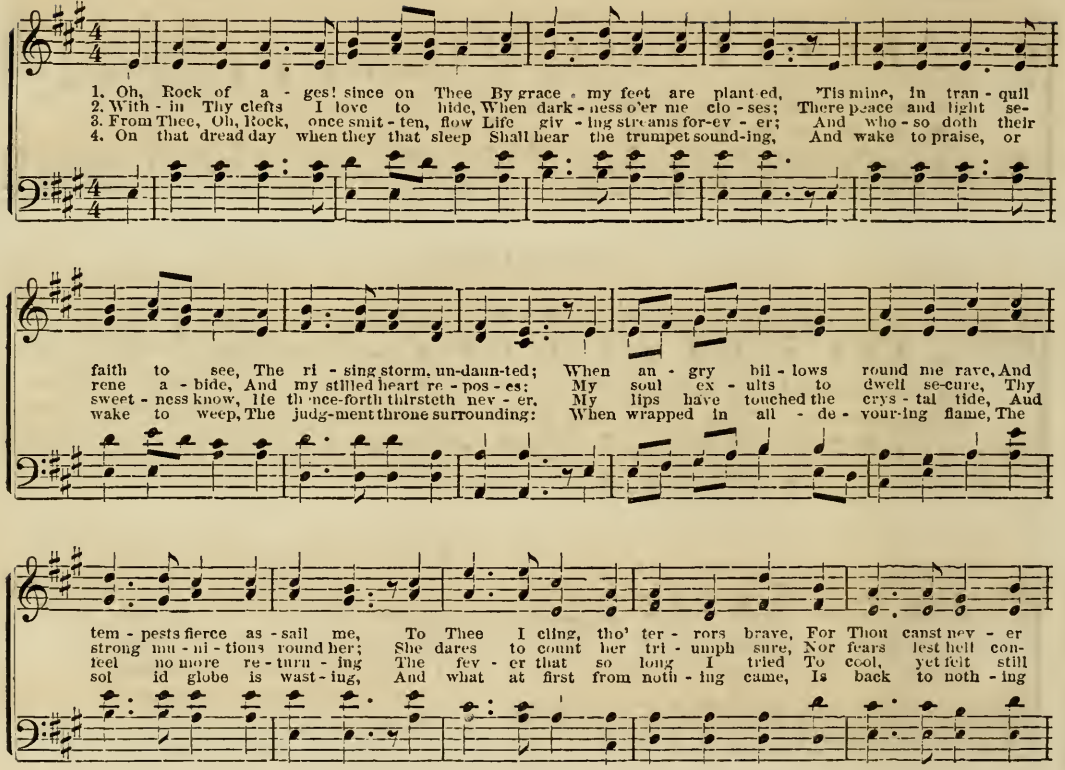


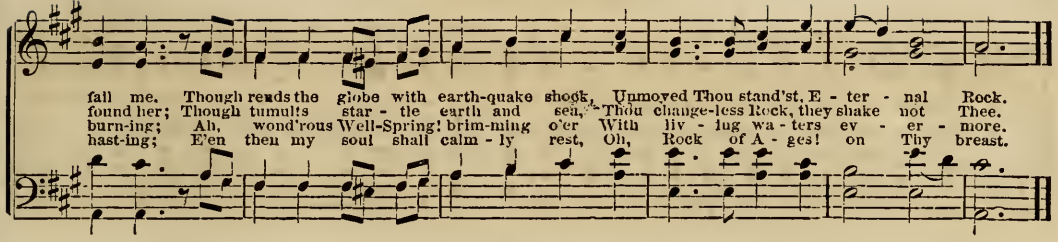
3. To be like Jesus! pure in thought,
And word and deed! O help me, Lord,
Never Thy Spirit more to grieve,
But always love Thy holy word.

4. To be like Jesus! O, how sweet!
When I go home to heaven above,
Never shall I forget Thee more,
But always dwell with Thee in love.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

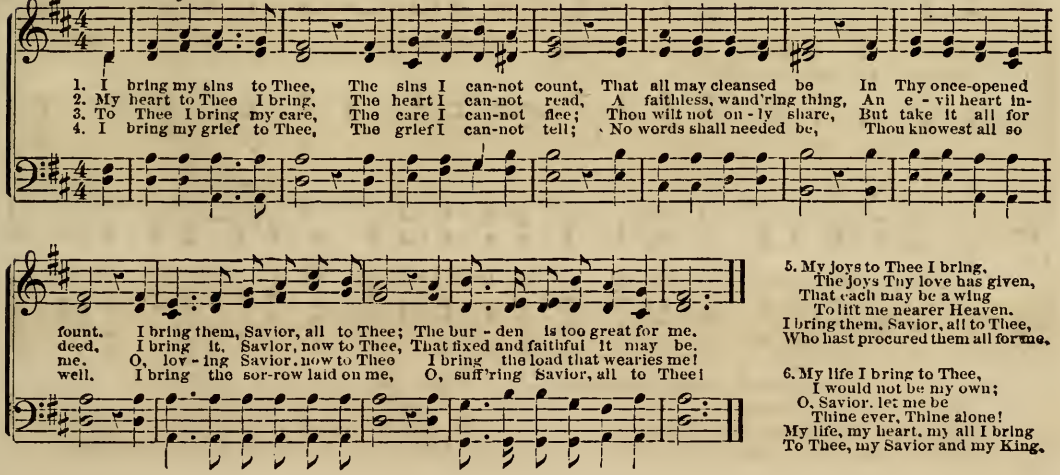
REV. RAY PALMER, D. D. J. M. KIEFFER.





I BRING THEM ALL TO THEE.

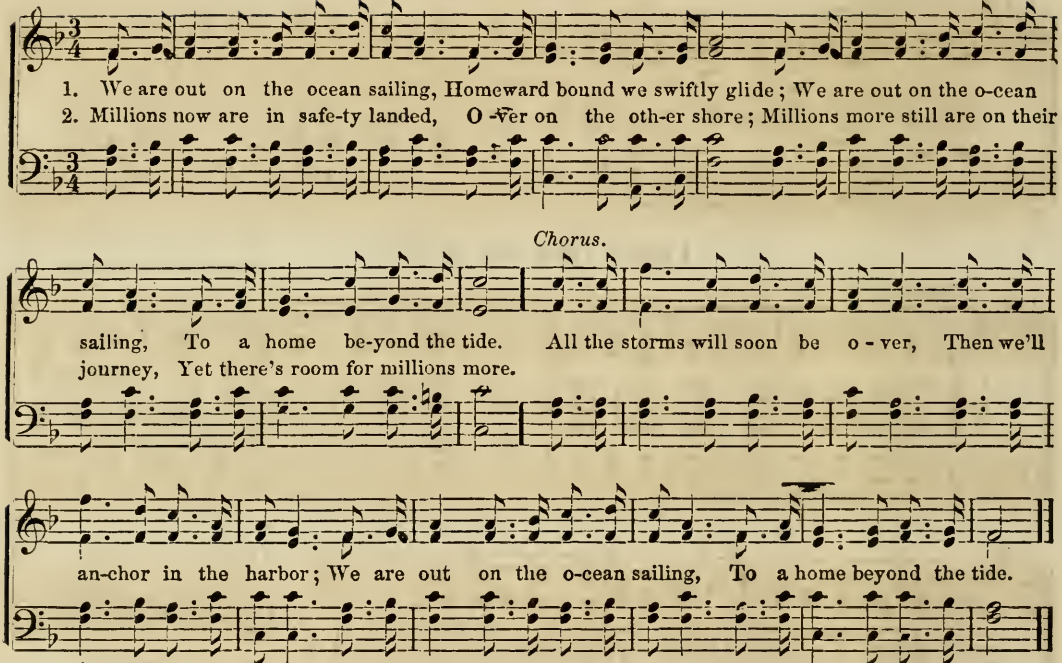
Music by H. E. KIMBALL.



5. My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer Heaven.
I bring them, Savior, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

6. My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O, Savior, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone!
My life, my heart, my all I bring
To Thee, my Savior and my King.

J. M. KIEFFER.



3. Spread your sails, then while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board now are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—CHORUS.

4. When we are all in safety anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will then walk about the city,
And we'll sing forever more.—CHORUS.

Words and music by DR. A T. HAMILTON.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land, a land of song, Far, far o-ver Jordan's cold stream; Where children sing with that
2. In that beau-ti-ful land, the land of song, The an-gels and seraphs u-nite, To sing Ho-san-nas to
3. There Je-sus the Sa-vior of mankind, As Judge of the world sits enthroned; While hon-or, glo-ry and

Chorus.

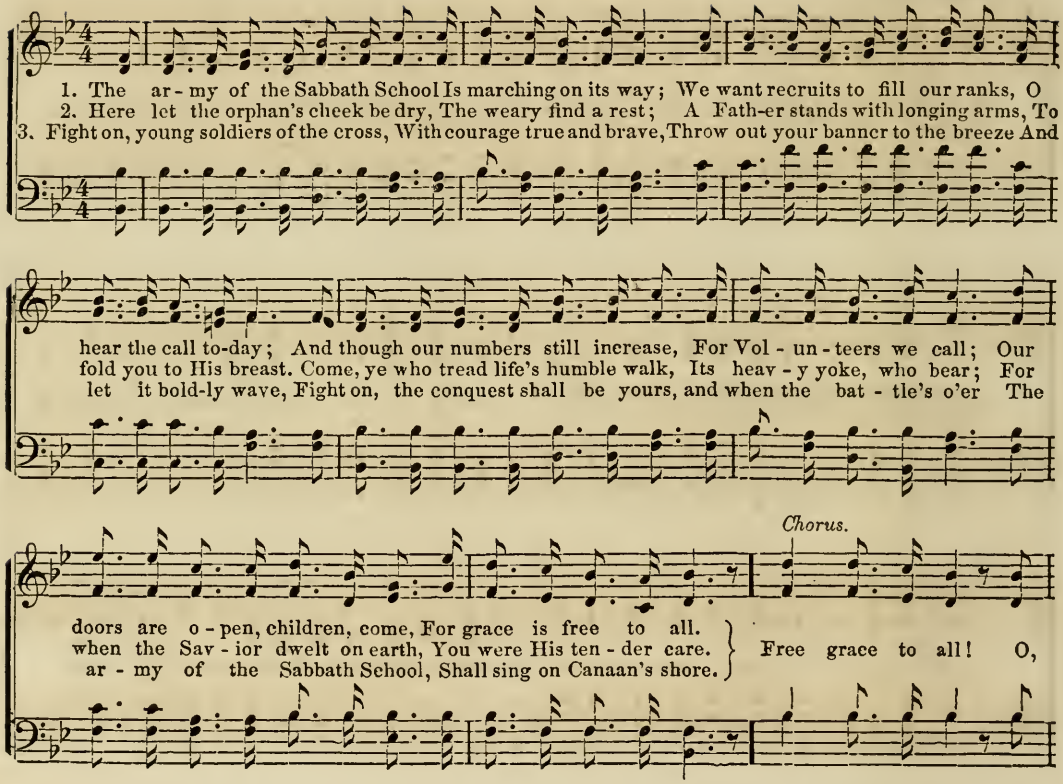
migh-ty throng, Who praise their Redeemer's name,
God their King; Around the great throne of light.
praise are giv'n, By those whom His blood a-toned.

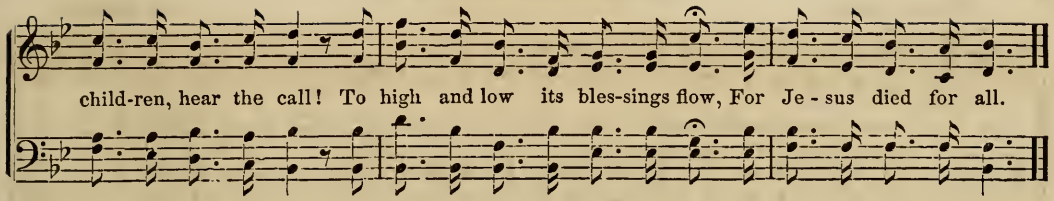
Far o-ver the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful land, The

beau-ti-ful land of song! No sin nor sor-row, pain nor death, In that beau-ti-ful land of song.

VOLUNTEER SONG.

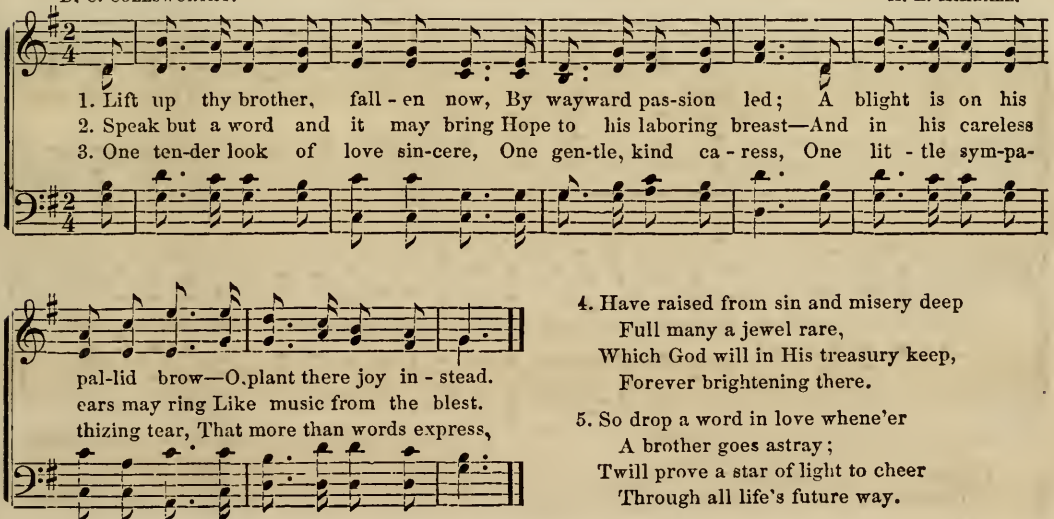
J. M. KIEFFER.





LIFT UP THY BROTHER.

D. C. COLESWORTHY. H. E. KIMBALL.

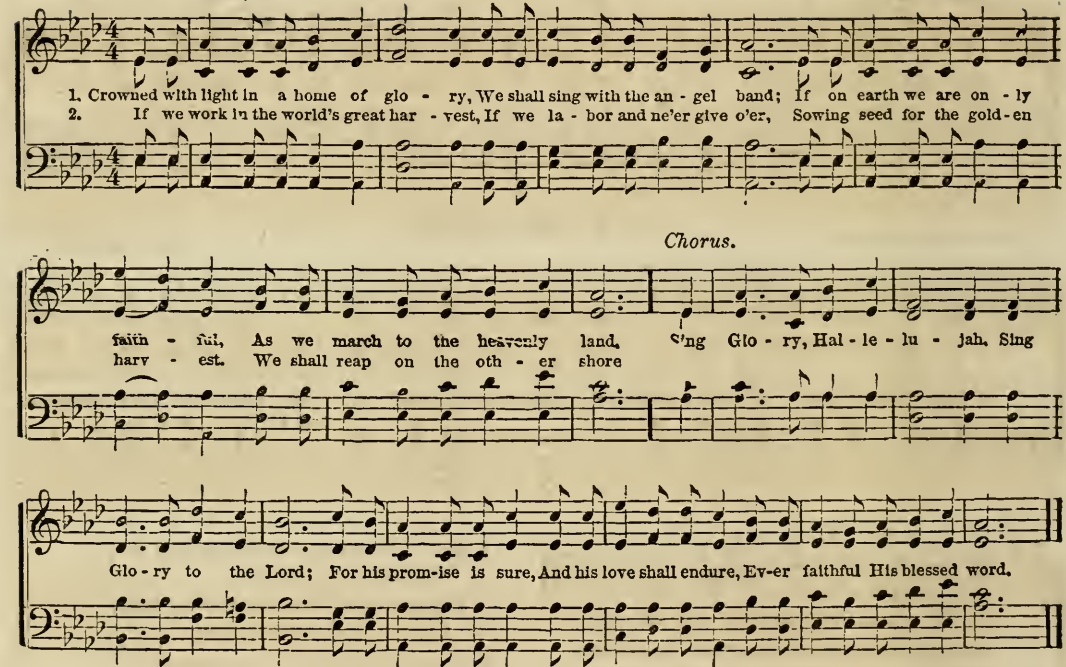


4. Have raised from sin and misery deep
Full many a jewel rare,
Which God will in His treasury keep,
Forever brightening there.

5. So drop a word in love whene'er
A brother goes astray;
Twill prove a star of light to cheer
Through all life's future way.

CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. From "PURE DIAMONDS." JAS. M. NORTH.

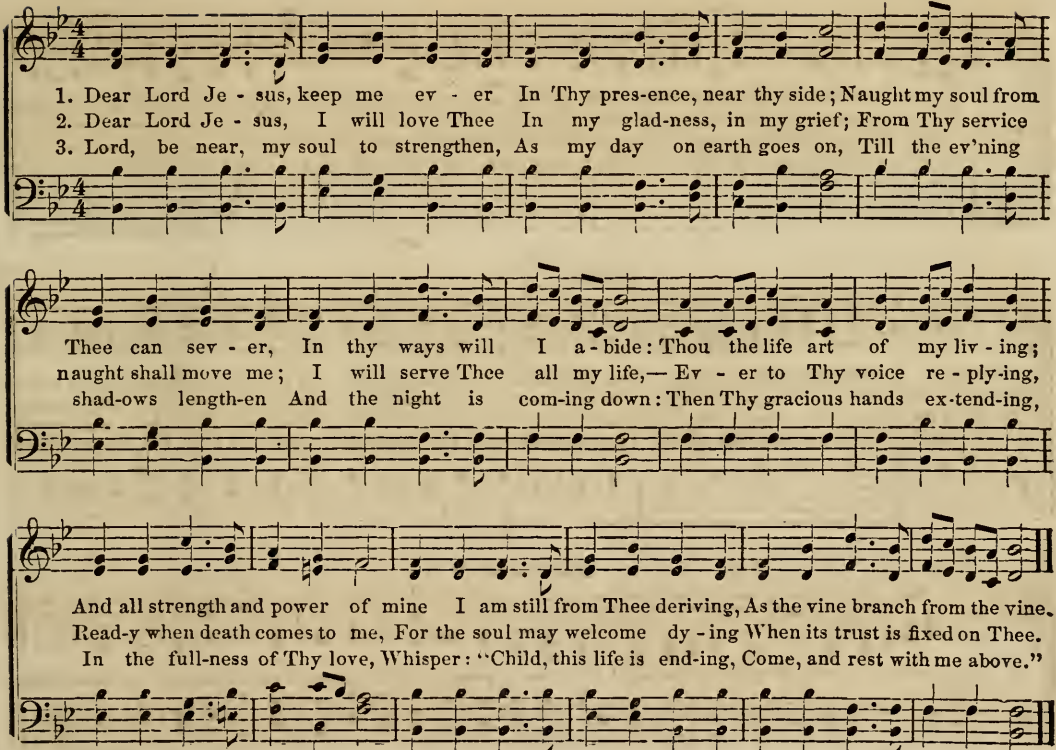


3. Let us pray for the Savior's blessing,
Let us practice the golden rule;
Pleasant words and the deeds of mercy,
We have learned in the Sabbath School. *Chorus.*

4. Crowned with light in the saints sweet haven,
Robed in white in the better land,
If on earth we are only faithful,
We shall sing with the angel band. *Chorus.*

T. B. CUNNINGHAM.

Moderato.



THE ANGELS' SONG.

W. S. CAULDWELL. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Duet.

1. The song long since by angels sung, Falls gently on our ears again, As once thro' star-lit realms it rung,
2. No longer now in throbbing fear, An angry Judge we dread to face: Look up! the King's own son is here,
3. Oh, happy tidings, burden'd heart. With pain, or sin, or grief oppress! He blunts the tempter's poisoned dart,
4. Not long the la - va-tide of war Shall desolate the smiling earth. Not long the booming cannon's roar

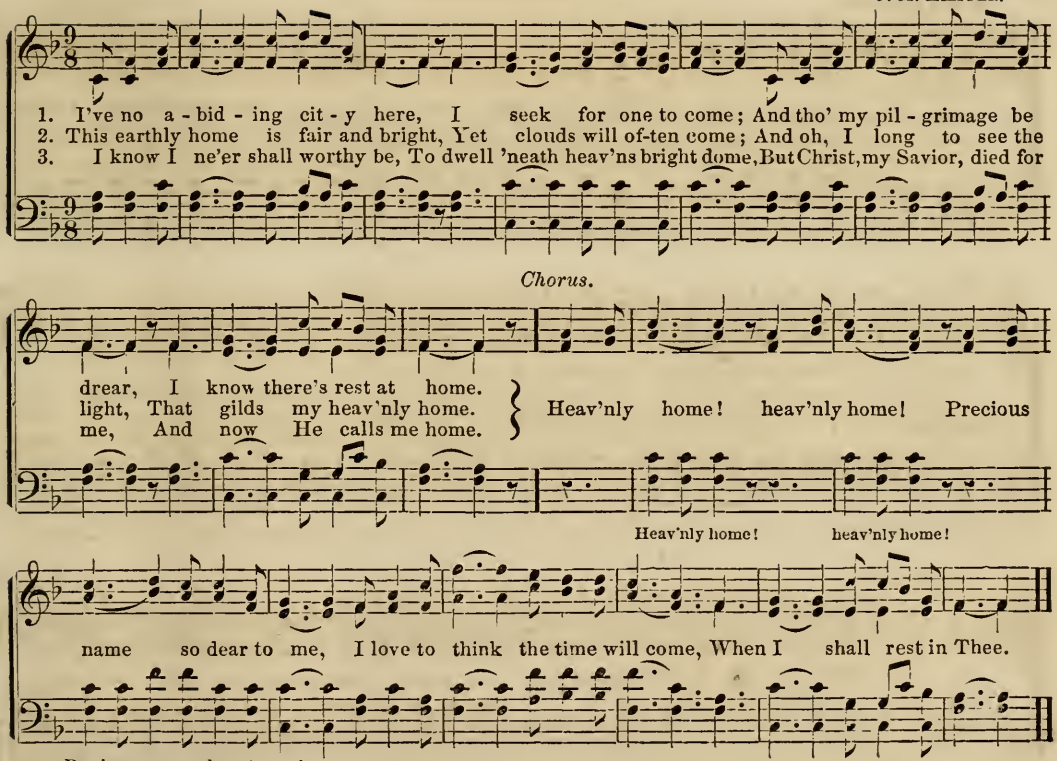
Chorus.

Far up a-bove the homes of men; And still it bids our hearts rejoice, As when it fell from angel's voice.
To take the conquer'd rebel's place! Pardon and love the herald s sound, And men as "sons of God" are crowned!
He gives the weary bosom rest; The Burden-bearer comes to take The load which else thy heart would break!
Shall still the voice of childish mirth; The battle-storm is yet to cease Beneath thy rays, Oh, Sun of Peace!

Girls. *Boys.* *Full Chorus.*

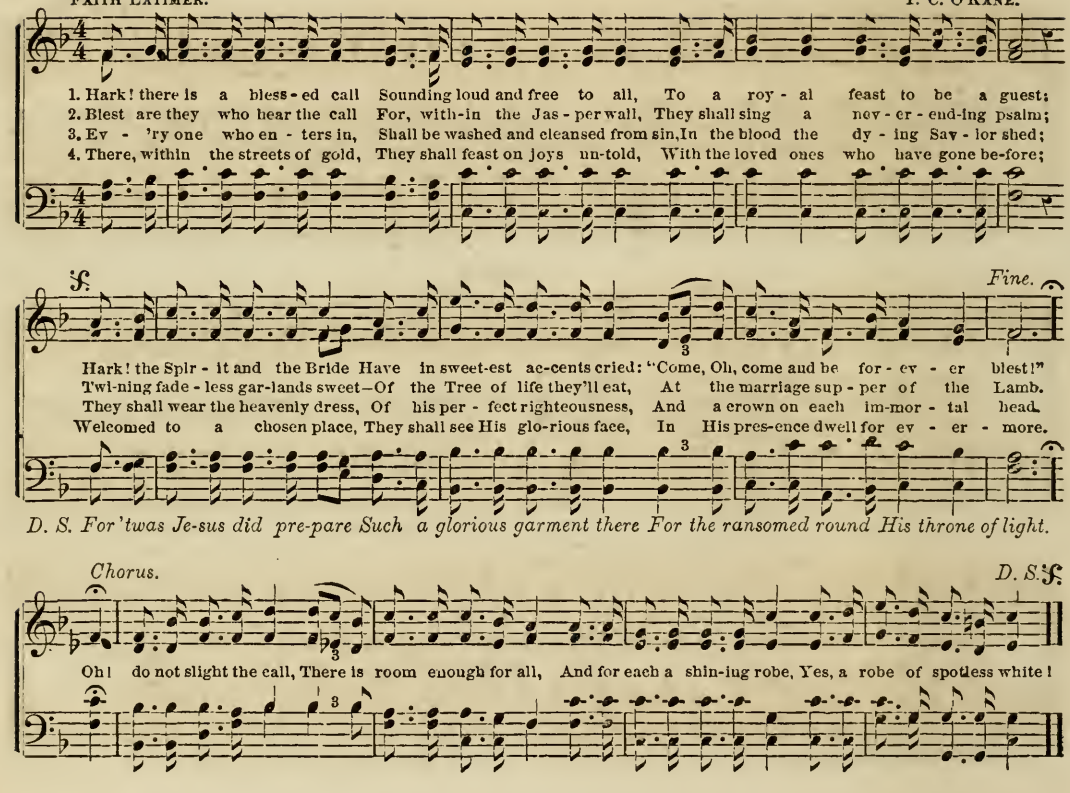
Peace, peace on earth! Peace, peace on earth! Bright day of peace, we hail thy morn! Ring out glad bells for Christ is born,

J. M. KIEFFER.

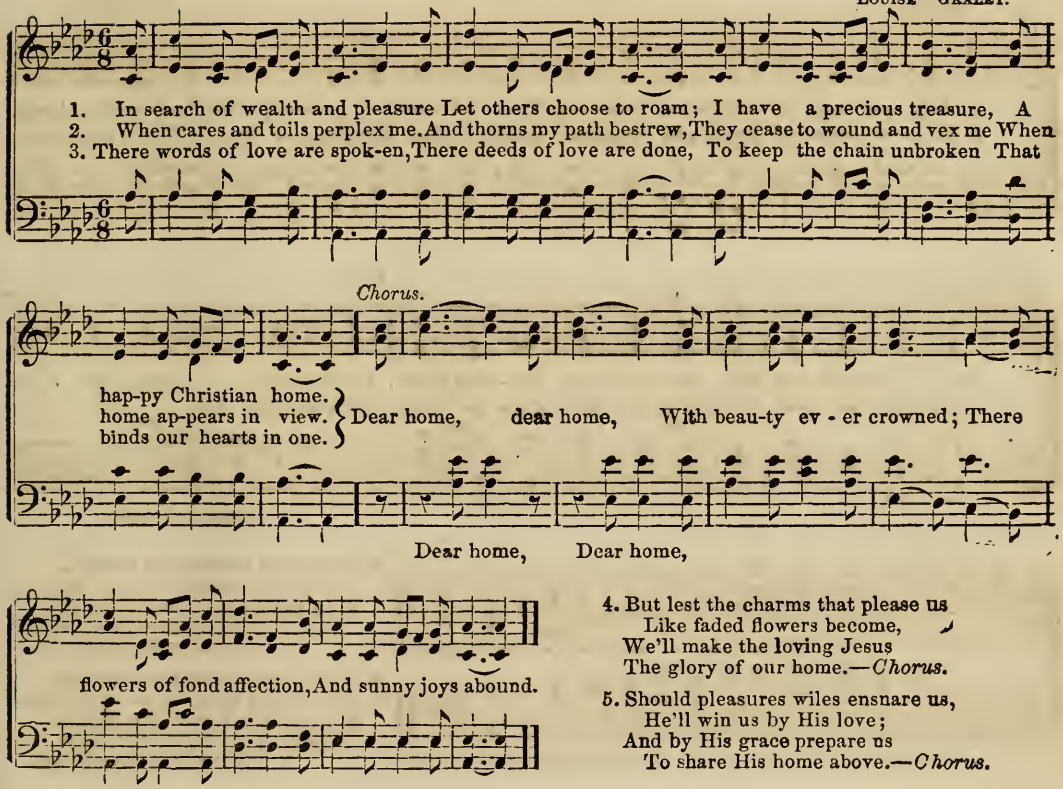

1. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pil - grimage be
2. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will of-ten come; And oh, I long to see the
3. I know I ne'er shall worthy be, To dwell 'neath heav'ns bright dome, But Christ, my Savior, died for
Chorus.
drear, I know there's rest at home.
light, That gilds my heav'nly home.
me, And now He calls me home.
Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! Precious
Heav'nly home! heav'nly home!
name so dear to me, I love to think the time will come, When I shall rest in Thee.
Precious name so dear to me!

THE BLESSED CALL.

FAITH LATIMER. T. C. O'KANE.



LOUISE GRALEY.



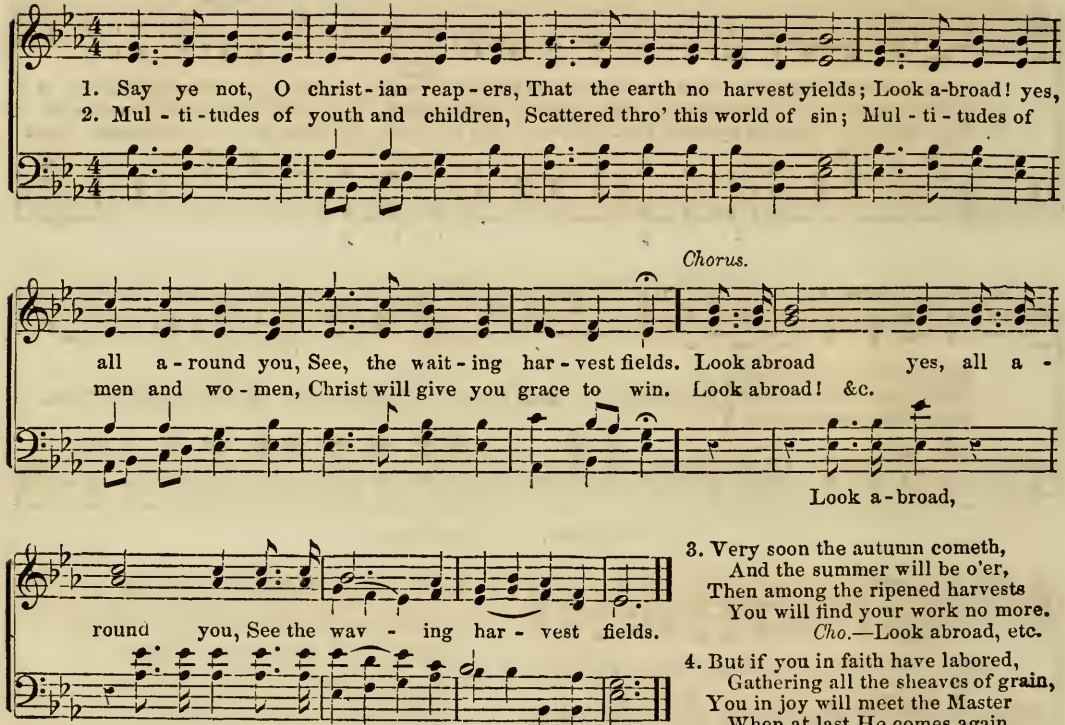
4. But lest the charms that please us
Like faded flowers become,
We'll make the loving Jesus
The glory of our home.—*Chorus.*

5. Should pleasures wiles ensnare us,
He'll win us by His love;
And by His grace prepare us
To share His home above.—*Chorus.*

WAITING HARVEST.

J. M. KIEFFER.

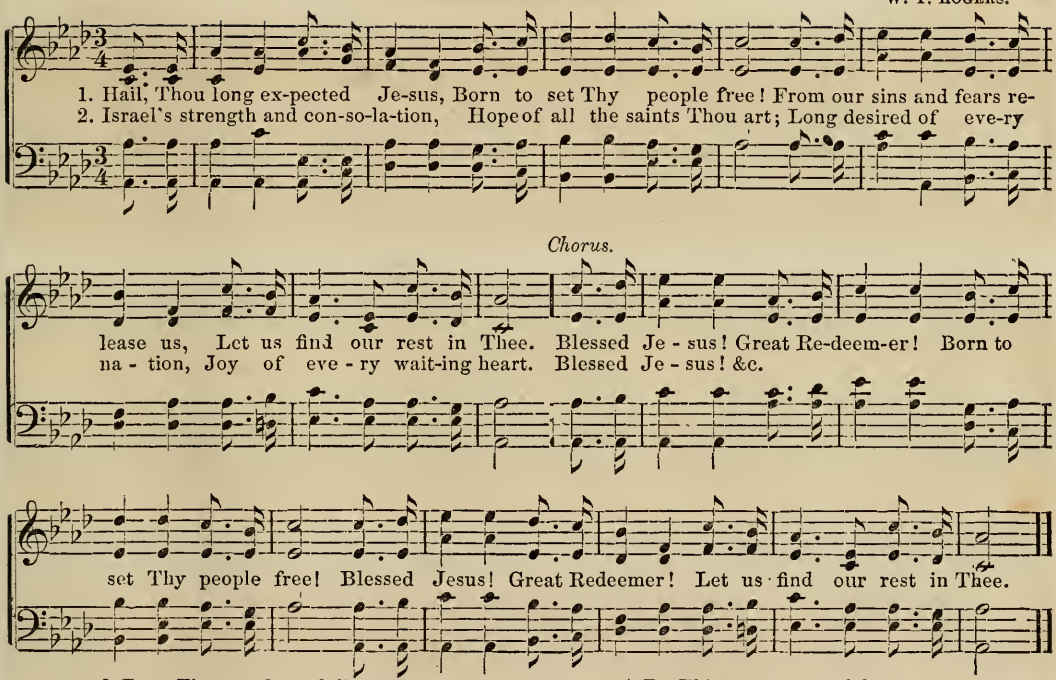
Allegro.



3. Very soon the autumn cometh,
And the summer will be o'er,
Then among the ripened harvests
You will find your work no more.
Cho.—Look abroad, etc.

4. But if you in faith have labored,
Gathering all the sheaves of grain,
You in joy will meet the Master
When at last He comes again.
Cho.—Look abroad, etc.

W. T. ROGERS.

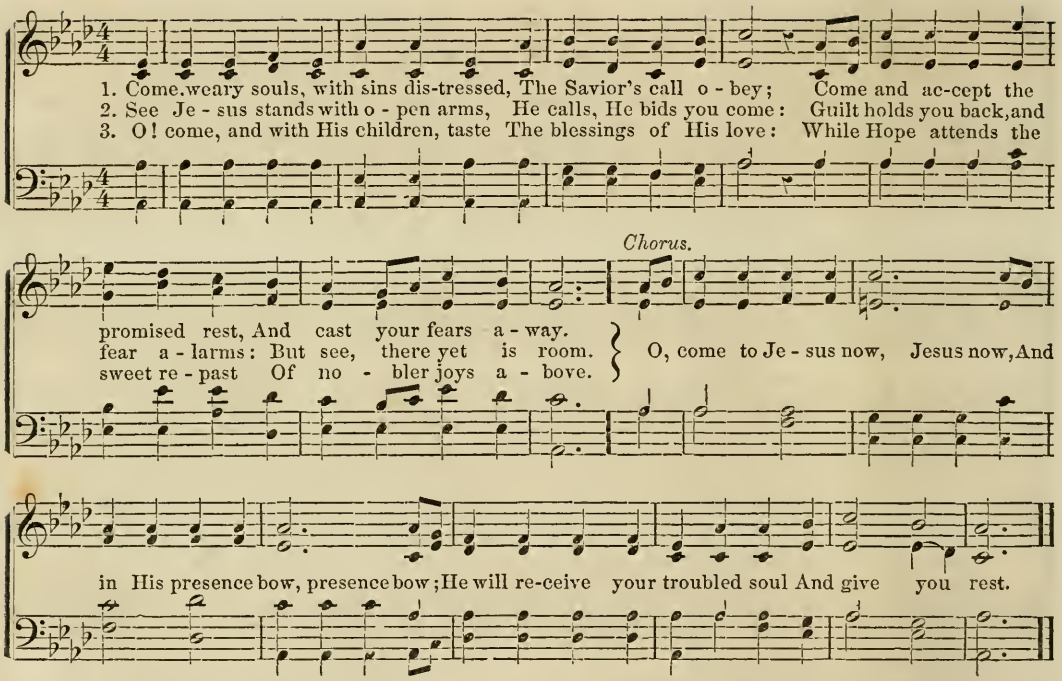


3. Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God, our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.—*Cho.*

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.—*Cho.*

O COME TO JESUS NOW.

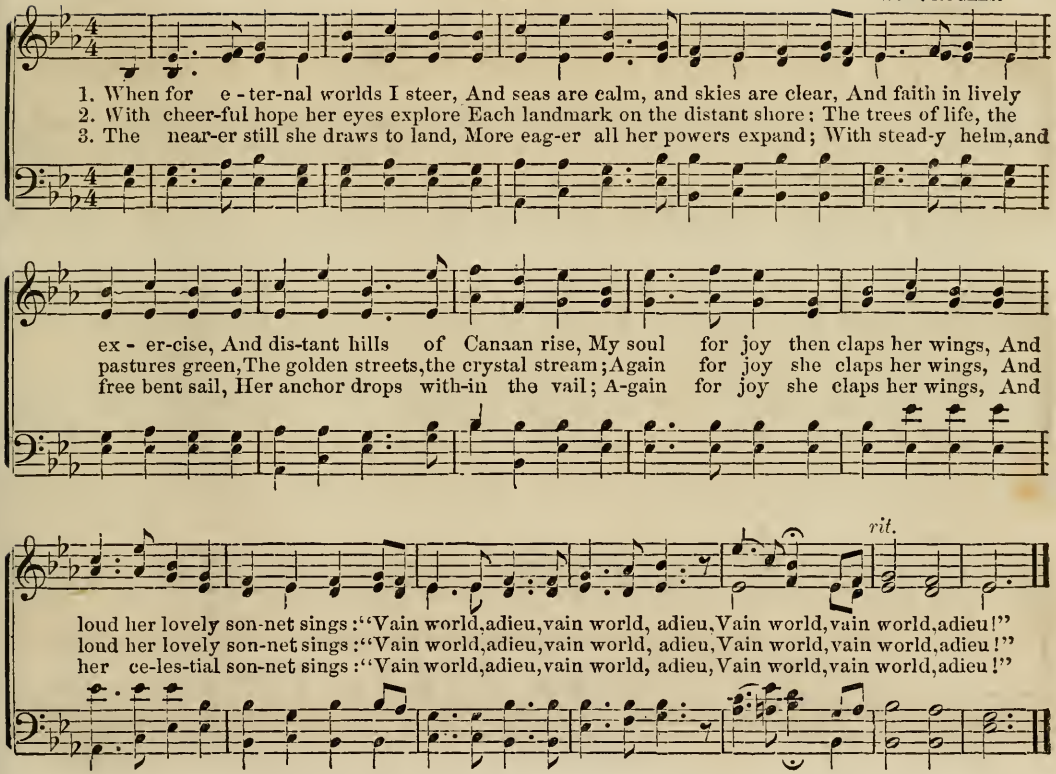
J. M. KIEFFER.



4. There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.—CHORUS

5. And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, His grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.—CHORUS.

W. T. Rogers.


1. When for e - ter-nal worlds I steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in lively
2. With cheer-ful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore; The trees of life, the
3. The near-er still she draws to land, More eag-er all her powers expand; With stead-y helm, and
ex - er-cise, And dis-tant hills of Canaan rise, My soul for joy then claps her wings, And
pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream; Again for joy she claps her wings, And
free bent sail, Her anchor drops with-in the vail; A-gain for joy she claps her wings, And
rit.
loud her lovely son-net sings: "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu!"
loud her lovely son-net sings: "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu!"
her ce-les-tial son-net sings: "Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu, Vain world, vain world, adieu!"

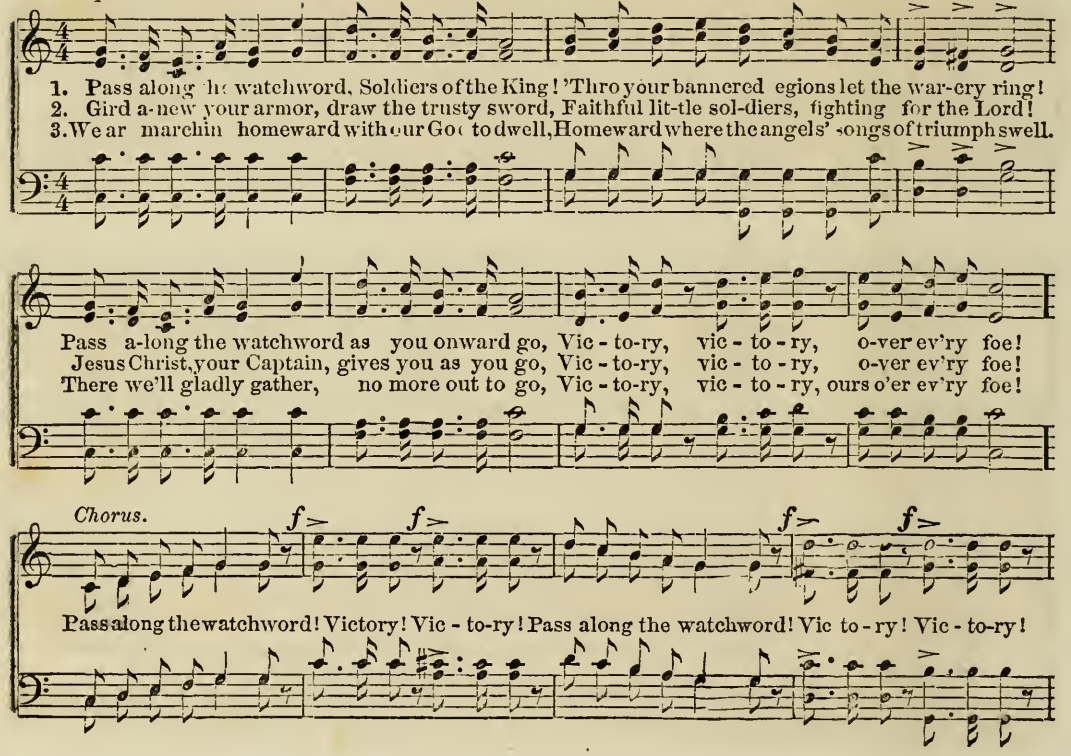
PASS ALONG THE WATCHWORD!

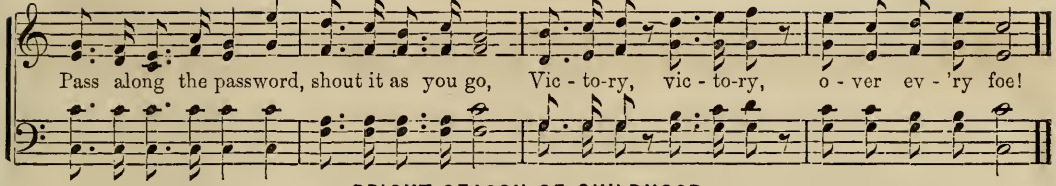
(S. S. BATTLE SONG.)

From "PURE DIAMONDS."

A. T. GORHAM.

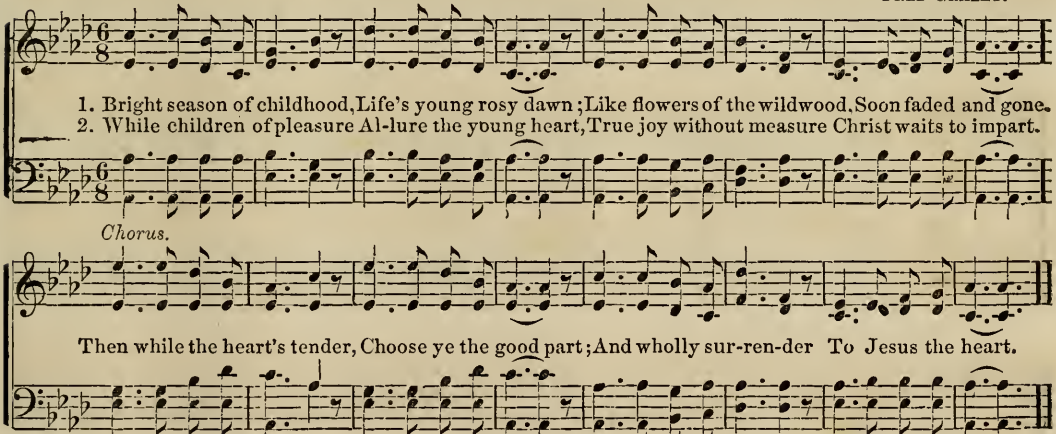
Spirited.





BRIGHT SEASON OF CHILDHOOD.

FRED GRALEY.



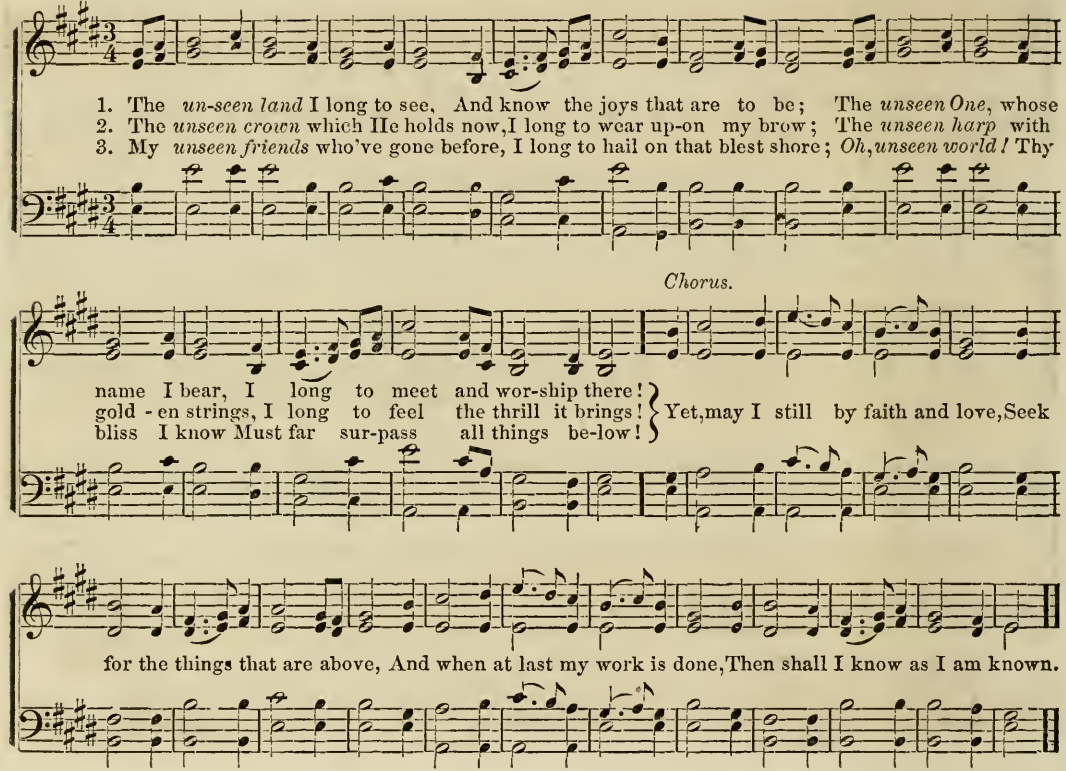
3. Think not of thy merit,
Mourn over thy loss;
And let the good Spirit
Lead thee to the cross.
Chorus.

4. O wait then no longer,
God calls thee to-day;
And sin will grow stronger
As time rolls away.
Chorus.

5. Bright beautiful morning
Too precious to last;
And never returning
When faded and past.
Chorus.

THE UNSEEN.

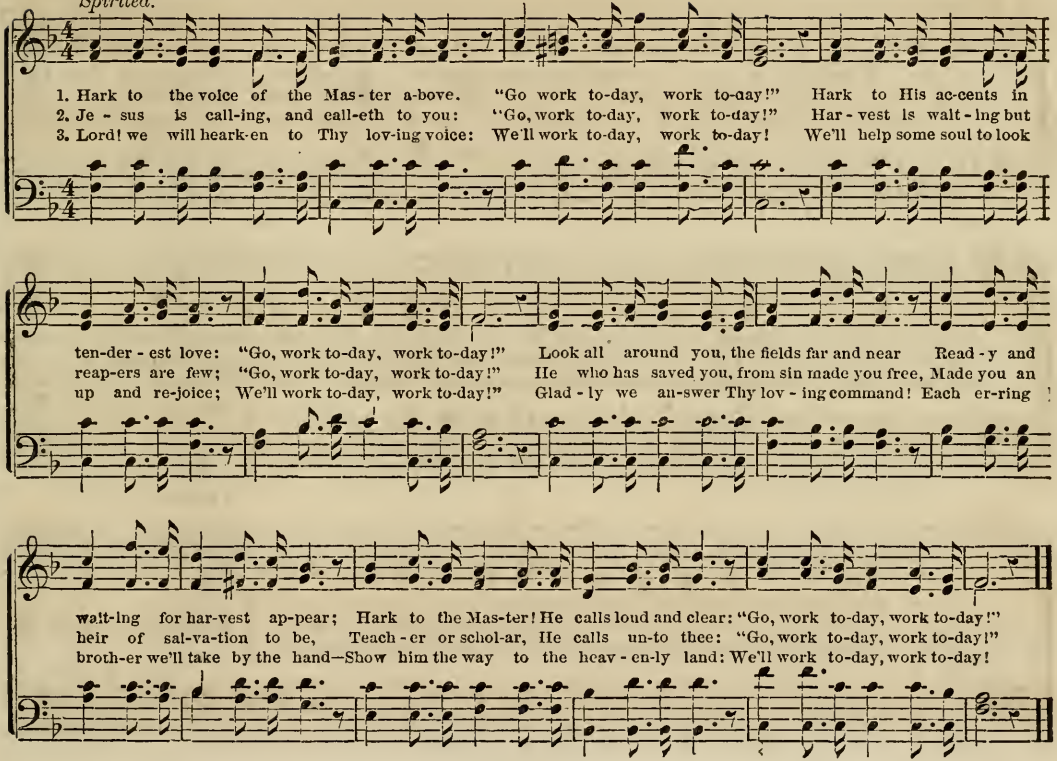
Rev. W. H. Gibbons. T. C. O'Kane.



GO, WORK TO-DAY.

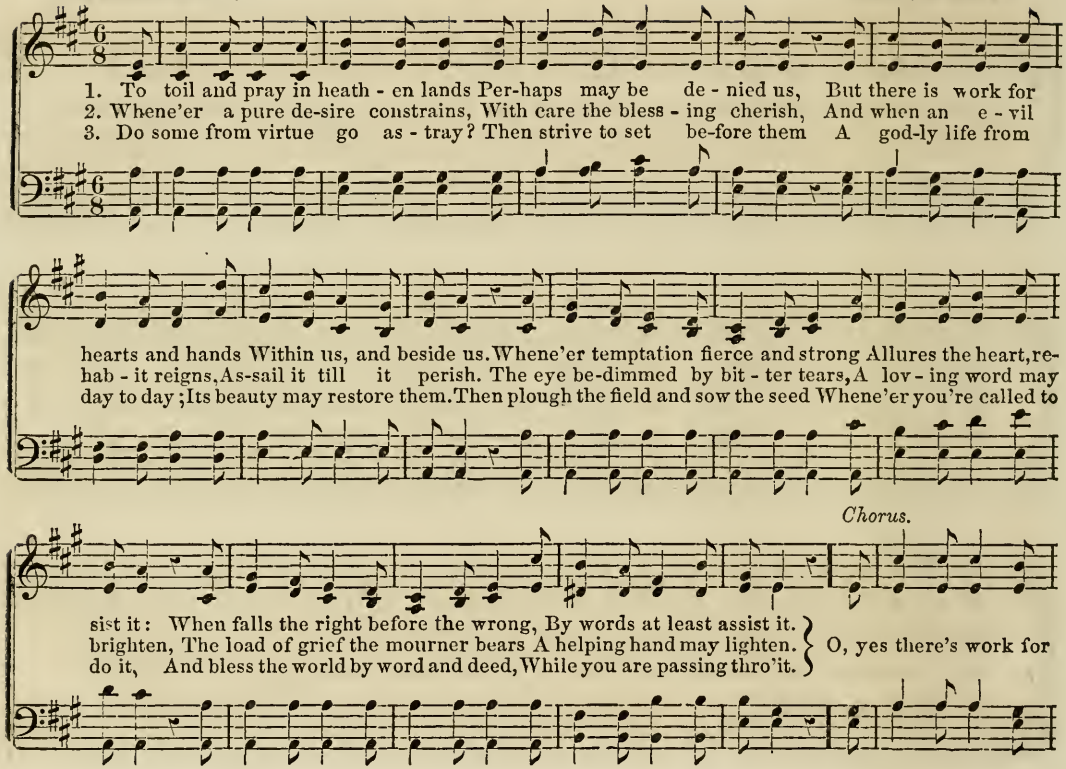
Words and Music by H. E. KIMBALL.

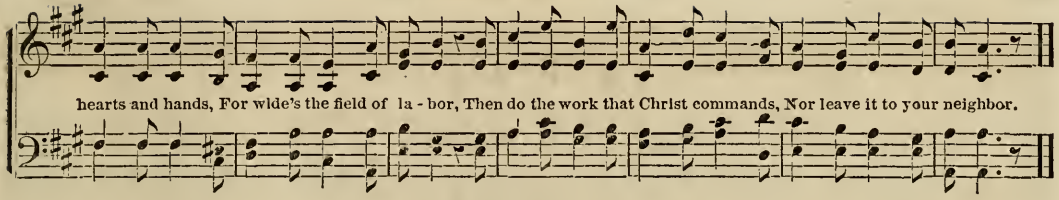
Spirited.



WORK FOR ALL.

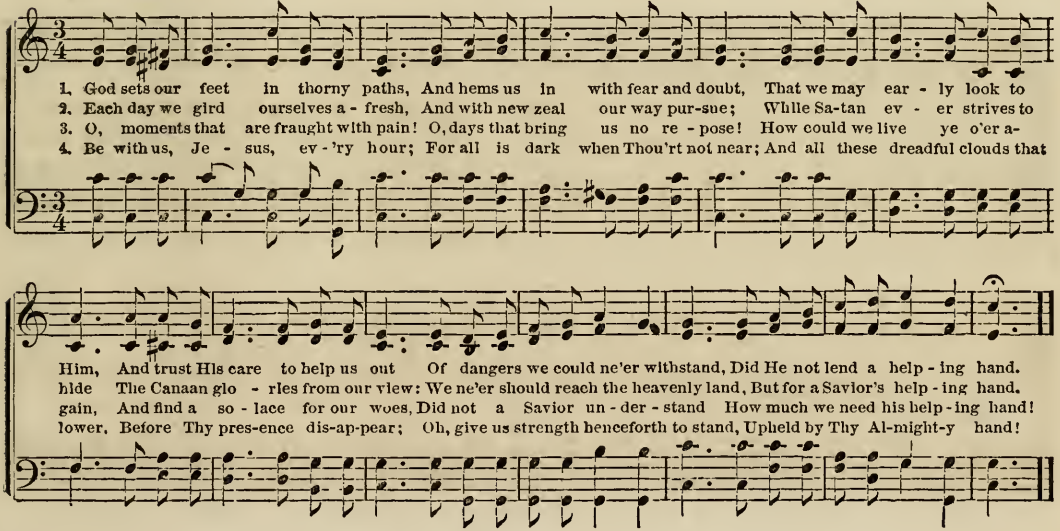
Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.





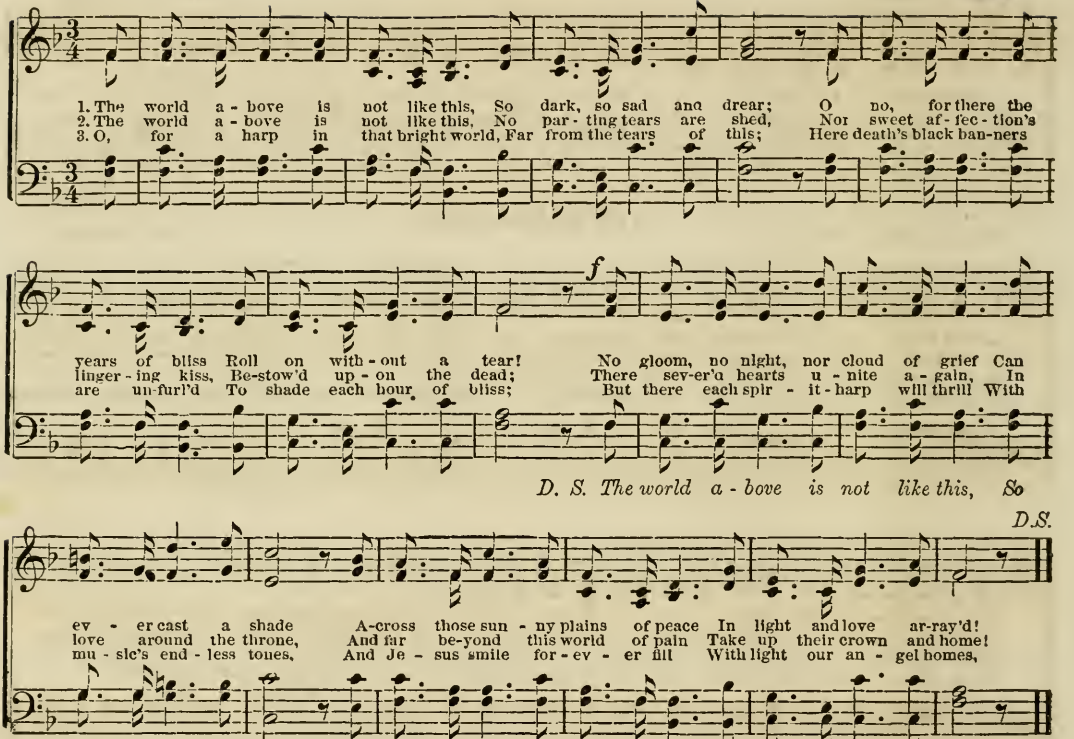
THE HELPING HAND.

Words from "S. S. TIMES." H. E. KIMBALL.

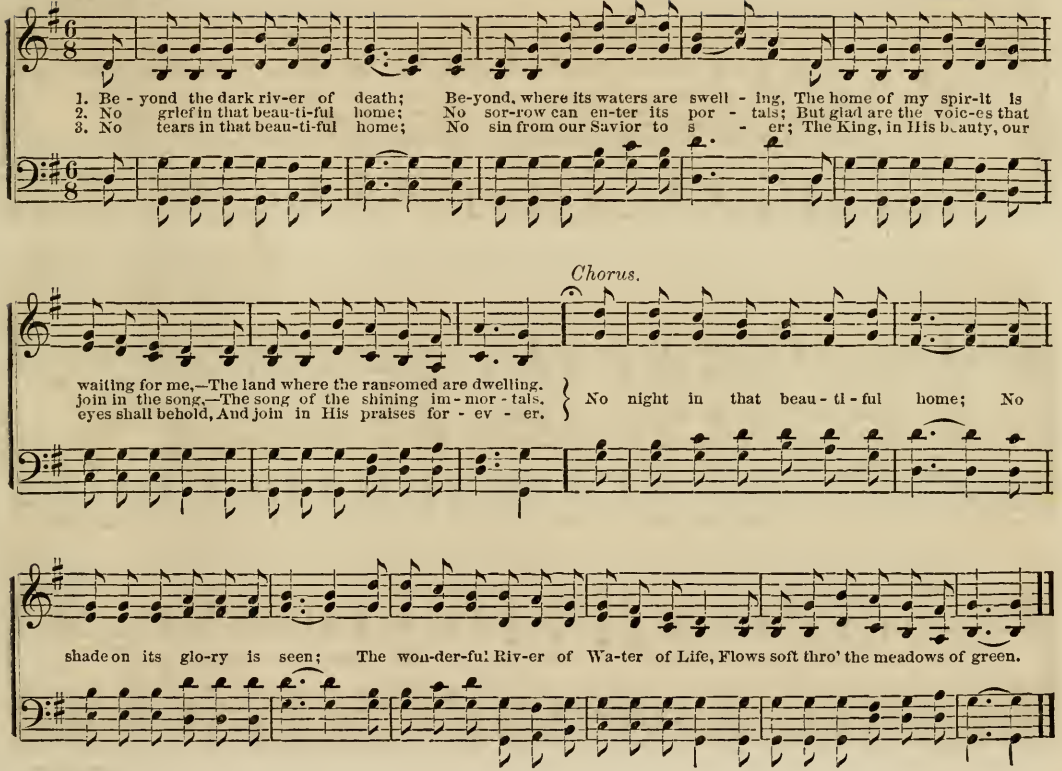


THE WORLD ABOVE.

REV. C. HARTLEY. WM. T. ROGERS.

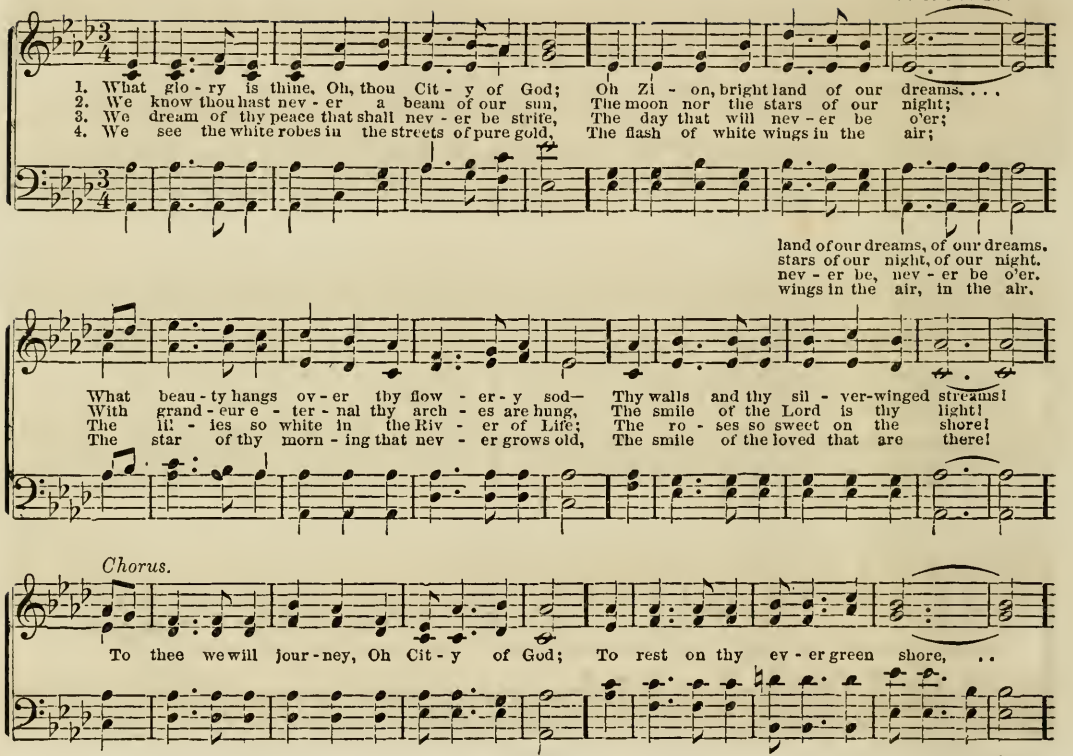


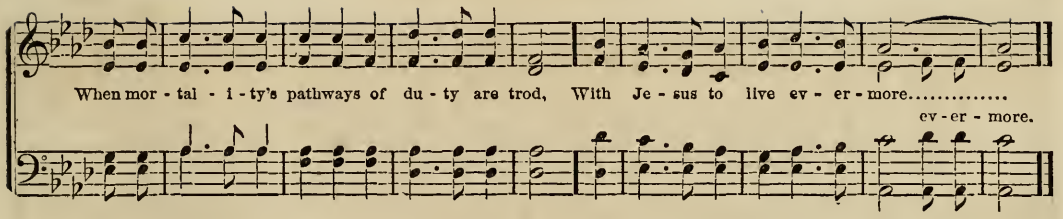
EMILY H. MILLER. J. M. KIEFFER.



HEAVEN.

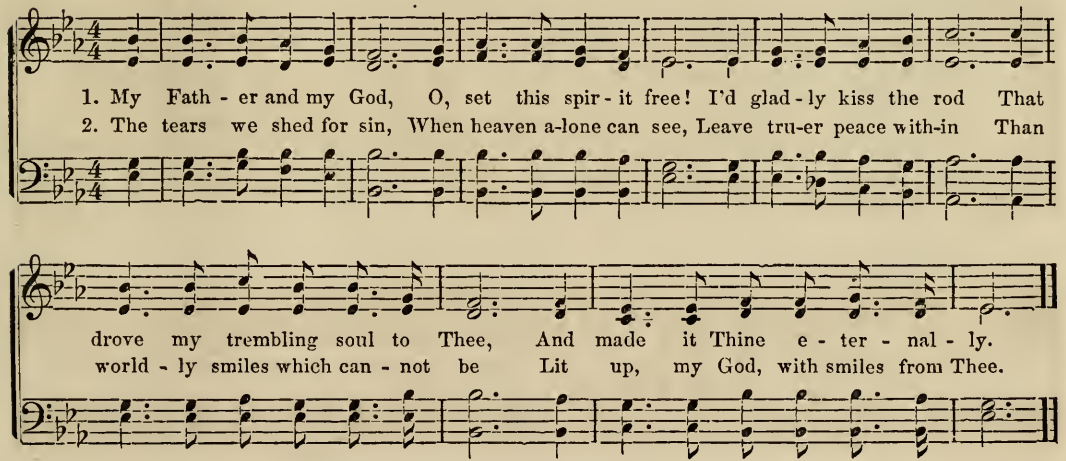
T. C. O'KANE.





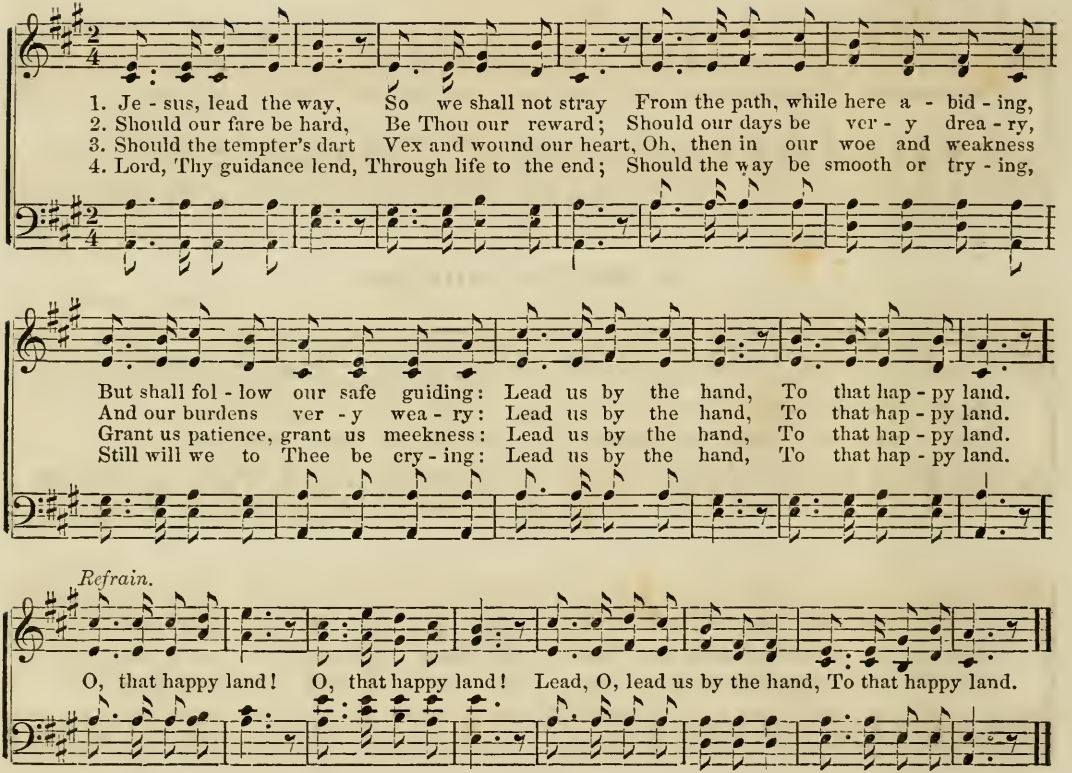
THE MERCIES OF AFFLICTION

Wm. T. Rogers.

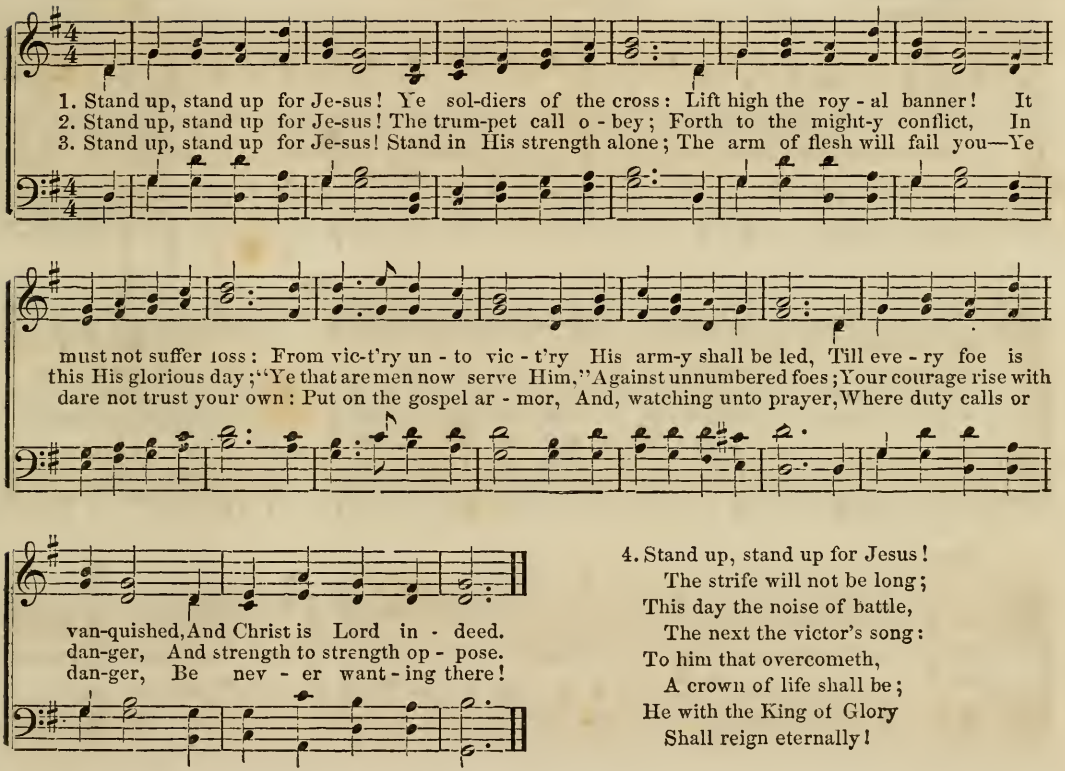


JESUS, LEAD THE WAY.

W. T. ROGERS.



J. M. KIEFFER

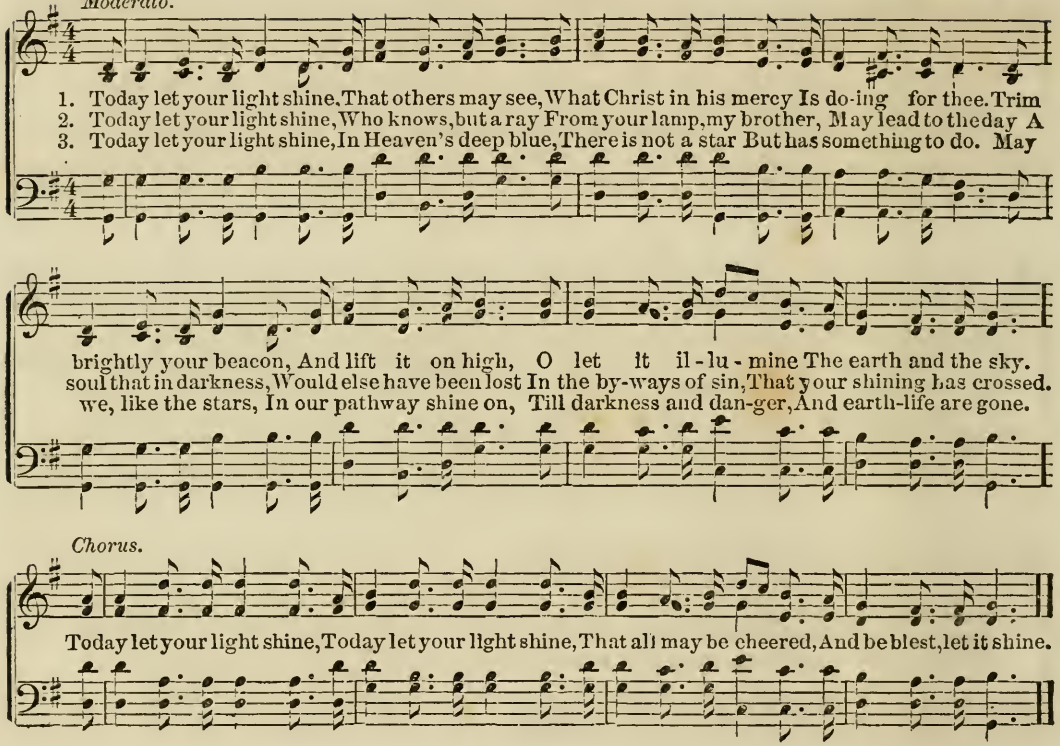


4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

J. R. MURRAY. From "PURE DIAMONDS." GEO. F. ROOT.

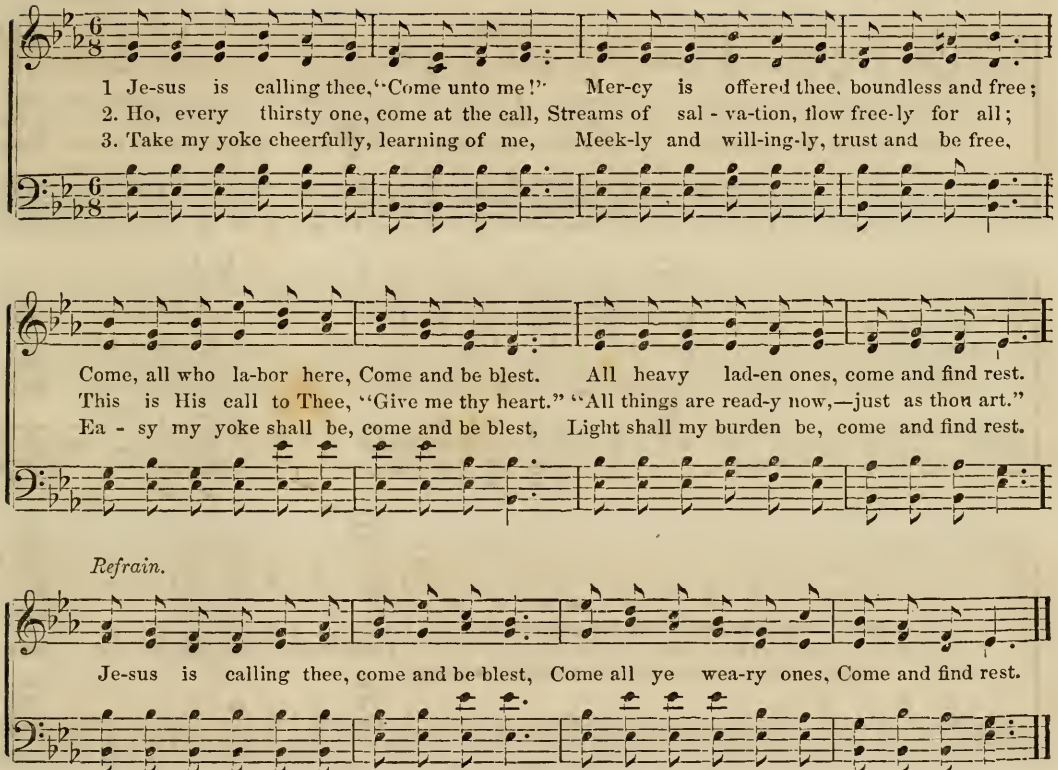
Moderato.



JESUS IS CALLING THEE.

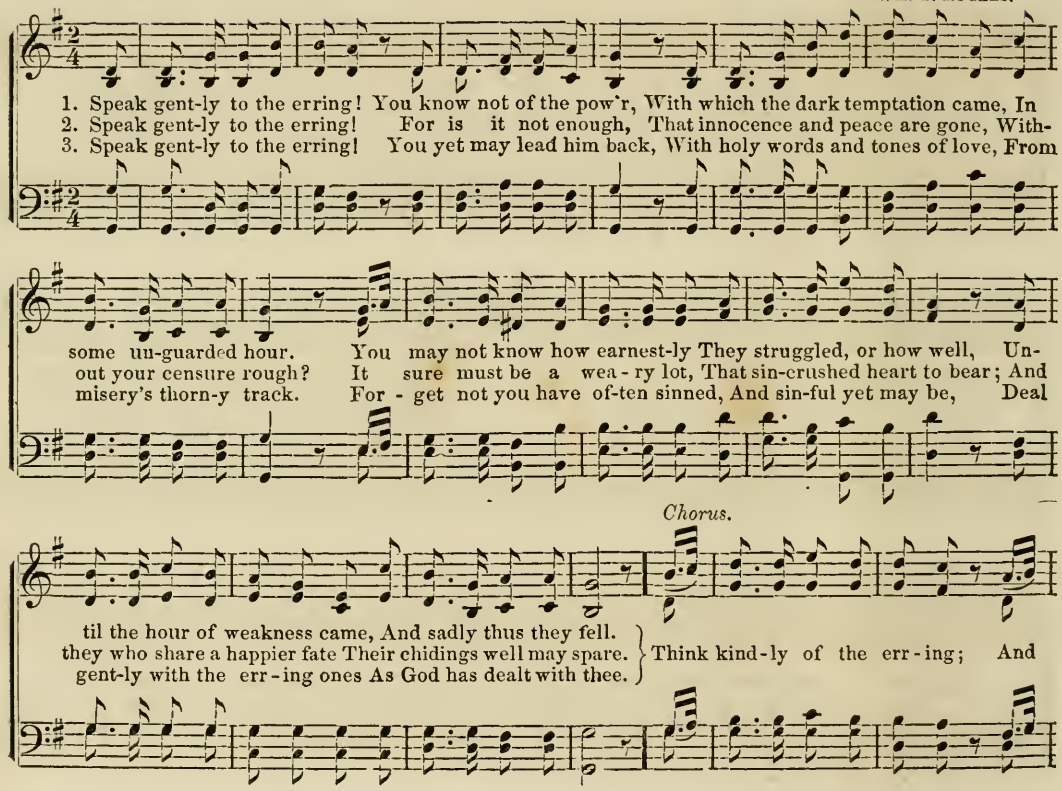
DR I T PRICE

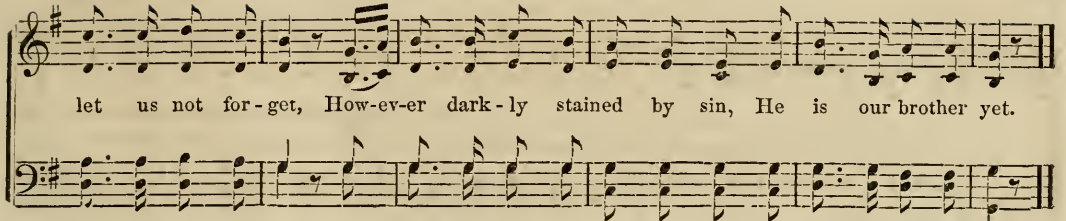
W W. BENTLEY.



SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING!

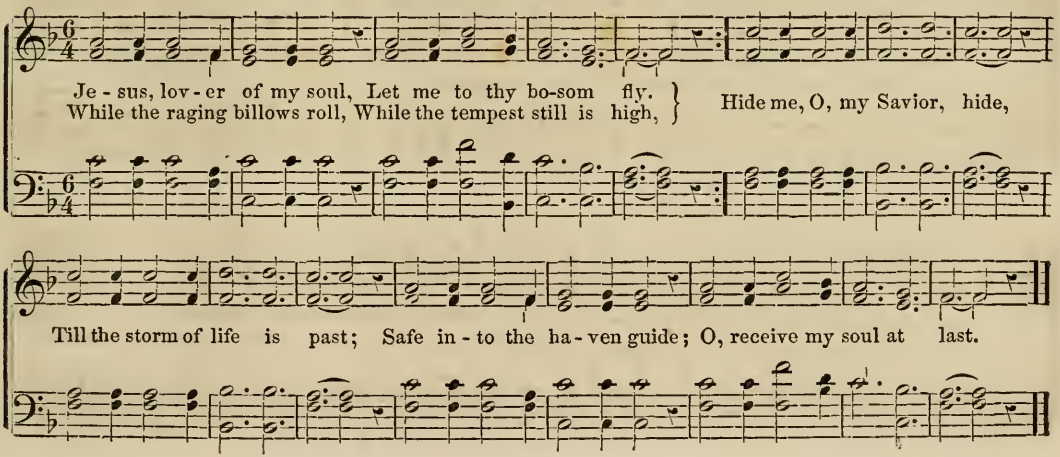
Wm. T. Rogers.





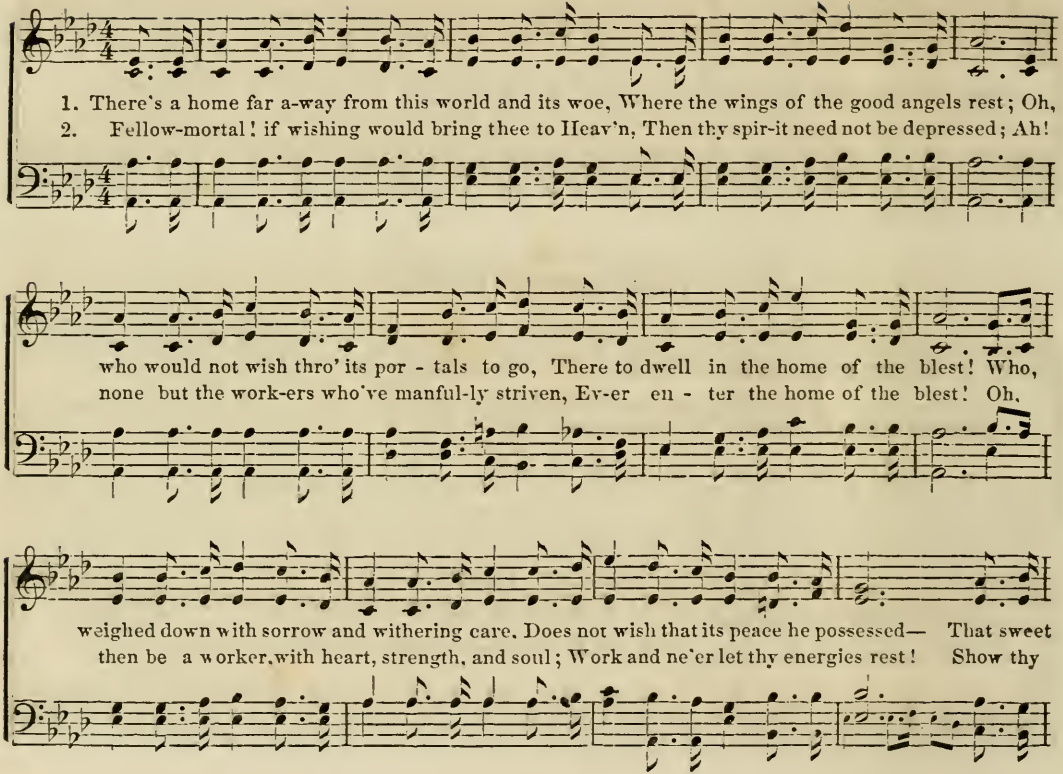
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

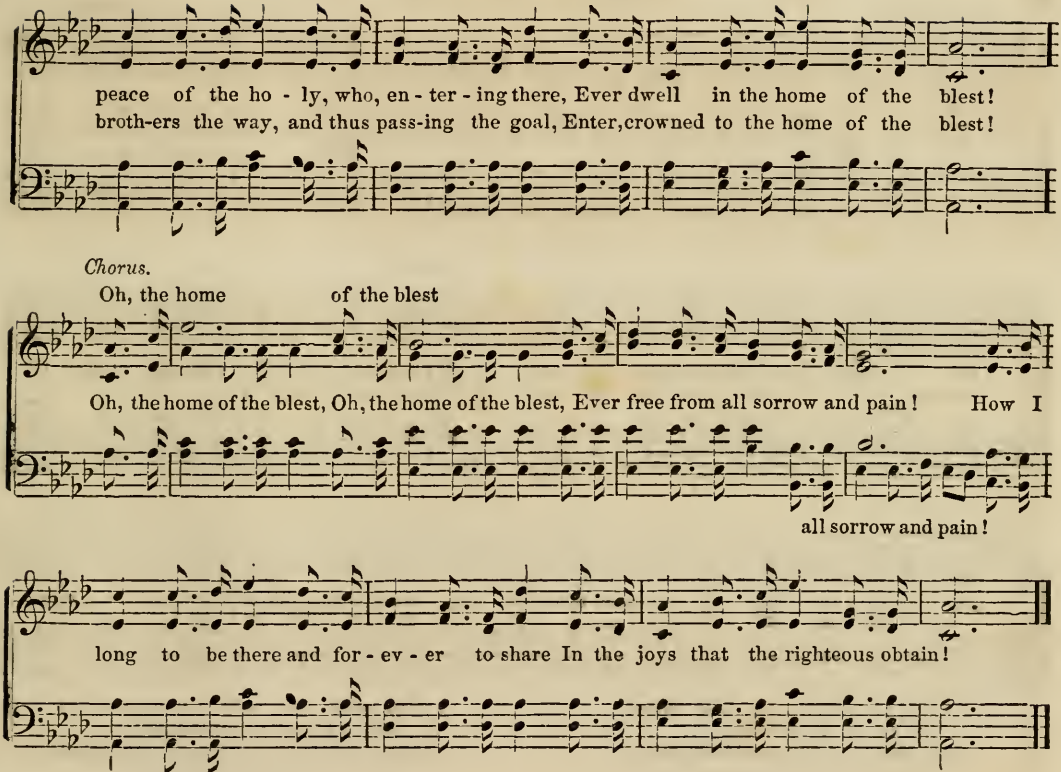
S. B. MARSH.



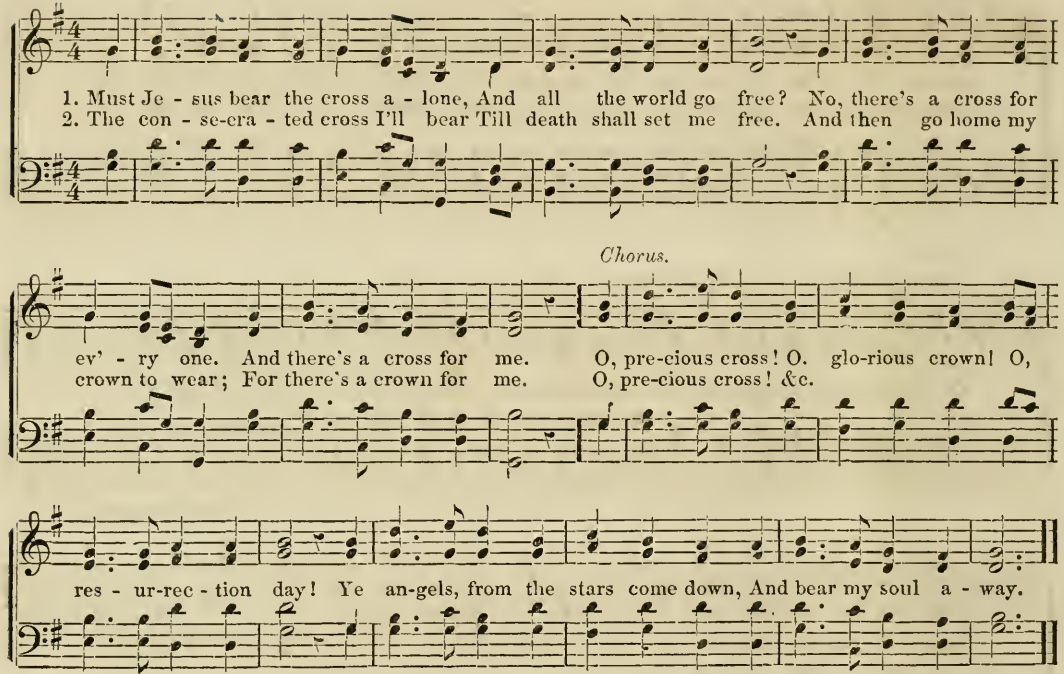
THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

WM. T. ROGERS.




peace of the ho - ly, who, en - ter - ing there, Ever dwell in the home of the blest!
broth-ers the way, and thus pass-ing the goal, Enter, crowned to the home of the blest!
Chorus.
Oh, the home of the blest
Oh, the home of the blest, Oh, the home of the blest, Ever free from all sorrow and pain! How I
all sorrow and pain!
long to be there and for - ev - er to share In the joys that the righteous obtain!

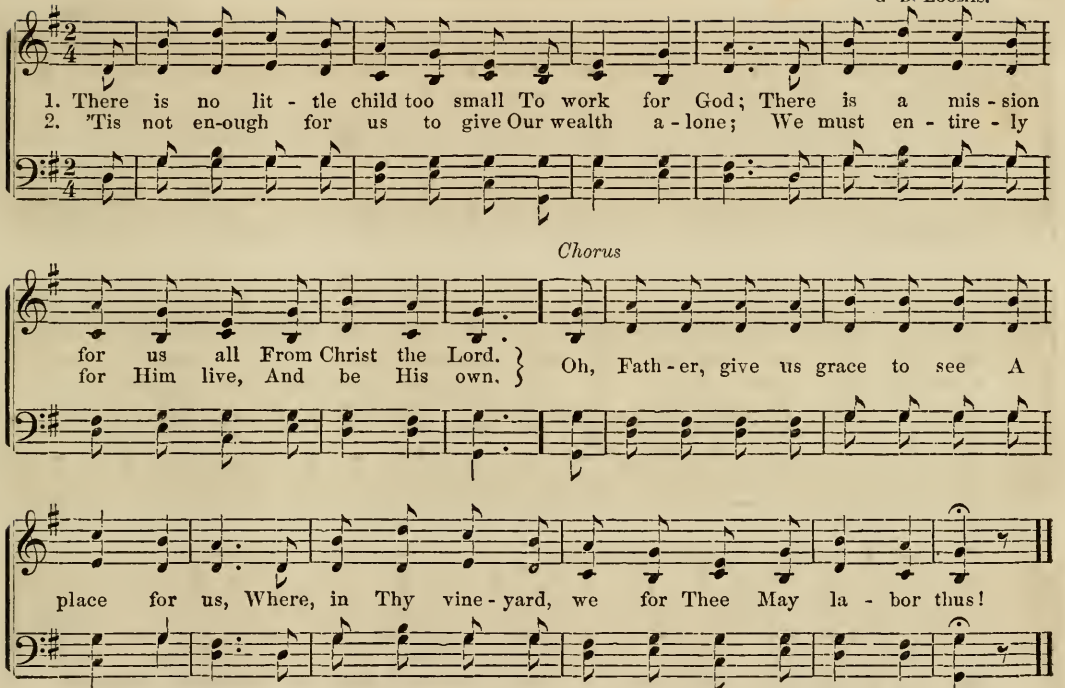
G. N. ALLEN. J. M. KIEFFER.



3. Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piereed feet,
I'll joyful, cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
'Neath Heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransom'd sing,
That lives no more to die!

G. B. LOOMIS.

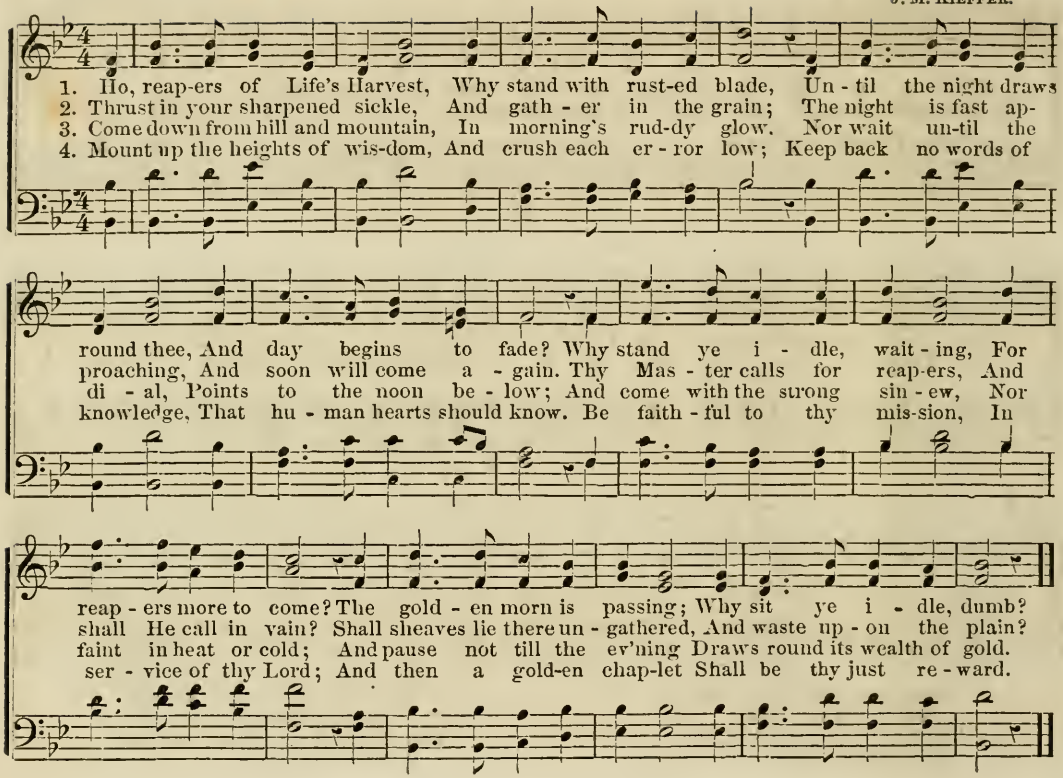


3. Though poverty our portion be,
Christ will not slight
The lowliest little one, if he
With God be right.

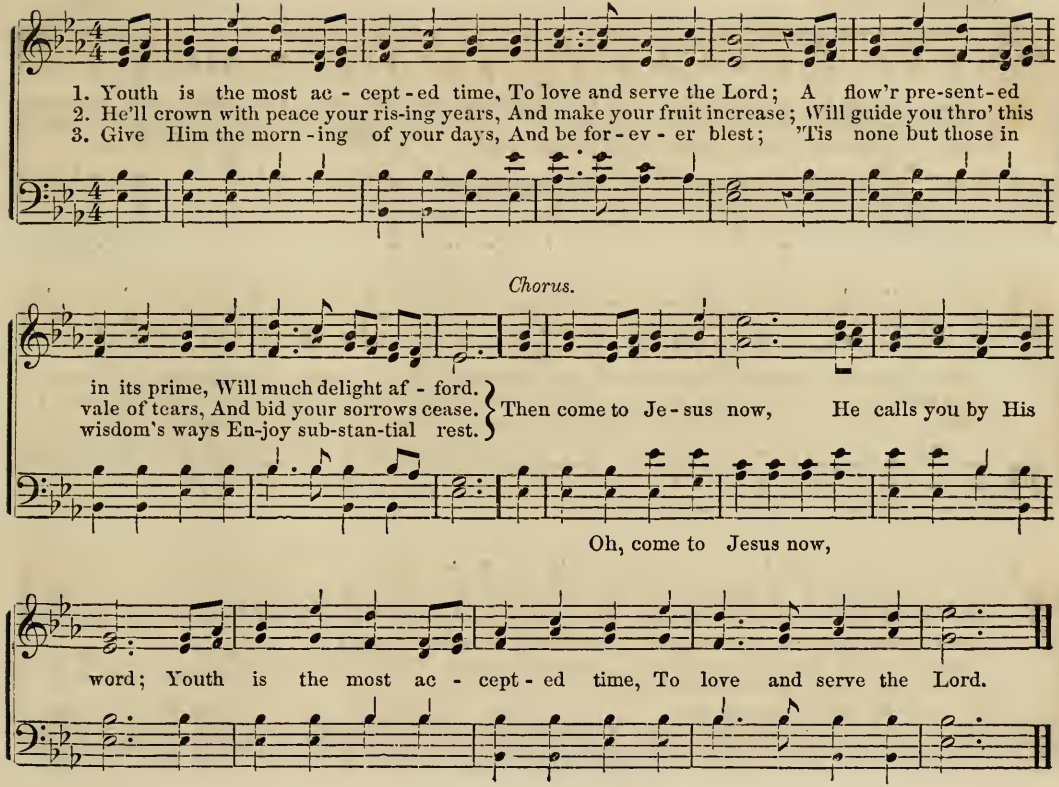
4. The poor, the sorrowful, the old
Are round us still:
God does not always ask our gold,
But *heart* and *will*.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

J. M. KIEFFER.

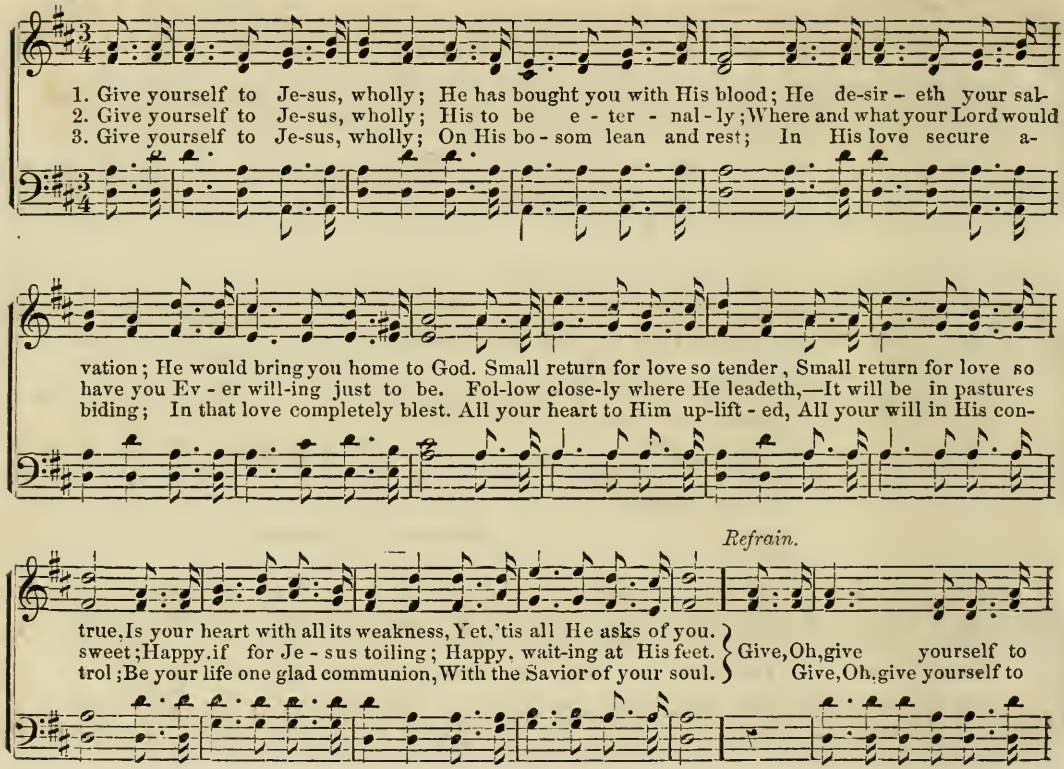


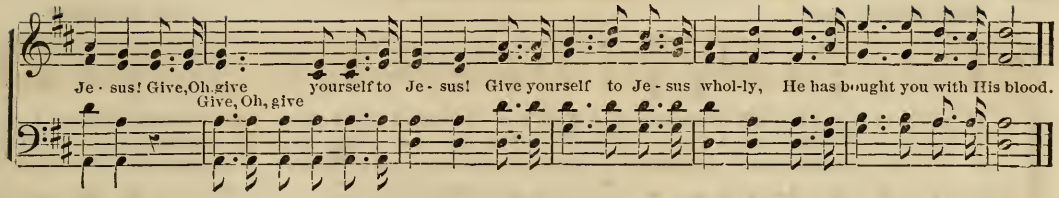
J. B. TAYLOR.


1. Youth is the most ac - cept - ed time, To love and serve the Lord; A flow'r pre-sent-ed
2. He'll crown with peace your ris-ing years, And make your fruit increase; Will guide you thro' this
3. Give Him the morn - ing of your days, And be for - ev - er blest; 'Tis none but those in
Chorus.
in its prime, Will much delight af - ford.
vale of tears, And bid your sorrows cease.
wisdom's ways En-joy sub-stan-tial rest.
Then come to Je - sus now, He calls you by His
Oh, come to Jesus now,
word; Youth is the most ac - cept - ed time, To love and serve the Lord.

GIVE YOURSELF TO JESUS.

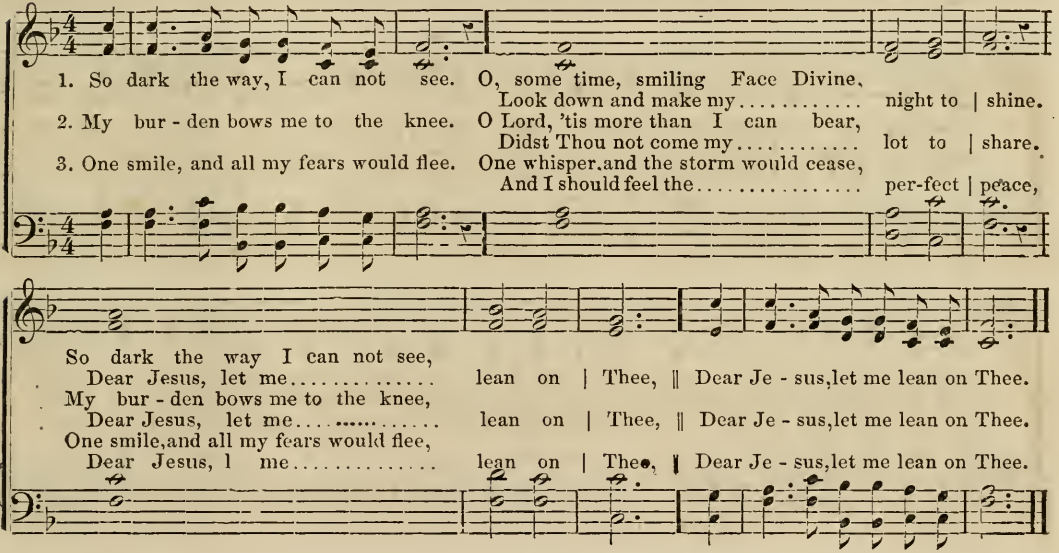
MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER. FRANK M. DAVIS.





DEAR JESUS, LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

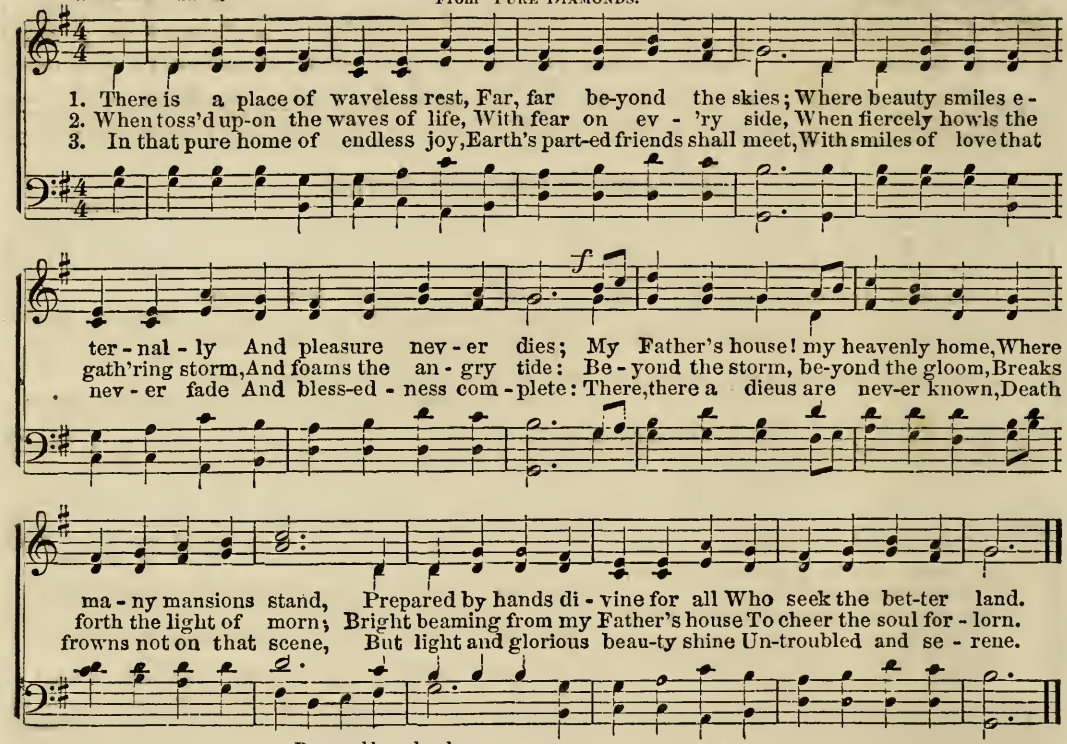
J. M. KIEFFER.



MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

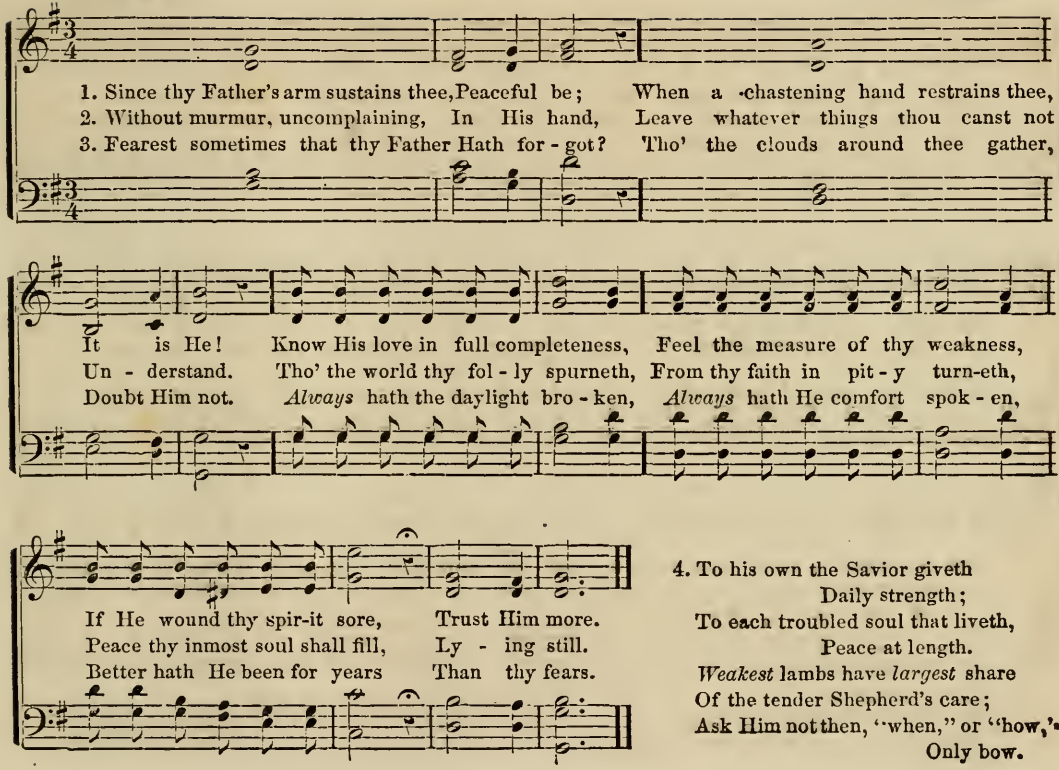
Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

From "PURE DIAMONDS."



Prepared by hands,

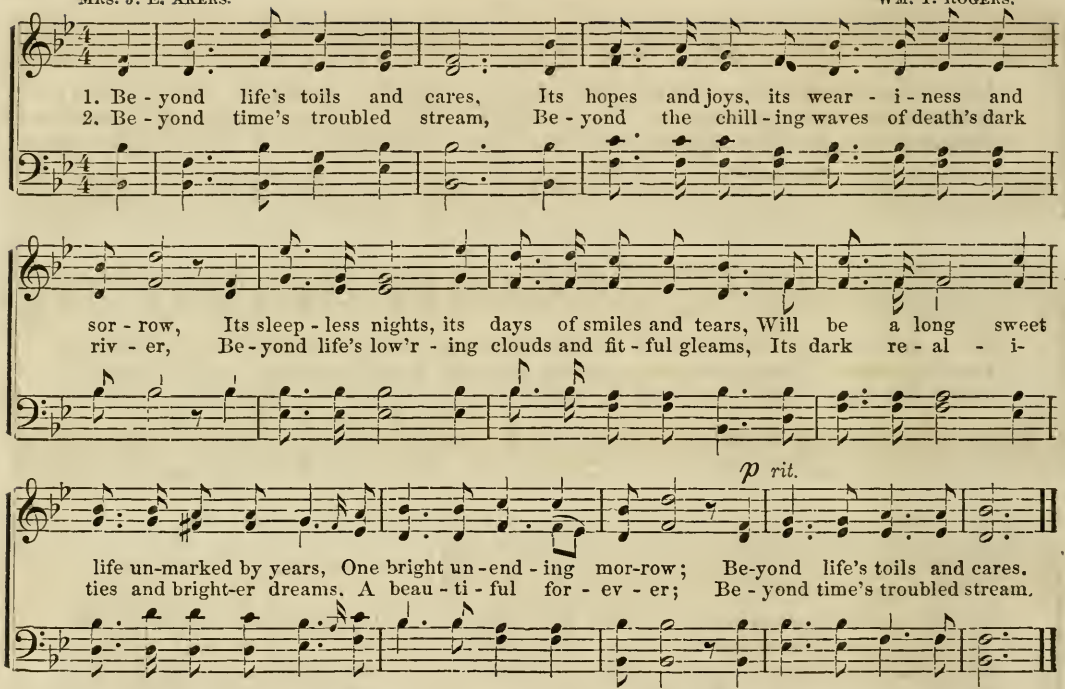
S. D. CARTER. T. C. O'KANE.



4. To his own the Savior giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have *largest* share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not then, "when," or "how,"
Only bow.

BEYOND.

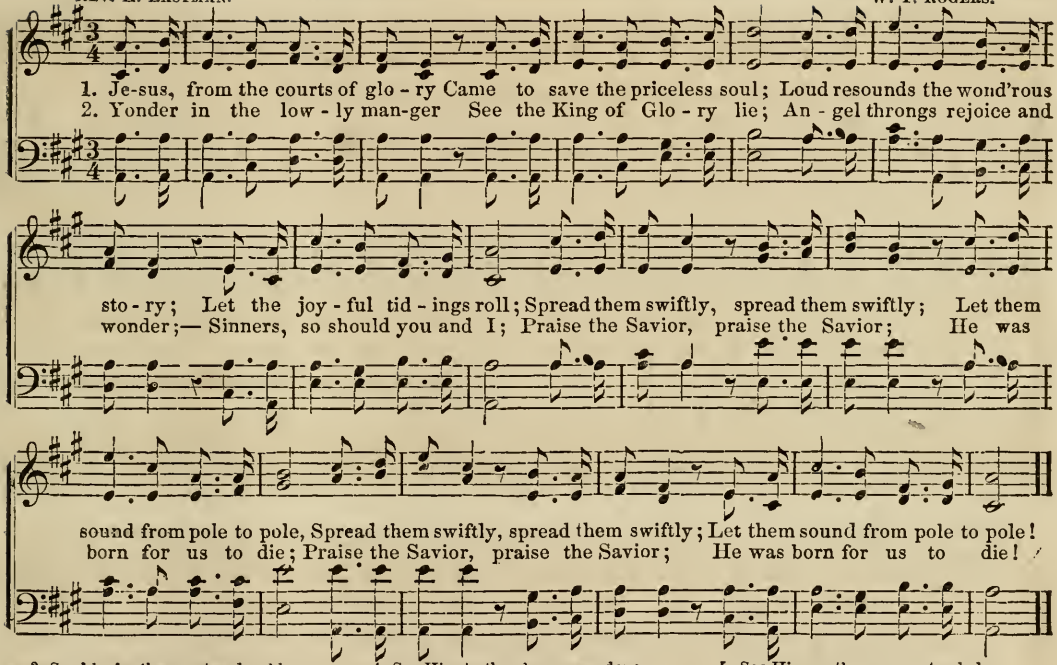
MRS. J. E. AKERS. WM. T. ROGERS.



3. No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of that land beyond the river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen
Around the throne forever;
No mortal eye hath seen.

4. Ear hath not heard the songs
Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,
No heart of man hath dreamed what bliss belongs
To that redeemed and joyous blood-washed throng.
All glorious and immortal;
Ear hath not heard the songs.

REV. H. EASTMAN. W. T. ROGERS.



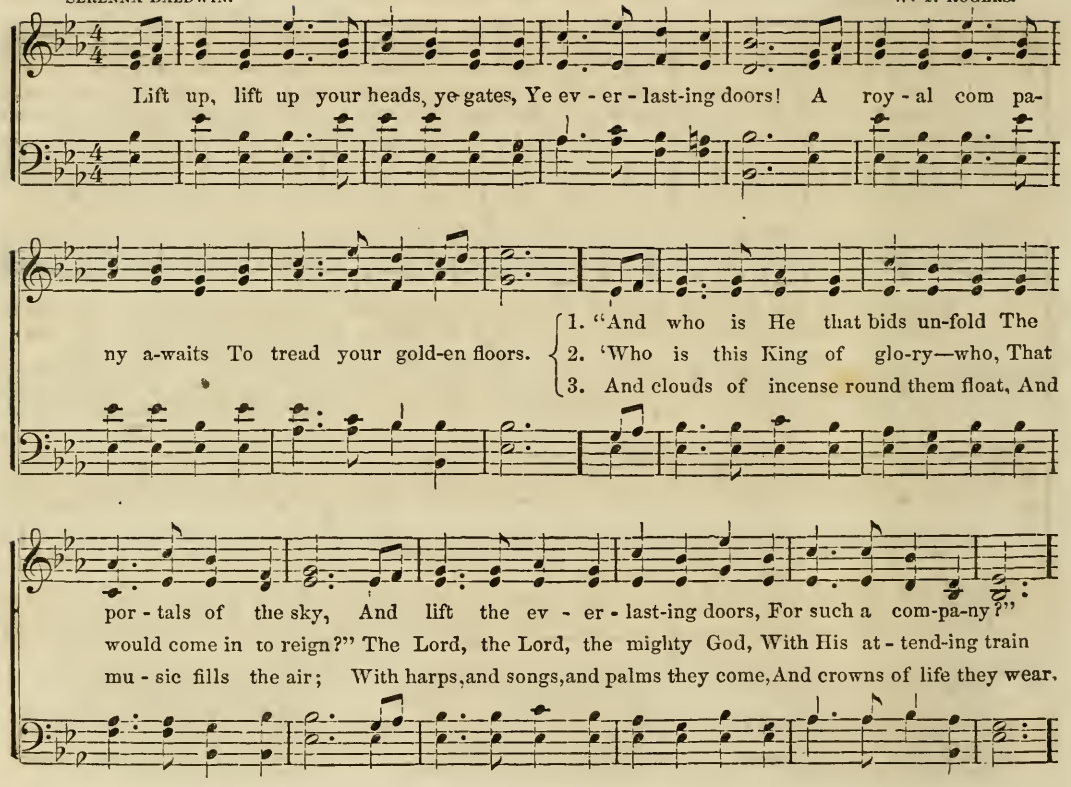
3. See him by the great and noble,
Scorned, reproached and cast aside;
Keenly feeling mortal trouble,
Hated by the sons of pride;
O, how shameful, O, how shameful
Thus the Savior to deride;
O, how shameful, O, how shameful,
Thus the Savior to deride!

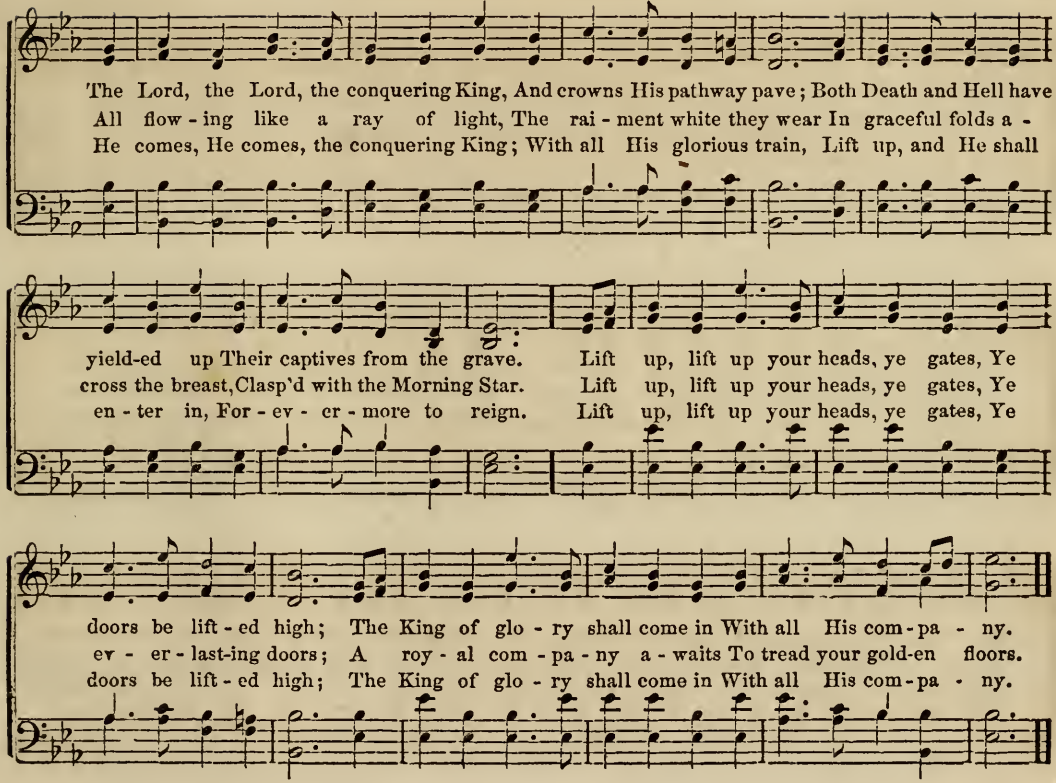
4. See Him in the gloomy garden;
There our sins He freely bore;
And to purchase peace and pardon.
Sweated blood at every pore;
O, how painful; O, how painful;
Anguish keen his bosom tore!
O, how painful, O, how painful,
Anguish keen His bosom tore!

5. See Him on the cross extended;
Hear His last expiring groans;
When his suffering life is ended,
Nature trembles, heaves and moans,
Sound His praises, sound His praises;
Freely he for us atones!
Sound His praises, sound His praises;
Freely he for us atones!

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS O, YE GATES!

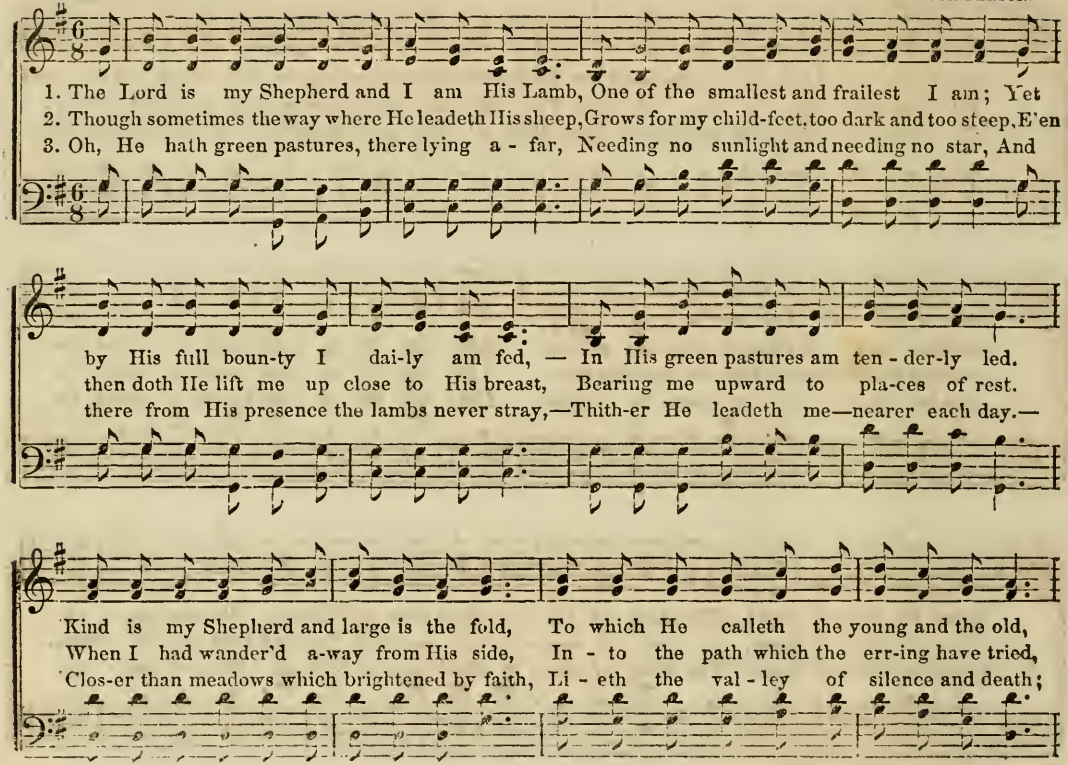
SERENNA BALDWIN. W. T. ROGERS.

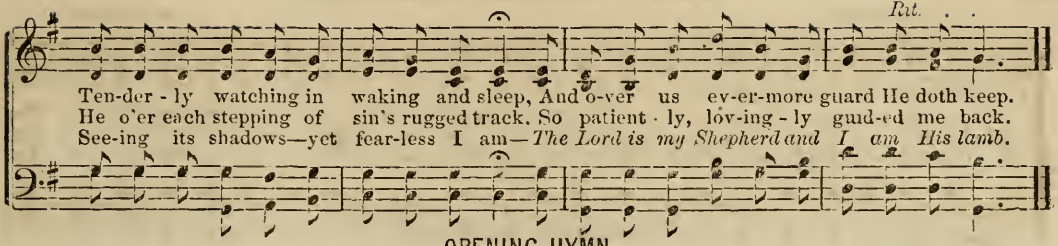



The Lord, the Lord, the conquering King, And crowns His pathway pave; Both Death and Hell have
All flow - ing like a ray of light, The rai - ment white they wear In graceful folds a -
He comes, He comes, the conquering King; With all His glorious train, Lift up, and He shall
yield-ed up Their captives from the grave. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye
cross the breast, Clasp'd with the Morning Star. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye
en - ter in, For - ev - er - more to reign. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, Ye
doors be lift - ed high; The King of glo - ry shall come in With all His com - pa - ny.
ev - er - last-ing doors; A roy - al com - pa - ny a - waits To tread your gold-en floors.
doors be lift - ed high; The King of glo - ry shall come in With all His com - pa - ny.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

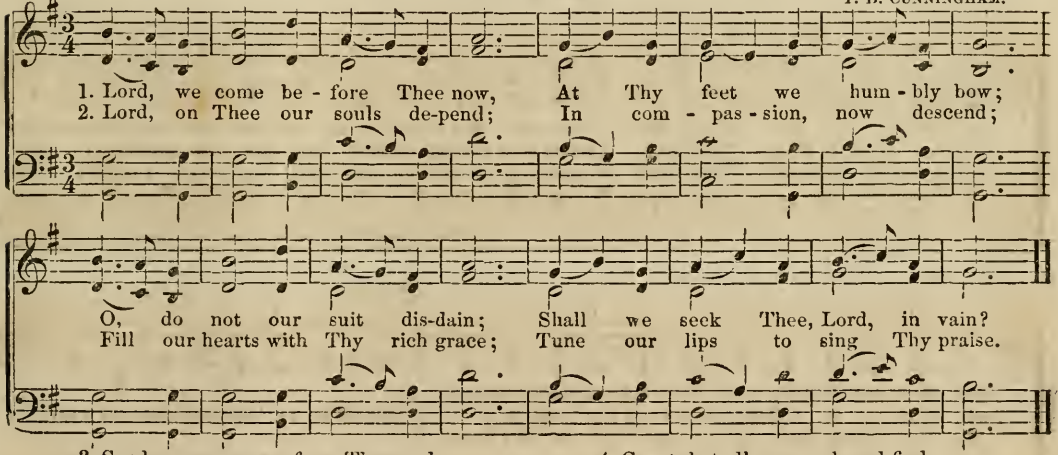
MARY LOWE. J. H. ANDERSON.





OPENING HYMN.

T. B. CUNNINGHAM.

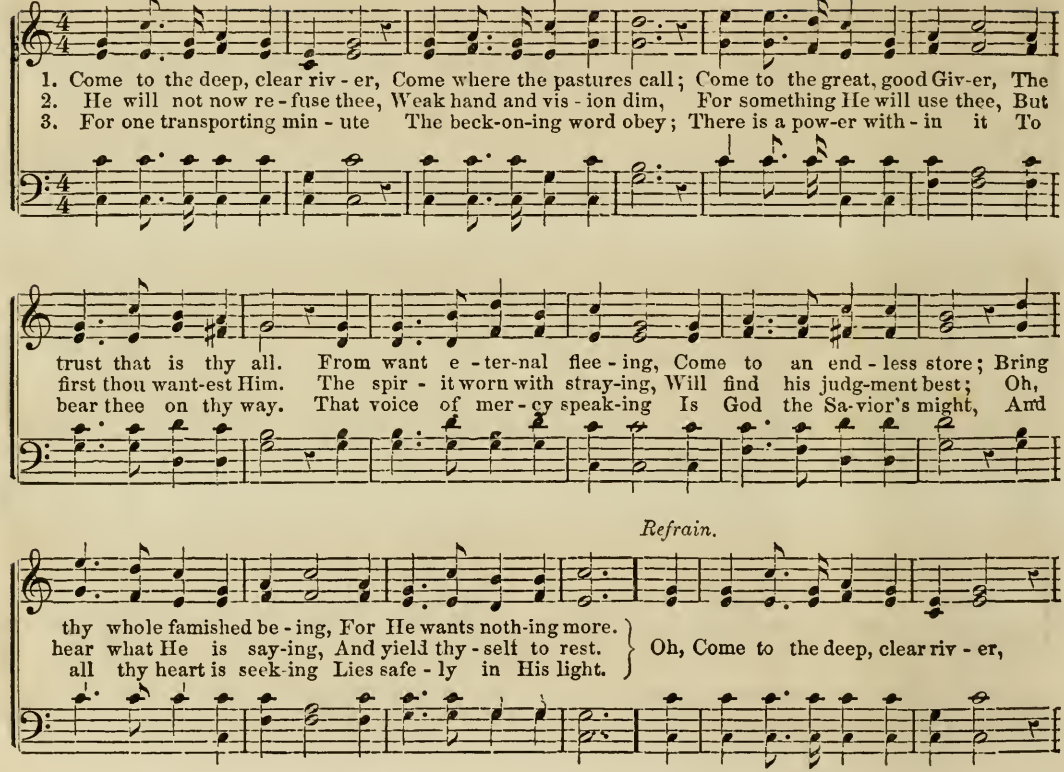


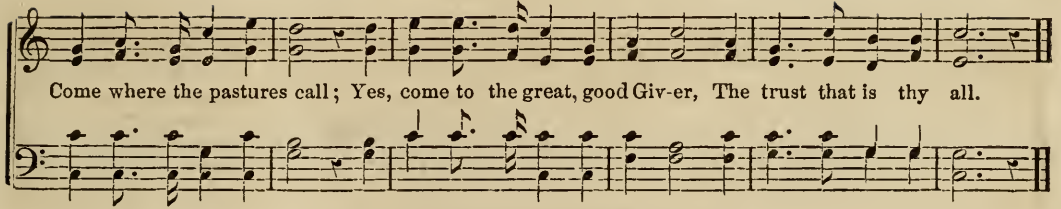
3. Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

4. Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

COME TO THE DEEP, CLEAR RIVER.

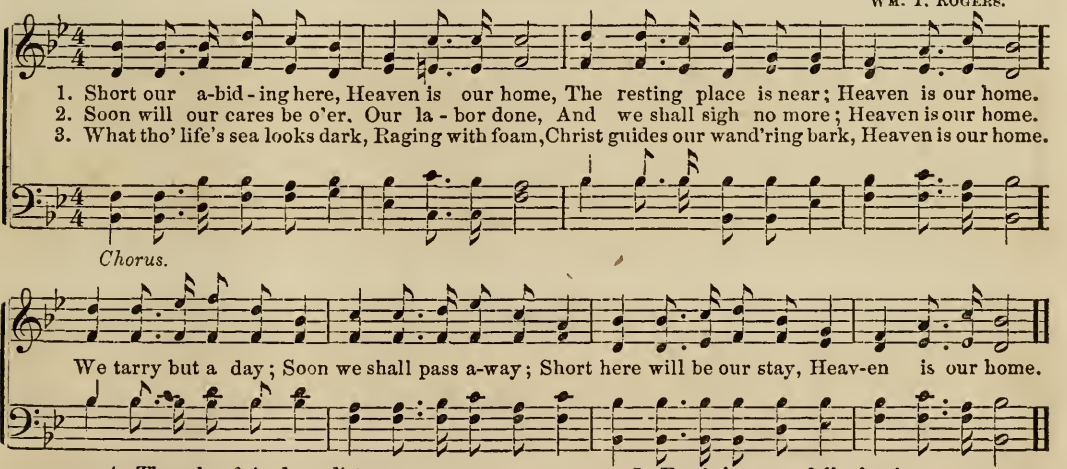
A. L. WARING. J. M. KIEFFER.





HEAVEN IS OUR HOME.

Wm. T. Rogers.

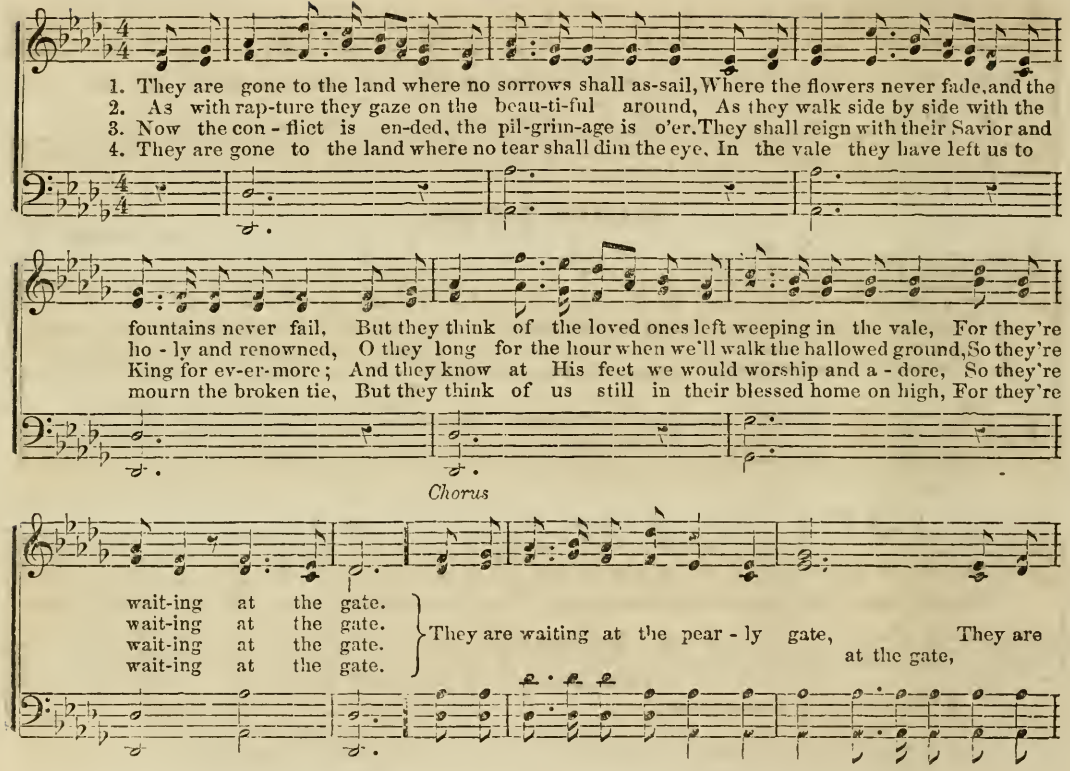


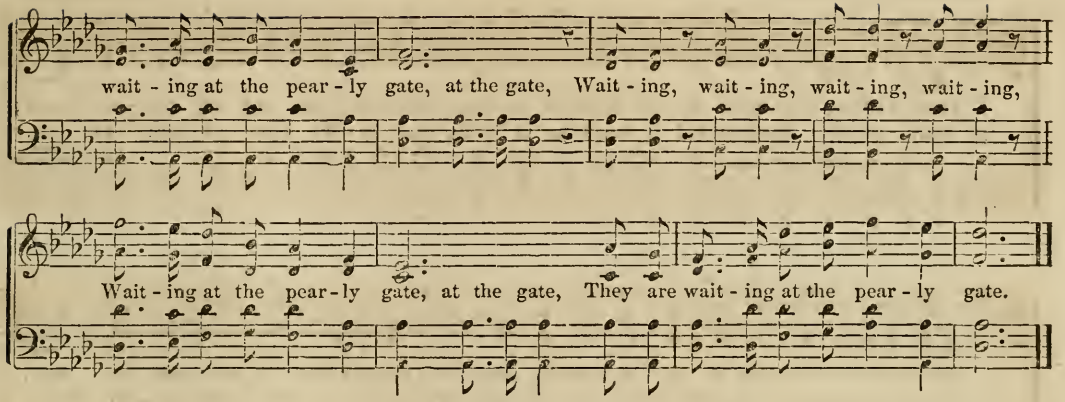
4. Though oft in deep distress,
Tearful and lone,
Jesus will come to bless;
Heaven is our home.

5. Earth-joys are full of pain;
True peace unknown;
Heaven is eternal gain;
Heaven is our home.

WAITING AT THE PEARLY GATE.

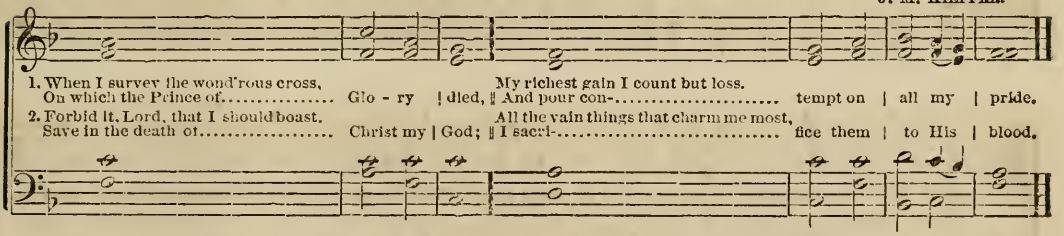
Words and Music by (DUET AND CHORUS) REV. A. A. GRALEY.





THE CROSS.—Chant.

J. M. KIEFFER.

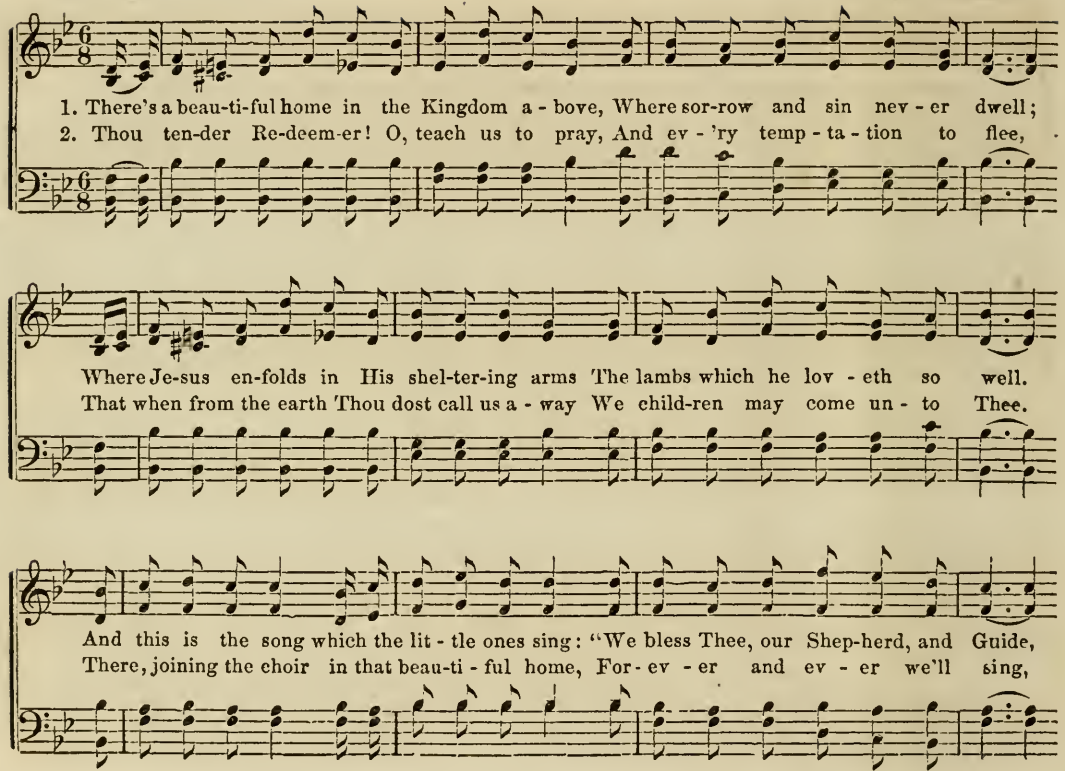


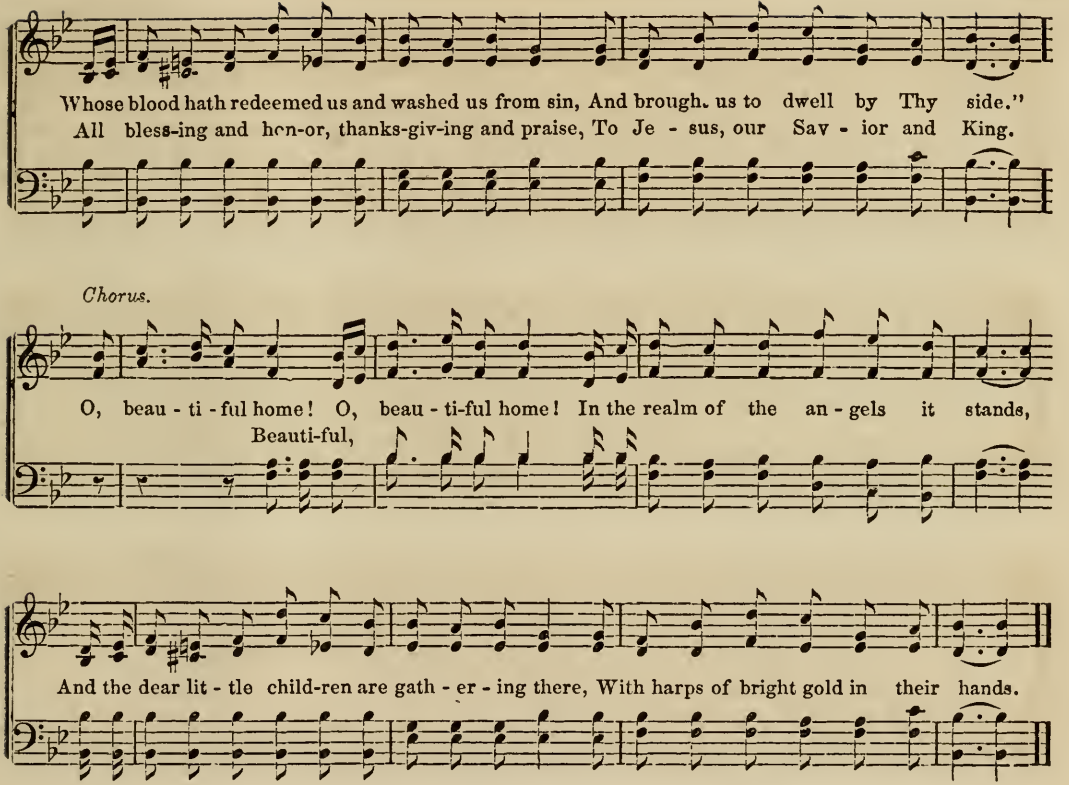
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow | mingled | down: ‖
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns com- | pose so | rich a | crown?

4. Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present | far too | small; ‖
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my | *soul*, my | *life*, my | *all*.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

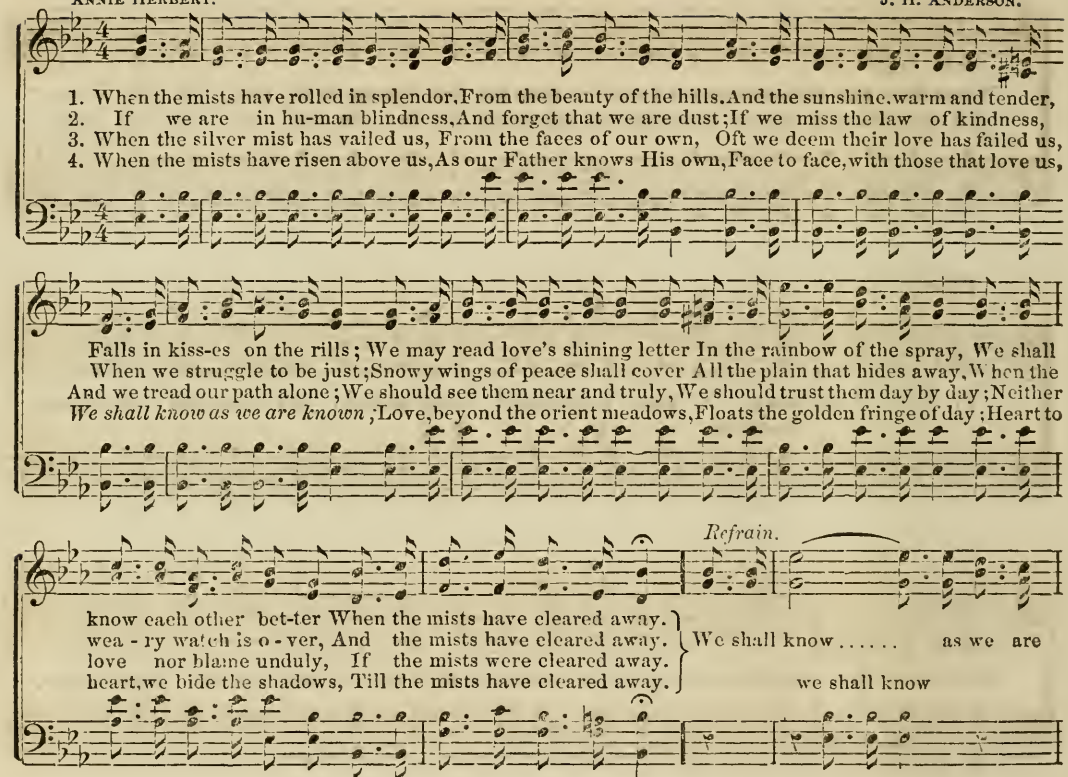
MRS. EMILY H. MILLER. J. H. ANDERSON.

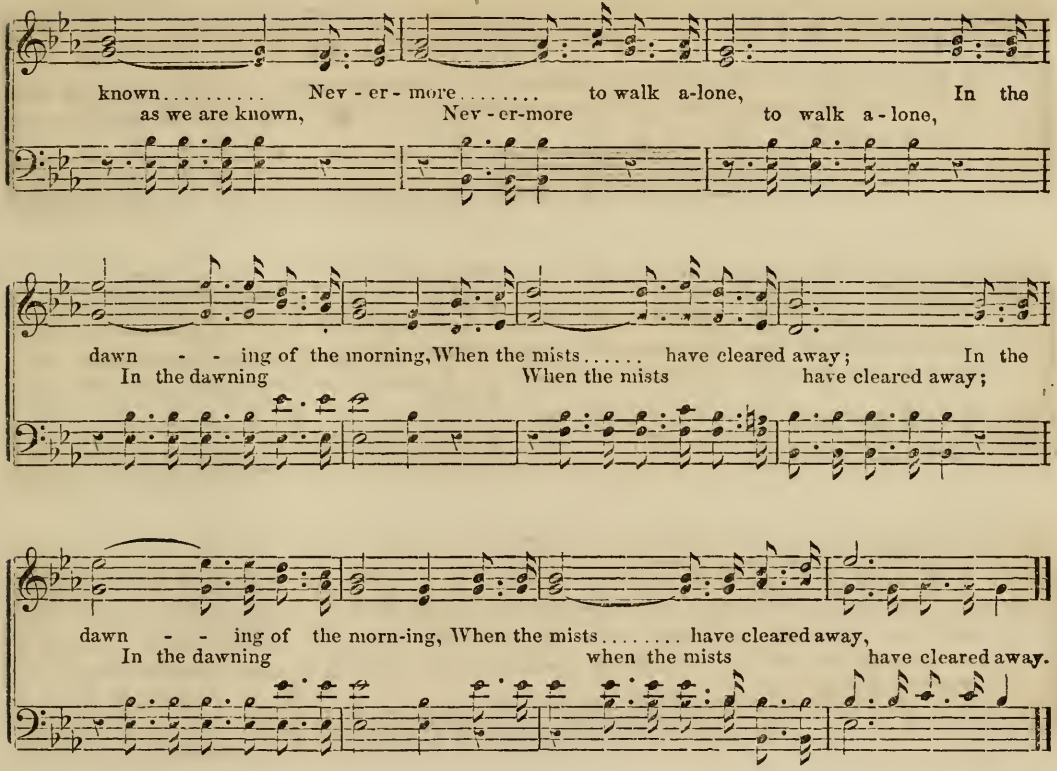



Whose blood hath redeemed us and washed us from sin, And brough. us to dwell by Thy side."
All bless-ing and hon-or, thanks-giv-ing and praise, To Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King.
Chorus.
O, beau - ti - ful home! O, beau - ti-ful home! In the realm of the an - gels it stands,
Beauti-ful,
And the dear lit - tle child-ren are gath - er - ing there, With harps of bright gold in their hands.

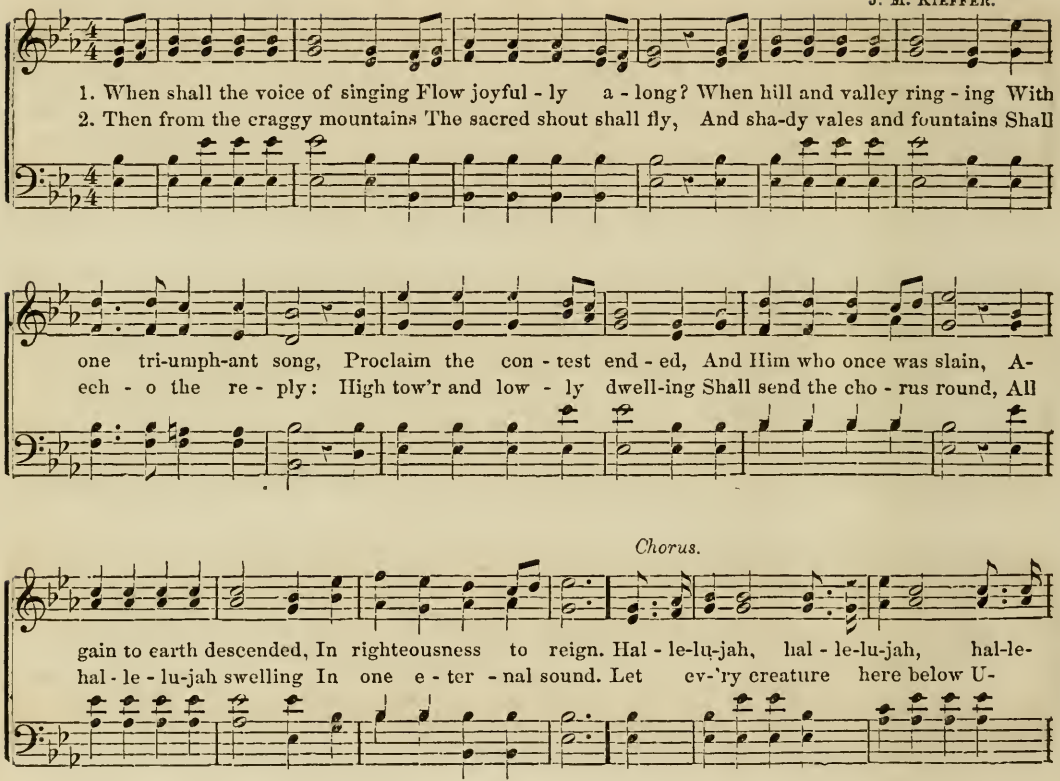
WE SHALL KNOW.

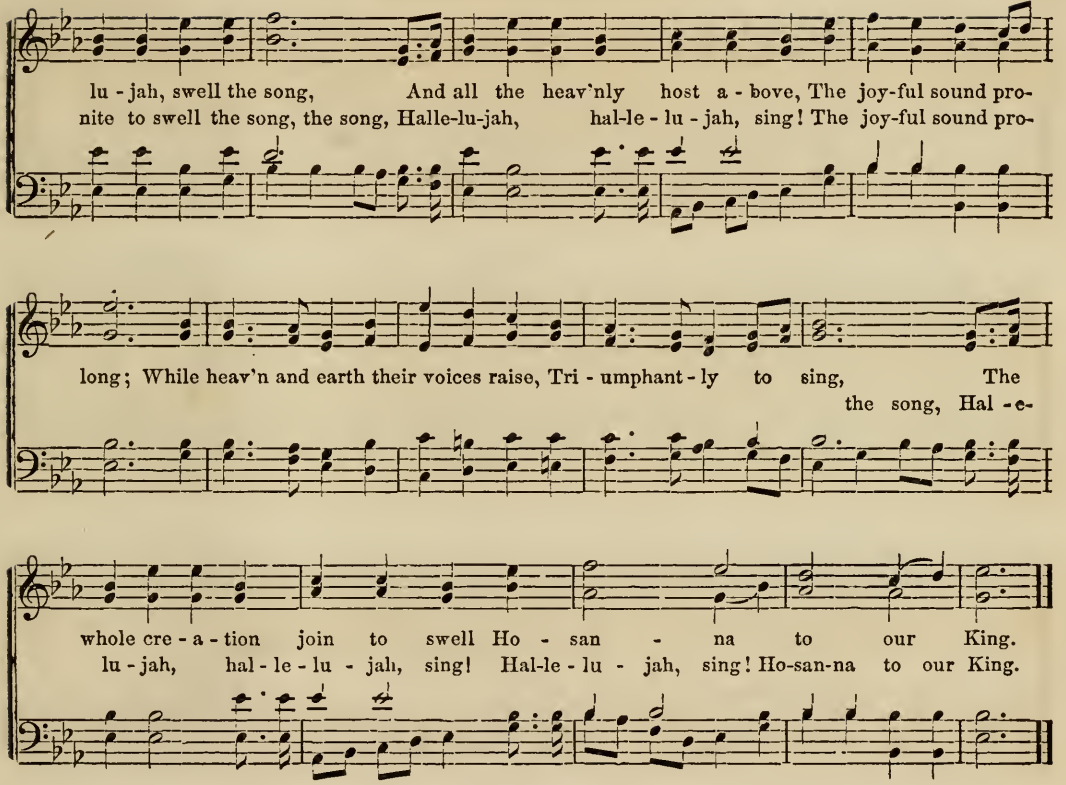
ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.




known..... Nev - er - more..... to walk a-lone, In the
as we are known, Nev - er-more to walk a - lone,
dawn - - ing of the morning, When the mists..... have cleared away; In the
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;
dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have cleared away,
In the dawning when the mists have cleared away.

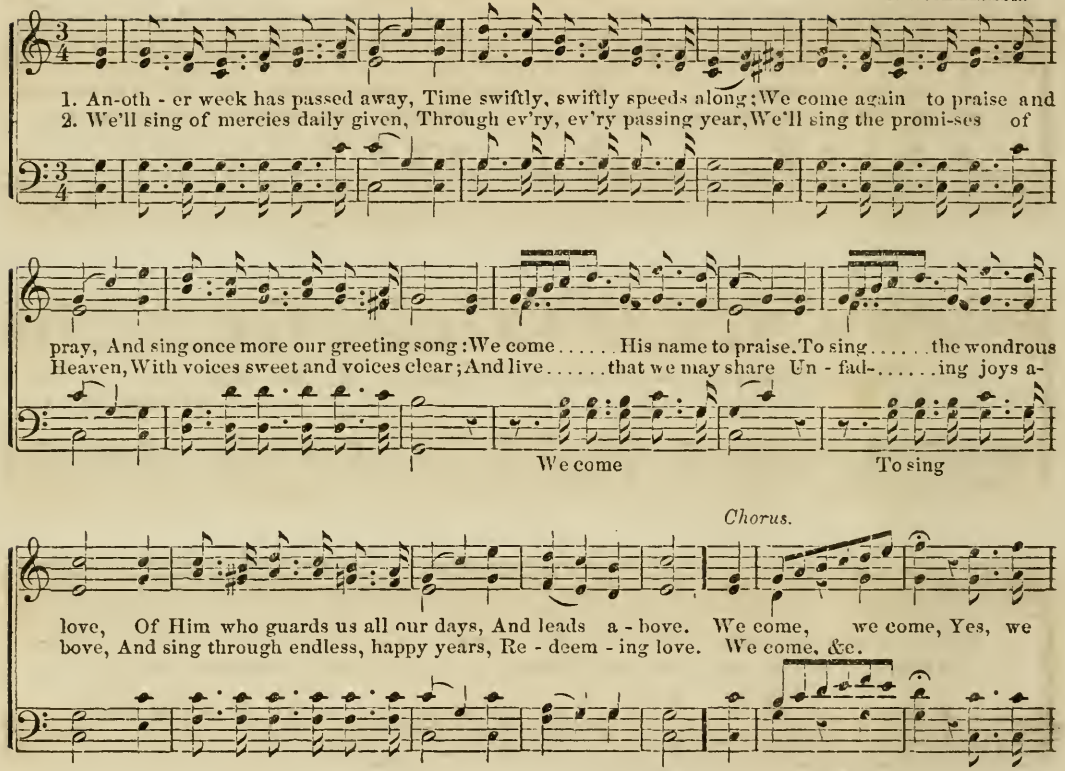
J. M. KIEFFER.

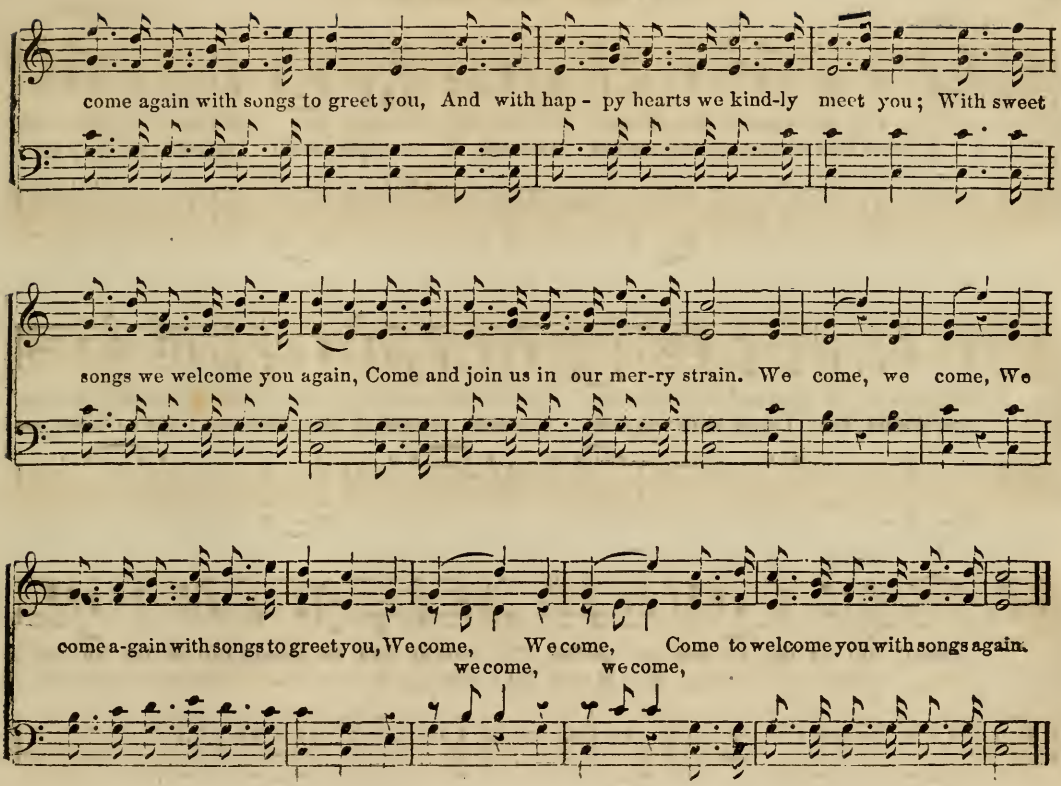

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyful - ly a - long? When hill and valley ring - ing With
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And sha-dy vales and fountains Shall
one tri-umph-ant song, Proclaim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A-
ech - o the re - ply: High tow'r and low - ly dwell-ing Shall send the cho - rus round, All
Chorus.
gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign. Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal-le-
hal - le - lu-jah swelling In one e - ter - nal sound. Let ev-'ry creature here below U-


lu - jah, swell the song, And all the heav'nly host a - bove, The joy-ful sound pro-
nite to swell the song, the song, Halle-lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah, sing! The joy-ful sound pro-
long; While heav'n and earth their voices raise, Tri - umphant - ly to sing, The
the song, Hal - e-
whole cre - a - tion join to swell Ho - san - na to our King.
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing! Hal-le - lu - jah, sing! Ho-san-na to our King.

GREETING SONG.

J. H. ANDERSON.

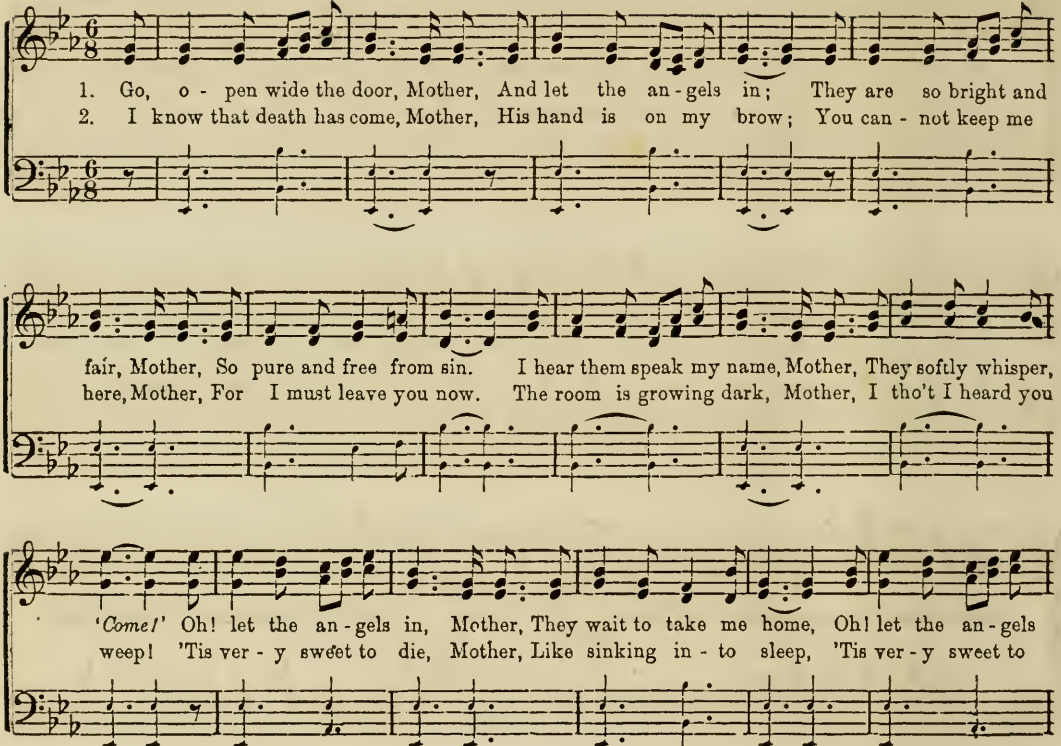



come again with songs to greet you, And with hap - py hearts we kind-ly meet you; With sweet
songs we welcome you again, Come and join us in our mer-ry strain. We come, we come, We
come a-gain with songs to greet you, We come, We come, Come to welcome you with songs again.
we come, we come,

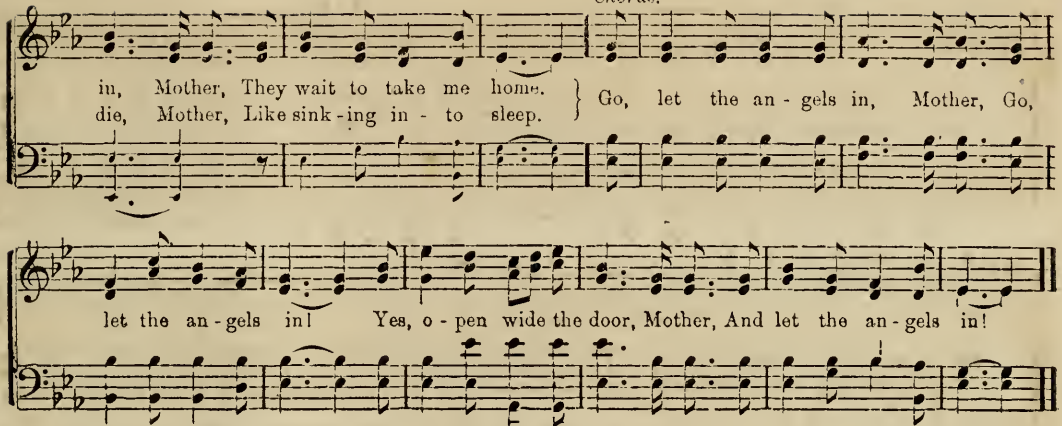
GO, LET THE ANGELS IN.

J. H. ANDERSON.

Duet.

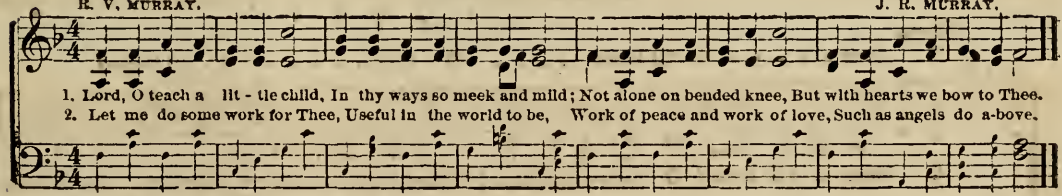


Chorus.



MORNING PRAYER.

R. V. MURRAY. J. R. MURRAY.

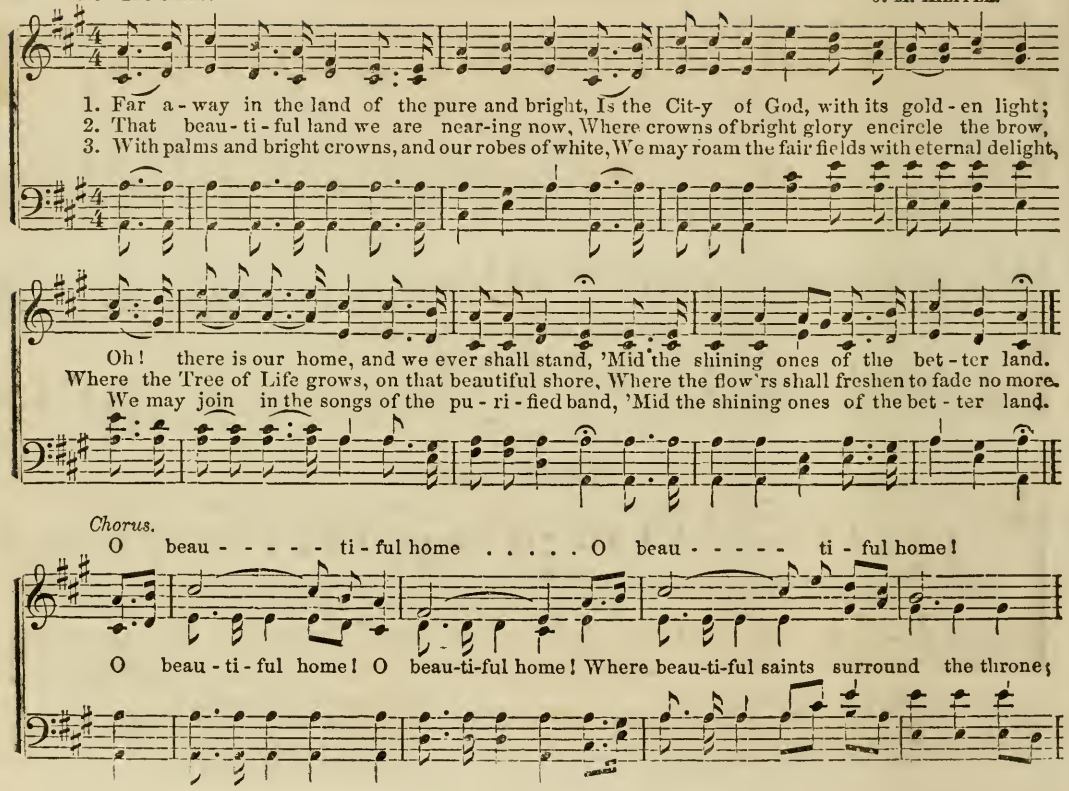


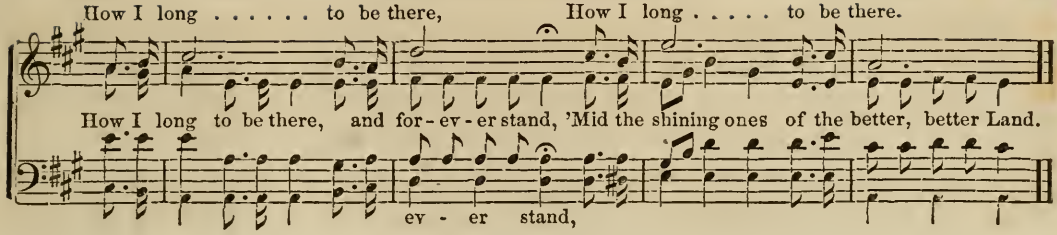
3. Fold me in thy arms I pray,
Keep me good through all the day,
When I sleep, or when I wake
Lord, my soul in keeping take.

4. In thy love O may I stay,
Teach me, Lord, aright to pray.
Wheresoever I may be,
Guide my little feet to Thee.

THE SHINING ONES.

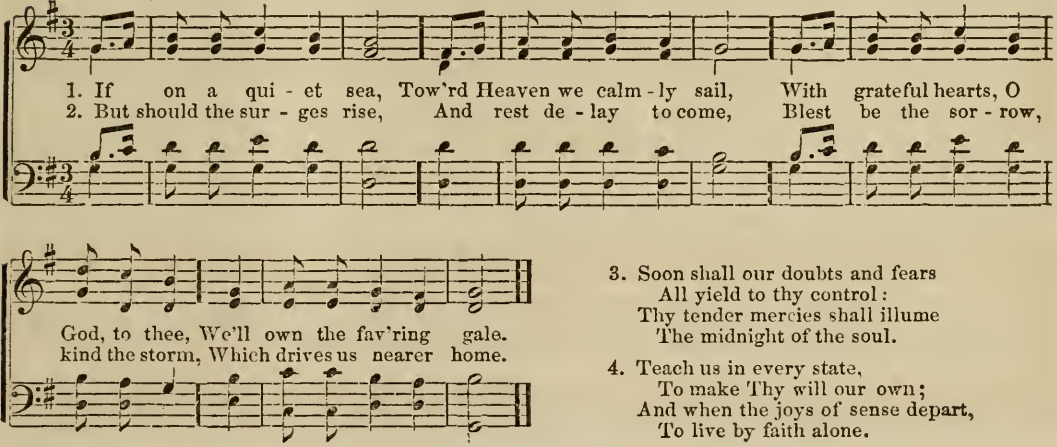
KNOWLES SHAW. J. M. KIEFFER.





TRUSTING IN GOD.

WM. T. ROGERS.



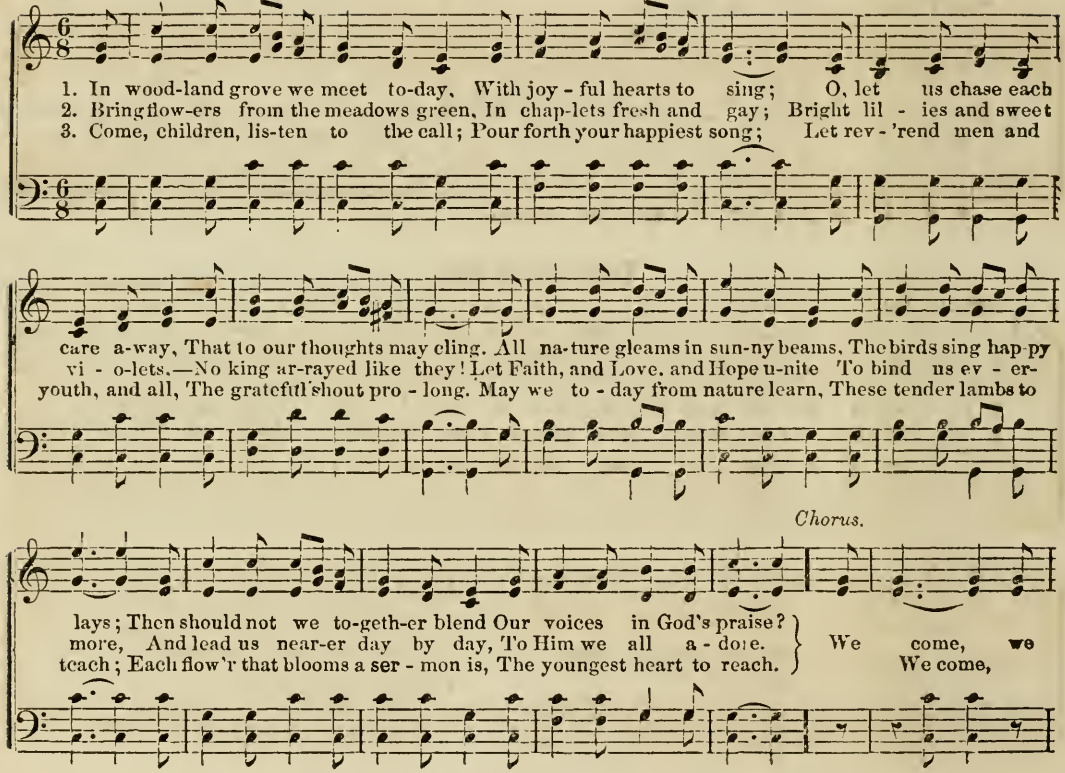
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

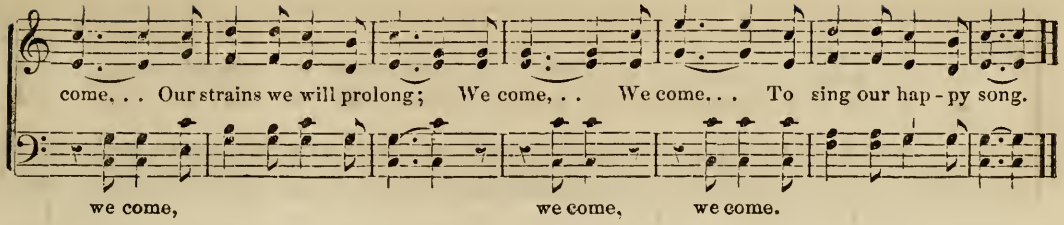
4. Teach us in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

O'ER HILL AND DALE.

(FOR PICNICS, CELEBRATIONS, &c,)

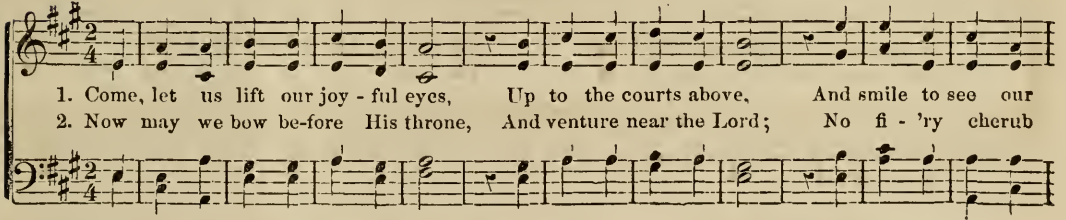
Words by LOULA ROGERS. Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

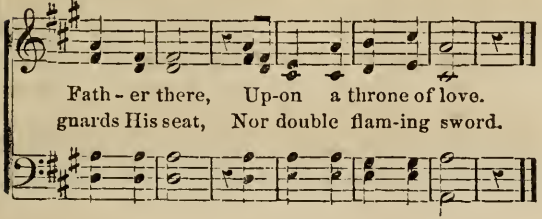




HEAVENLY BLISS.

GLASER.



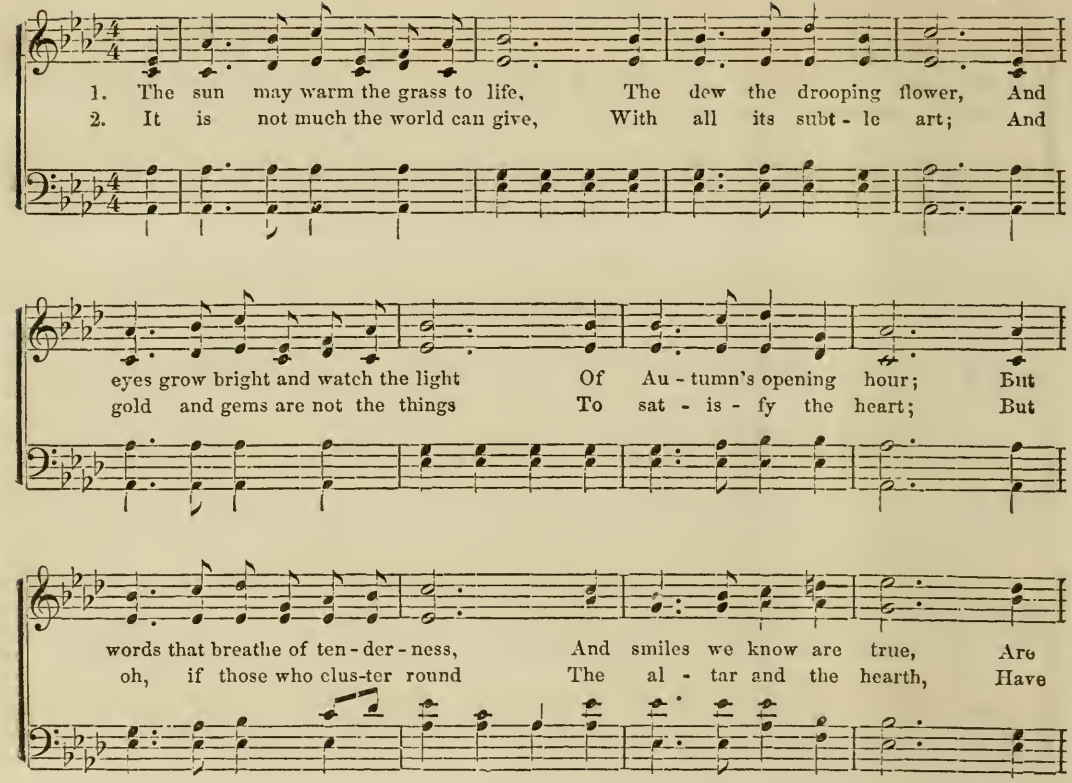


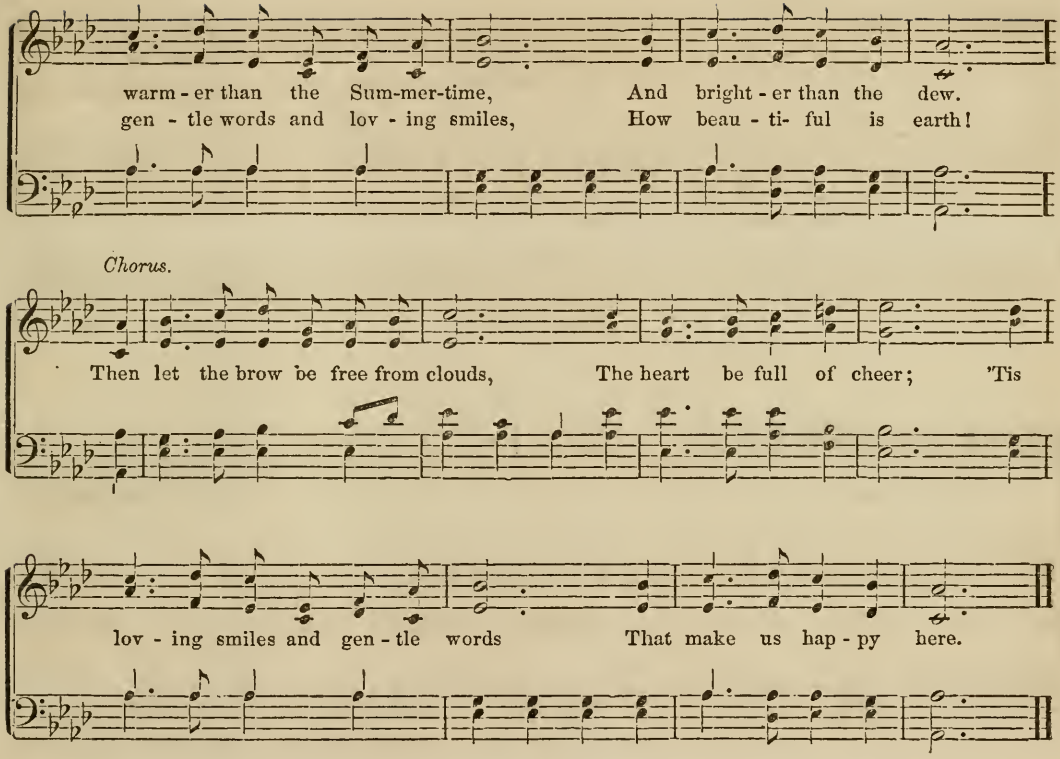
3.

To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' almighty King,
That lays His fury by.

LOVING SMILES. (Quartet.)

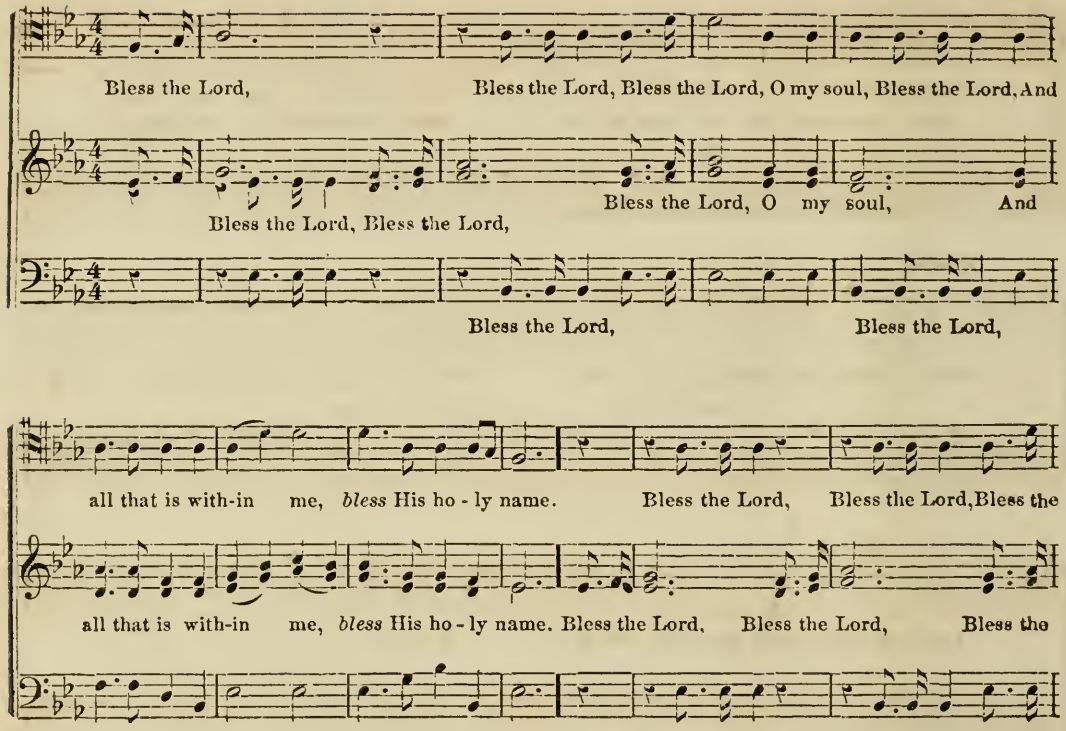
WM. T. ROGERS.

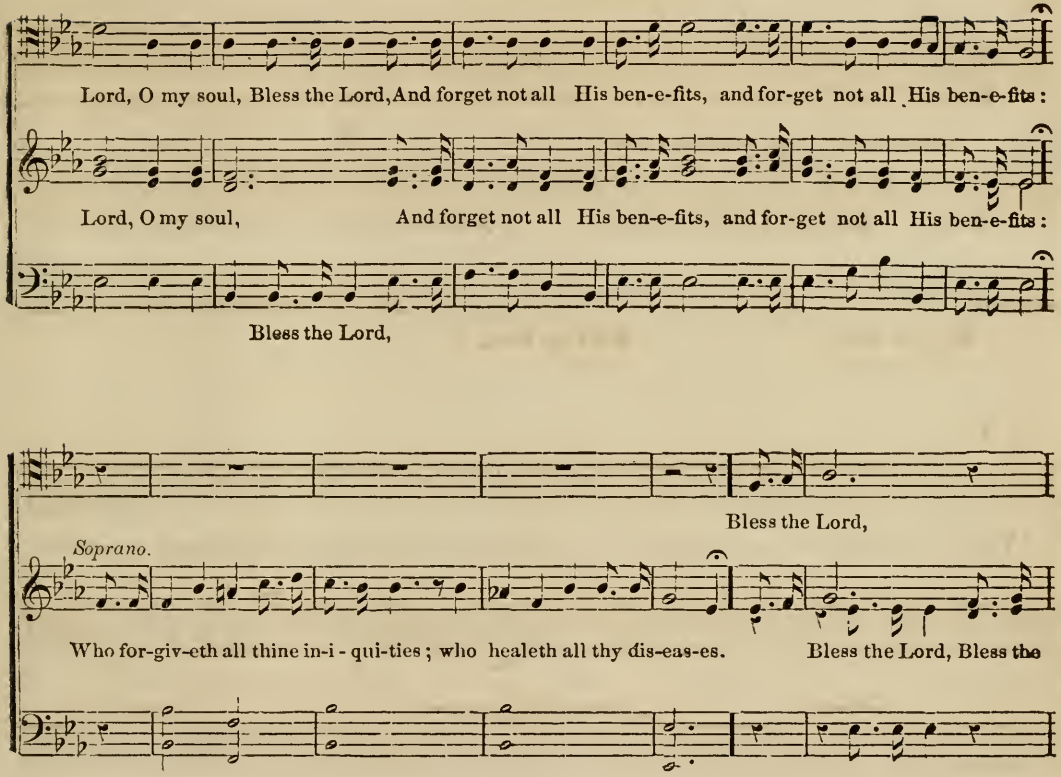


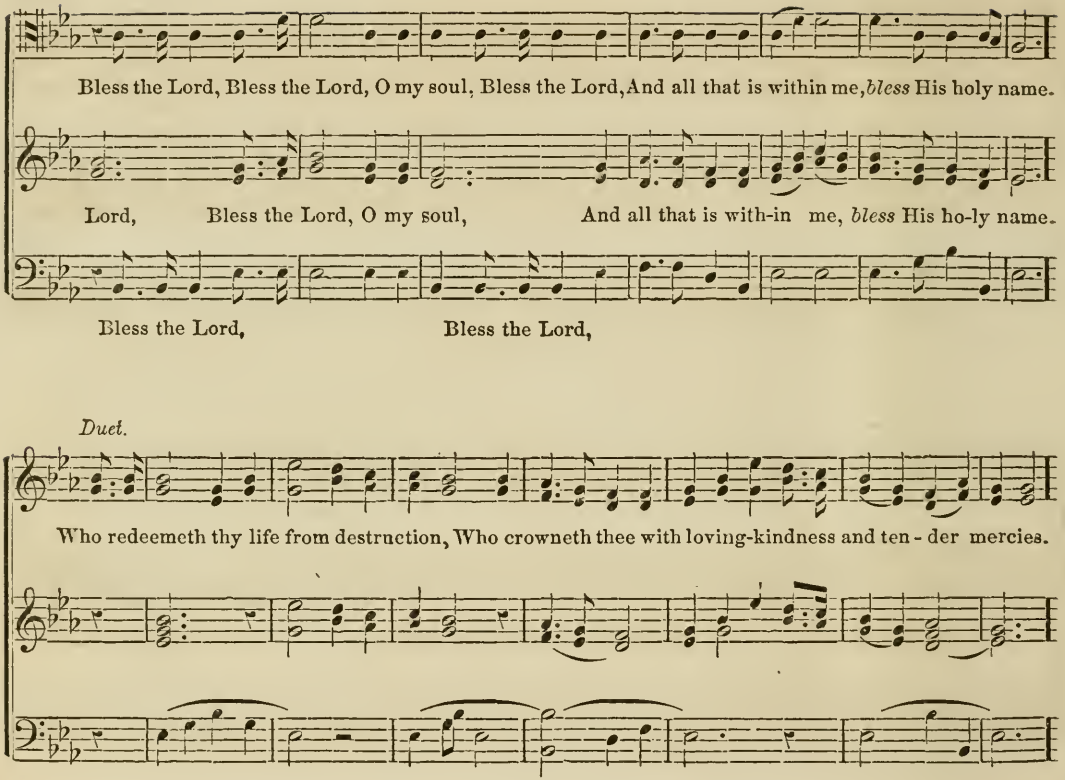

warm - er than the Sum-mer-time, And bright - er than the dew.
gen - tle words and lov - ing smiles, How beau - ti- ful is earth!
Chorus.
Then let the brow be free from clouds, The heart be full of cheer; 'Tis
lov - ing smiles and gen - tle words That make us hap - py here.

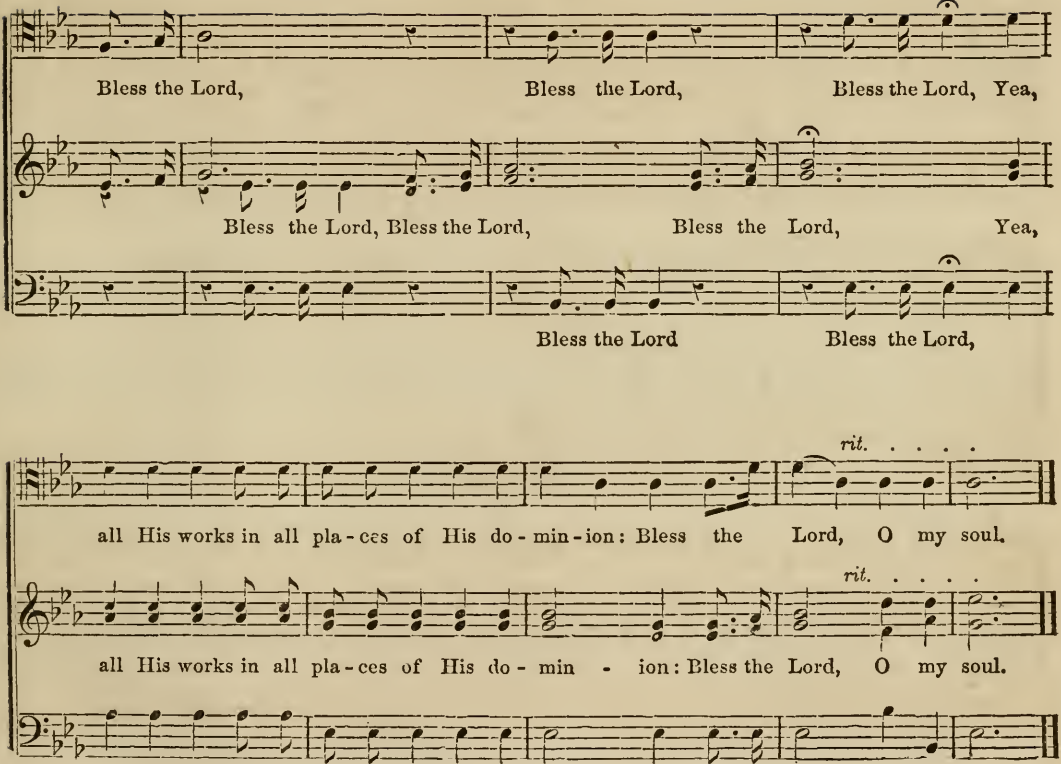
BLESS THE LORD.

J. M. KIEFFER.

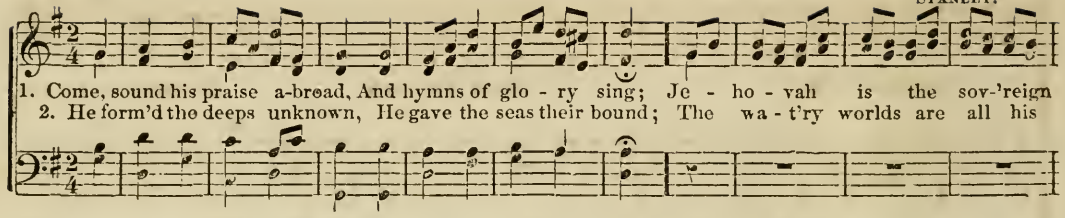


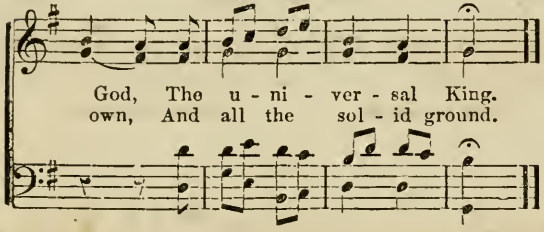

Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And forget not all His ben-e-fits, and for-get not all His ben-e-fits:
Lord, O my soul, And forget not all His ben-e-fits, and for-get not all His ben-e-fits:
Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord,
Soprano.
Who for-giv-eth all thine in-i-qui-ties; who healeth all thy dis-eas-es. Bless the Lord, Bless the


Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, And all that is within me, *bless* His holy name.
Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with-in me, *bless* His ho-ly name.
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,
Duet.
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and ten - der mercies.


Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Yea,
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Yea,
Bless the Lord Bless the Lord,
rit.
all His works in all pla-ces of His do-min-ion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.
rit.
all His works in all pla-ces of His do-min - ion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

STANLEY.



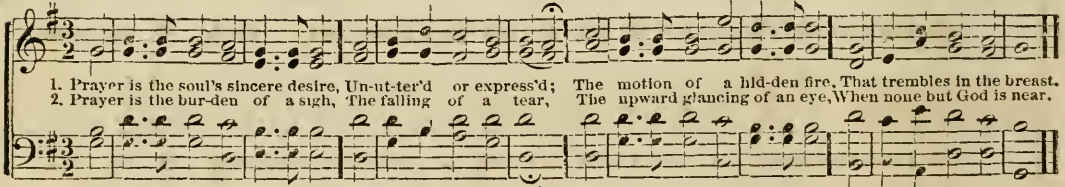


3. Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your Gracious God.

PRAYER!

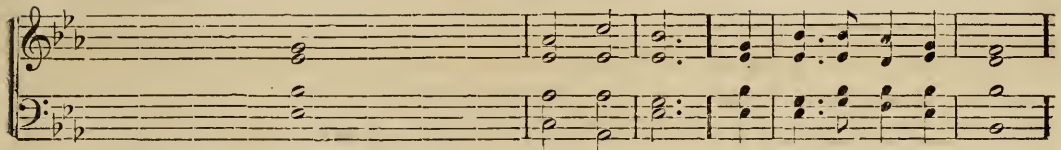
DR. T. A. ARNE.



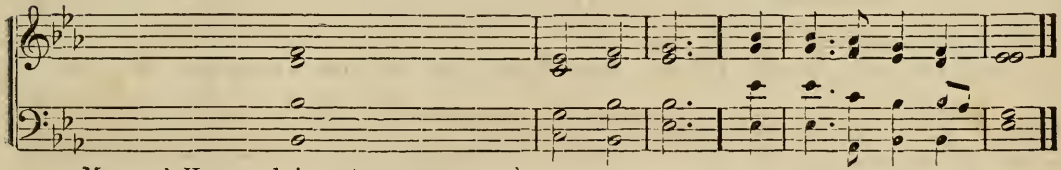
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice.
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

REV. E. P. ROGERS, D. D. [The 23d Psalm.] J. M. KIEFFER.

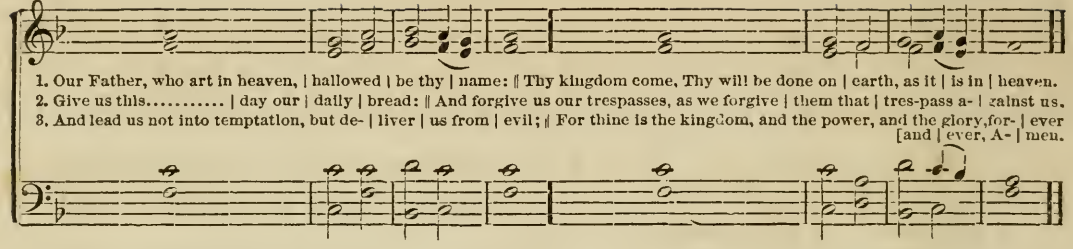


1. My Shepherd is the gracious Lord,
   And, fed and nurtured . . . . by His Word, No want my soul shall know;
2. He watches for my wandering soul,
   And kindly makes my . . . . weakness whole, When from His paths I stray;
3. And, when my spirit fain would quail,
   As through Death's dark and . . shadowy vale My fear-ful pathway lies;
4. What care I, then, for all my foes?
   They can not shake my . . . . soul's re - pose; He doth my ta - ble spread.
5. In goodness He my life prolongs,
   And in my daily, ... grate-ful songs, His mer-cy I will tell;

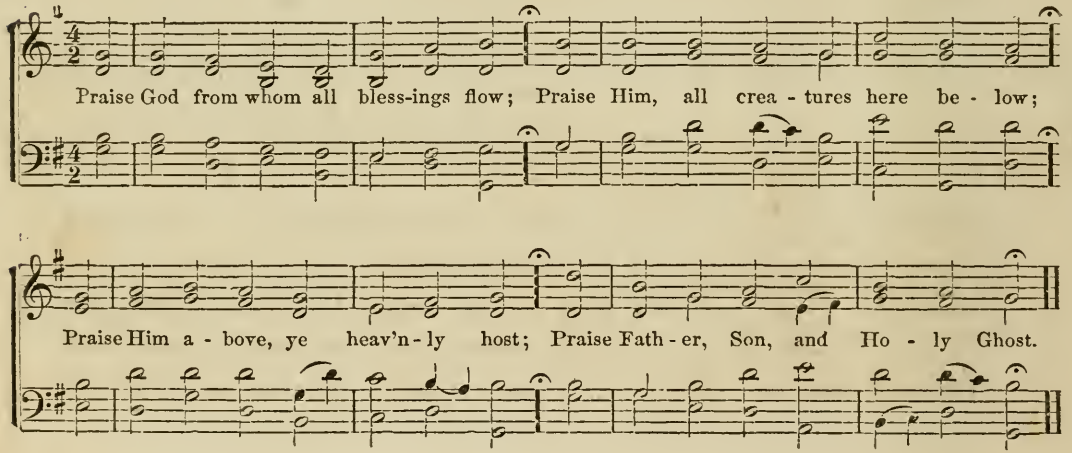


My couch He spreads in pastures green,
   And leads me in the . . . . . vales be-tween, Where peace-ful wa-ters flow.
He gently guides my wayward feet,
   Through wintry cold and . . . . . sul - try heat, In - to His righteous way.
My Shepherd presses to my side,—
   His rod and staff with . . . . . me a - bide, And bid sweet comfort rise.
Sweet is the cup He fills for me,
   And fragrant shall the . . . . . oint-ment be He pours up - on my head.
And when my earthly course is run,
   In my Lord's house be- . . . . . yond the sun, I shall for - ev - er dwell.

GREGORIAN.



OLD HUNDRED.



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